ALLAH DETHRONED

PREVIOUS BOOKS BY LILO LINKE

RESTLESS FLAGS : A German Girl's Story.

Manchester Guardian :

"As a record of nearly contemporary events *Restless Flags* is brilliantly competent ; it describes faithfully a world in ferment, devoid of beauty, 'sweetness and light.'"

TALE WITHOUT END : A Journey Through France.

The late Winifred Holtby :

"Lilo Linke is fearless, gay, generous, lovable. *Tale Without End* is written in vivid, original English and prefaced with an extremely interesting introduction by Miss Storm Jameson."

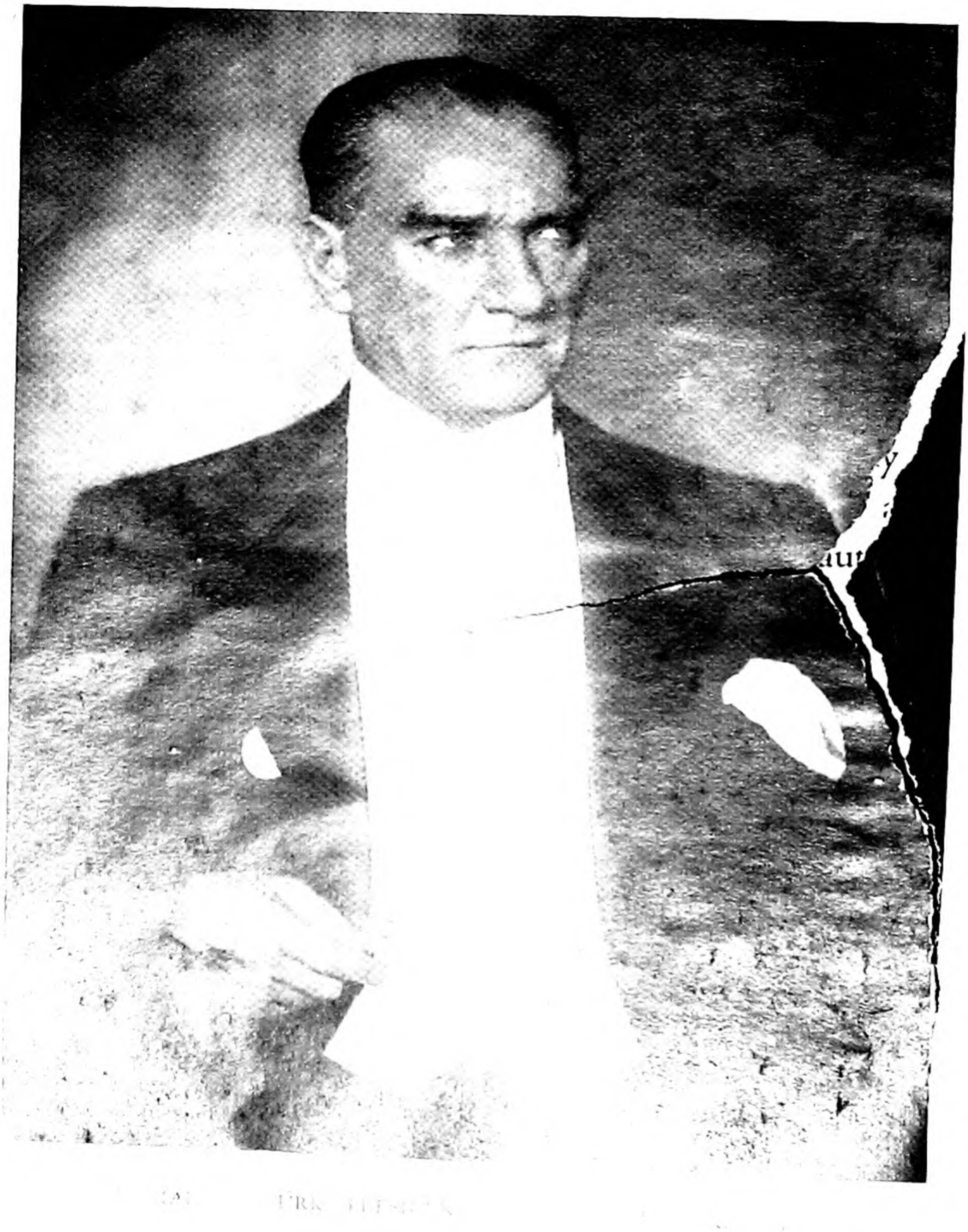
Worlds Story 1914

T 16 W Tapper Eva March

Vol VII

4167

PLATE I.



Frontispiece.

ALLAH DETHRONED

A Journey through Modern Turkey

by

LILO LINKE

With 81 Illustrations and a Map

CONSTABLE & CO LTD
LONDON

915.6
162A
75
gd.
2079

PUBLISHED BY
Constable and Company Ltd.
LONDON

The Macmillan Company
of Canada, Limited
TORONTO

First published 1937

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner Ltd., Frome and London

FOR

NERMIN AND KASIM

CONTENTS

PART I

CHAP.		PAGE
I	BLACK SEA	3
II	FIRST DAYS IN THE EAST	14
III	SOME HAPPY WOMEN	31
IV	IN A LORRY TOWARDS THE EAST	41
V	MINSTRELS AND HIGHWAYMEN	51
VI	CAMELS AND LORRIES	62
VII	THE ARMENIANS AND NEIGHBOUR RUSSIA	74
VIII	UNWISE AUTHORITIES	87
IX	ASIATIC HOLIDAYS	104
X	RETARDED PROGRESS	116
XI	IF WE HAD ONLY WINGS	126

PART II

I	FORWARD TO CIVILIZATION	143
II	SAMSUN TOBACCO	158
III	HALK EVI	169
IV	THE IRON ROAD	177
V	MALATYA, PEARL OF THE EUPHRATES	194
VI	APPEAL TO YOUTH	206
VII	JOURNEY THROUGH THE NIGHT	224
VIII	BED AND BREAKFAST	234
IX	MALARIA	242
X	COTTON	260

CHAP.		PAGE
XI	IZMIR, EYE OF ASIA MINOR	276
XII	THE COCK OF THE *VILAYET*	289
XIII	THE TEXTILE *KOMBINAT*	300
XIV	ANKARA—HALF A CAPITAL	315
	APPENDIX I	327
	APPENDIX II	335
	APPENDIX III	336
	INDEX	339

ILLUSTRATIONS

		FACING PAGE
I	KAMÂL ATATÜRK, PRESIDENT OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC	*frontispiece*
II	ISTANBUL AND THE TOWER OF GALATA .	4
	OLD STREET, ISTANBUL	4
	OLD ISTANBUL	4
III	MOSQUE OF SULEIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT .	5
IV	SIVAS	14
	SIVAS, RAILWAY STATION. . . .	14
V	AN OLD INN, SIVAS	15
	MODERN HOTEL, SIVAS	15
VI	MARKET PLACE, SIVAS	26
	BUYERS IN THE MARKET PLACE . .	26
VII	MOSQUE DOORWAY, SIVAS . . .	27
VIII	LUTFIYE	34
	THE KEEPER OF THE MUSEUM, SIVAS . .	34
IX	THE MOTOR LORRY	42
	—AND ITS LOAD	42
X	THE WORK OF A YOUNG TURKISH ARTIST .	58
XI	ON THE ROAD TO ERZINCAN . . .	60
	MY FRIENDS AND I AT ERZINCAN . .	60
XII	VIEW FROM THE CITADEL, ERZURUM . .	66
	PEASANT BOY	66
XIII	HAKKI BEY AND ARIF BEY . . .	90
	THE LORRY CREW	90

		FACING PAGE
XIV	GIRESUN	150
XV	STATUE OF ATATÜRK, SAMSUN	160
	OLD STREET, SAMSUN	160
XVI	TURKISH GIRLS, SAMSUN	161
	TOBACCO WORKERS, SAMSUN	161
XVII	RECRUITING POSTER	170
	TURKISH AIRWAYS POSTER	170
XVIII	GIRL ORATOR	171
	SPORTS GROUP	171
XIX	WALL NEWSPAPER FOR DISPLAY IN A TURKISH VILLAGE	*between pages* 172–173
XX	IN CENTRAL ANATOLIA	186
XXI	IN THE COUNTRY EAST OF SIVAS	190
XXII	THE OLD WAY	191
	—AND THE NEW. A MODERN TURKISH BRIDGE	191
XXIII	VILLAGE BETWEEN SIVAS AND MALATYA	210
	A PEASANT FROM MALATYA	210
XXIV	HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS	211
	GIRL GUIDE PARADE	211
XXV	POSTER SHOWING THE OLD AND THE NEW WRITING	214
XXVI	POSTER SHOWING THE OLD AND THE NEW DRESS	215
XXVII	SCHOOL-CHILDREN, NEW STYLE	228
	CHILDREN, OLD STYLE	228
XXVIII	A WOMAN JOURNALIST	229
	THE WRESTLER	229
XXIX	THE SEYHAN	238
	HOUSE OF A RICH COTTON FARMER	238

		FACING PAGE
XXX	COTTON WORKERS	239
	A GRANDMOTHER	239
	MORE COTTON WORKERS	239
XXXI	YOUNG FACTORY WORKERS AT TARSUS	268
	TWO MORE YOUNG WORKERS	268
XXXII	ULUKIŞLA	278
	NIĞDE	278
XXXIII	THE TAURUS MOUNTAINS	279
	A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE TAURUS	279
	— AND ANOTHER	279
XXXIV	WOMAN FROM BERGAMA	282
XXXV	THE QUAY AT IZMIR	283
	THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR AT IZMIR	283
XXXVI	THE OLD WALLS AT KAYSERI	304
	KAZIM DIRIK, *VALI* OF IZMIR	304
XXXVII	THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER AT IZMIR	305
	LABOURERS BEING SEARCHED	305
XXXVIII	KAYSERI	312
	MARKET AT KAYSERI	312
XXXIX	LABOURERS AT KAYSERI	313
	MORE TYPES OF KAYSERI LABOURERS	313
XL	ATATÜRK AND THE SHAH OF PERSIA	318
	NEW ANKARA	318
XLI	EXHIBITION HALL, ANKARA	319
	VIEW FROM THE ETHNOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM, ANKARA	319
XLII	DRESSMAKING	322
XLIII	POSTER OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY	328
XLIV	POSTER : "THE ARMY AS A TRAINING CENTRE FOR THE NATION"	329

		FACING PAGE
XLV	GENERAL ISMET INEUNDU . . .	330
XLVI	EDUCATION: OLD STYLE—AND NEW	*between pages* 332–333
	MAP	*at end of book*

For a number of photographs I am indebted to the Press Department in the Ministry of the Interior at Ankara, Frau Li Aderholdt, Professor Röpke, and various other friends.

PRINCIPAL DATES
IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN TURKEY

1908	Young Turk revolution
1909	Abd-ul-Hamid deposed after attempted counter-revolution
1911–12	Turkish-Italian War
1912–13	Balkan Wars. Turkey loses great part of her European territory
1914, Oct. 28th	Turkey enters Great War on side of Central Powers
1918, Oct. 30th	Armistice of Mudros
1919, May 15th	Greek Army lands at Smyrna (Izmir)
May 19th	Mustafa Kemal lands at Samsun
July 23rd	First Nationalist Congress opens at Erzurum
Sept. 4th	Second Nationalist Congress opens at Sivas
Sept. 7th	Foundation of "Association for the Defence of the Rights of Anatolia and Rumelia"
1920, March 16th	The Allies occupy Istanbul
April 23rd	First Grand National Assembly opens at Ankara
April 24th	Mustafa Kemal elected President of the G.N.A.
Aug. 10th	Treaty of Sèvres

1921,	Jan. 9th	First victory of the Turks in the War of Independence at Inönü
	March 16th	Treaty of Moscow between Turkey and Soviet Russia
	Aug. 5th	Mustafa Kemal elected Commander-in-Chief of Turkish Army
	Oct. 13th	Treaty of Kars between Turkey and Ermenistan, Azerbaidjan and Georgia
	Oct. 20th	Peace concluded in Southern Anatolia
1922,	Aug. 26th	Great Turkish attack against the Greeks begins near Afyon Karahissar
	Sept. 9th	Turkish Army recaptures Izmir and drives Greeks out of Anatolia
	Oct. 11th	Armistice of Mudania
	Nov. 1st	Abolition of Sultanate
1923,	July 24th	Treaty of Lausanne
	Aug. 9th	Foundation of People's Party
	Oct. 6th	Turkish Army re-enters Istanbul
	Oct. 13th	Ankara proclaimed capital
	Oct. 29th	Turkey declared a Republic. Mustafa Kemal elected President
1924,	March 3rd	Abolition of Khalifat, of Moslem colleges (Medresseh), the Ministry of Pious Foundations, etc.
1925		Kurdish Revolt
	Nov. 25th	Hat-Law
	Dec. 26th	Adoption of International time and calendar
1926,	Feb. 17th	Adoption of the Swiss Civil Code
	March 13th	Adoption of the Italian Penal Code
	May 28th	Adoption of the Law for the Encouragement of Private Industries

1926, June 28th	Adoption of the German Commercial Code
Oct. 3rd	Erection of first statue in Turkey—monument for Mustafa Kemal at Istanbul
1927, May 29th	Inauguration of railway service Ankara—Kayseri—first line built under Republic
Oct. 15–20th	Famous speech of Mustafa Kemal to Second Congress of Republican People's Party
Oct. 28th	First census of Turkish population
1928, April 10th	G.N.A. removes all religious provisions from the Republican Constitution
May 24th	Adoption of Arabic and Latin figures
Oct. 3rd	Adoption of Latin characters
1929, June 1st	Adoption of the Law for the Furtherance of Agricultural Credit-Co-operatives
June 4th	Adoption of the Law for the Protection of Home Industries
1930, Oct. 30th	Græco-Turkish Treaty of Friendship and Arbitration
1931, March 23rd	Adoption of the Law on Compulsory Primary Education
April 1st	Adoption of the metric system
April 15th	Foundation of the Turkish Historical Society
1932, Feb. 19th	Opening of first People's Houses (Halk Evi)
June 18th	Turkey joins the League of Nations
July 12th	Foundation of Turkish Language Society
1933, May 25th	Final settlement of the problem of foreign debts

1933, Aug. 1st	Complete reorganization of Istanbul University
Oct. 29th	Tenth Anniversary of the Republic
1934	Balkan Pact
1935, June 29th	Adoption of Sunday as weekly day of rest
1936, July 22nd	Treaty of Montreux regarding the re-fortification of the Straits

PART I

CHAPTER I

Black Sea

It was mere chance which in March 1935 led me to Turkey. I knew nothing about the country. It was represented on my geographical map by a shapeless white patch on which a few scenes out of the Arabian Nights were crudely painted. Of Istanbul, I had more definite ideas, and dreaming of her kept me from falling seasick on the rough and miserable journey from Marseilles.

I expected to see her rise out of the Sea of Marmora, clad in the green of eternal summer, the morning sun shining on the golden roofs of her mosques and the glamour of dark secrets hidden among the thousand colours on her bazaars. I expected to hear the call to prayer sung by a host of *muezzins* ring out across the water as a song of welcome to the unbelieving child of Europe.

I do not apologize for these reveries. Most of us remain faithful to the fairy-tales we heard in our youth. If we travel, we attempt more often than not to find those places in which our imagination was at home at the age of six, and rarely is it something new we are looking for.

But again and again, untaught by experience, we are disappointed. Istanbul, in spite of earnest searching, remained grey and unenchanting, an absurd mixture of decaying palaces and blocks of modern flats, mosques and wooden houses, chic women dressed in Parisian fashion and poverty-haunted families living among debris-heaps, sweating *hamals* (porters) and rumbling taxis, asphalt roads and cobble stones. Icy

winds from the Black Sea swept through the corridor of the Bosphorus, and dead dogs and orange peels danced on the blue water near the quays.

Perhaps it was entirely my fault, but somehow I could never feel at ease at Istanbul. After three weeks I made up my mind to leave. I wanted to travel by boat along the Black Sea coast, disembark at Samsun, and from there explore Turkey's eastern and most backward provinces. A special permission was necessary from the Ministry of Defence, since a part of those regions is under military control. The permission is only rarely granted, but to my own surprise and for no obvious reason, I was one of the few fortunate enough to obtain it, and on a quiet evening early in April, excited and full of expectation, I left Istanbul. I had worked out no plan and was still almost as ignorant as on the day I arrived. But I knew that the weeks of discontent lay behind me and that once more I was free.

I was travelling on a small steamer which once had belonged to the Lloyd Triestino and was now owned by the Turkish Government. She was twenty-three years old and made no secret of it. Fortunately the Black Sea, famous for its sudden dangerous storms, looked smooth and peaceful in the light of the setting sun, and steadily the steamer ploughed her way.

Soon it was dark and a little chilly on deck, and I set off to inspect the boat, feeling as contented as only a tourist can for whom meals and bunk are prepared. There was little going on in the second class, so I walked down to the third. It was a different world. Heaps of mankind were lying about on dirty mattresses spread on the floor, men, women and children, one group separated from the next by dirty rugs and blankets suspended from odd bits of string.

The men were dressed in those badly matching garments which I knew from Istanbul—soiled trousers, collarless cotton

ISTANBUL AND THE TOWER OF GALATA.

OLD STREET, ISTANBUL.

OLD ISTANBUL.

MOSQUE OF SULEIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT.

shirts, torn machine-made pullovers imported from Europe, ragged and ill-fitting jackets, and sports caps shapeless from age. Most of the women, more strongly tied to tradition, were wrapped from head to foot in their black cotton *charshafs* which some of them had even half drawn across their faces. Squatting on the floor, they were feeding the latest born baby, arranging picnic-meals, or merely dozing indolently, whilst dozens of children were playing or sleeping around them.

A little away from the crowd all the animals of Noah's Ark had gathered. I saw sheep, horses in improvised boxes, a dog, cocks, hens, and a canary in a small cage. But I knew that also cats and rats and mice and countless smaller creeping and jumping animals were on board.

The air was unbreathable, stinking of men and animals in general, spring onions, sweat, and belches in particular, and I fled back on deck, drinking the cool fresh breeze like one who has nearly died of thirst. Gazing down into the water, I heard suddenly someone coughing behind me. I turned round, knowing that I was expected to do so. I could only dimly distinguish the face and figure of a very young man who took off his hat when he saw me looking at him and said slowly and as if learnt by heart:

"I hope you forgive when I disturb you."

"You don't disturb me in the least. I am only waiting for the moon."

"Can I too?"

"Of course."

He leaned against the railings, leaving a respectful distance between us. I did not look at him. The rushing sound of the water put our thoughts to rest. The clouds drifted on, silver-brimmed and incredibly light. There were so many, coming from the open sea on the left and moving towards the low chain of wooded hills which followed the line of the coast. Perhaps the moon would never push through the veil. It did not matter. We were content as it was.

The young man was the first to speak, putting the words hesitatingly and awkwardly.

"You come far away?"

"From England."

"You travel much? You know America?"

"No. Only Europe. Have you ever been in America?"

"No."

"Where did you learn English then?"

"At school—American Missionary School."

"Aren't you a Moslem?"

There was a tone of defiance in his answer. "A Turk, no Moslem. My father was. I believe not in God." He looked at me to see how I would take it, half expecting a severe rebuke. But I only said:

"Why not?"

For a moment he remained silent, thinking hard. Then he said firmly: "Religion very bad for Turkey. Moslem religion bad. All life ruled by religion. Progress, no. Priests not clever, not learn. Christian religion bad. Greeks Christians, Armenians Christians. Live in Turkey—not Turkish. Americans, French, English give money. Make Christian schools. Say poor Armenians—but Armenians love not Turkey. Want kill Turkey. Religion very bad."

"If you don't believe in God, do you believe in anything else?"

This time he had no need for long reflections. Promptly and proudly he answered: "Turkey. I die for Turkey."

"You should not speak of dying yet. You can hardly know what living means."

"I am old—twenty-seven."

"Dear me—you don't look it."

"You see when sun come. I am an officer."

"By profession?"

"No, I am engineer, for government. Finished soldier now. Just camp four weeks, all the years. Before I worked in Diyarbekir, near Persia. Now I go to Trabzon (Trebizond)."

"I shall also go to Trabzon, but not yet. Perhaps we shall meet again there."

"You like travel?"

"I love it. I want to see the whole world."

"You not——" He searched for a word. Then he held out his right hand and pointed to his ring-finger.

"Married? No. How could I be? Husbands don't allow their wives to be away on their own half a year or even longer. I shall have to wait.—And you, are you married?"

He laughed. "No. Once I loved. But she was angry when government sent me to other town. I go where government says. I wrote her many letters—no answer. I very sad. Say I never laugh again. Now I have forgotten. Now I laugh, but very sad because I laugh."

"You need not be sad. We all experience the same, we all forget. But it is good so because thus each love seems the first."

For a long time we sat side by side in two deck-chairs, talking and musing, and turning the pages of past years. At last even the moon appeared from behind the clouds. I looked at Nejat. He had the softest brown hair I had ever seen. All about him was brown—his skin, his eyes, even the white of his eyeballs had a brownish tint, and his suit was brown with a thin white thread.

He was very handsome, with an infinitely tender and dreamy air, but not in the least feminine—one of those rare men who seem prepared for a life-long faithfulness and adoration and of whom every woman dreams as a husband, although she might prefer someone more exciting as a lover.

When I said goodnight to him, he held my hand in his longer than was necessary. Each of us waited for the other to speak, but then we only smiled.

"You must come with me and see the captain tomorrow morning," I said at last.

"I can't go up—I am only travelling third class."

I thought of my visit there before dinner and tried to imagine this clean and tidy-looking boy among the stinking crowd. He guessed my thoughts and said apologetically: "I sleep on deck—in chair. I spent all money in Istanbul."

I was afraid he might have misunderstood me and said hastily: "I don't pay for my passage—I only pay for my meals. Otherwise I would travel third class like you. Well, I hope you'll have a good night. Until tomorrow!"

I shared a cabin with two Turkish women. When I entered, I found them both asleep. Their *charshafs* were tidily hung up near the door. They were made of black silk instead of cotton, to indicate the higher social position of their owners. Beside them hung the European outfit which the women were wearing underneath. Its shabbiness explained why even many progressive women stick to the old-fashioned *charshaf* which benevolently covers all shortcomings. It might not be so bad if it were also adopted in the impoverished countries of Central Europe.

I could not sleep and felt very uncomfortable. I was glad when the cocks began to crow and went straight on deck. The pale sky was cloudless, the sea dark blue and rippled by a refreshing breeze. We were sailing close to the coast and slowly passing countless bays and creeks. The hills patched with young corn, green meadows and trees, were growing higher with every mile further east.

All day through I saw no sign of Nejat. After lunch I went to visit the captain, a kind, elderly man whom I found an inexhaustible source of information. In broken French he told me that he had sailed all round the world, but nowhere experienced worse storms than on the Black Sea. And yet he loved it with all his heart, because he saw more in it and its coast than blue water and green hills.

"All this has played its part in ancient history," he said to me, drawing his wrinkled finger gently across a large map. "Here Diogenes was born, 412 B.C., and King Mithridates.

Here, around the River Thermodon, was the home of the Amazons. Here Xenophon and his ten thousand soldiers reached the Black Sea and embarked for Byzantium. And from here, near the Yason Burnu, sailed the Argonauts. It is no mean occupation for a man to be a captain on the Black Sea—though to you today it will seem like a pleasure trip down the Thames."

In the afternoon we anchored off Inebolu, a small town with nice pink and white houses, very European looking, and embedded in green trees. There was no pier, only a short breakwater, and sheltering behind it were little motor and rowing boats. Now all of them, painted gaily in red, green and blue, came racing towards us, each trying to be the first. Some of the larger boats were rowed by as many as eight wild-looking men. It was almost frightening to see them climb on board, jumping over each others' backs like giant cats and balancing high above their heads baskets with eggs and butter and last year's fruit, and I was little surprised when the captain told me that the men of Inebolu were famous for their skill and recklessness at sea.

In one of the motor-boats a friend of his came on board to bring the latest news and hear how things were getting on at Istanbul. He was a gaunt dark-skinned man who seemed in every way the opposite of the good-humoured captain. I complimented him on his charming town, but he shrugged his shoulders in contempt. Things were not at all well. The town, like so many others along the Turkish coast, had suffered badly when the Greeks, who had been the chief and most progressive merchants, emigrated to Greece after the Turkish War of Independence in 1922. It was true, they had exploited the Turkish peasants who were desperately poor, but the peasants were by no means better off now since the Turkish successors of the Greeks squeezed them just as badly.

The only way to bring new prosperity to the town and

its hinterland was to build a proper quay instead of the miserable breakwater which was begun in 1916 and had never been completed for lack of funds though an enormous amount of money was wasted annually on futile repairs.

"But there is money enough for other things. The *vali* (governor-general of a province) has recently opened a beautiful modern swimming-pool at Kastamonu, some fifty miles up country. There is only one hitch to it—nobody is ever using it."

He grinned maliciously and spat over the railings. I had the feeling that he was stuffed up with anger right to his neck and needed little provocation to unbosom himself. But the captain intervened and calmed him with a glass of *raki*, the national brandy with a taste of anise.

We left the same evening. Clouds were gathering on top of the hills, hardly higher than a thousand feet above sea-level. The setting sun coloured them with the pink of girlish infancy and shone in fiery red out of the windows of Inebolu. I was afraid that the weather might turn, but the wireless operator reassured me. He had just received the weather report. The next day would be fair with fresh breezes.

We played with the wireless and amused ourselves by guessing the stations from the tunes—gipsy-music from Budapest, a military march from Berlin, Henry Hall from London. Later on a fair-haired little girl joined us. Surprised at her yellow curls and dainty French I asked her if she were a foreigner like myself.

She looked at me with a hurt expression in her eyes. "I am a pure Turk," she said with grown-up dignity, her nose hardly reaching above the table. The operator laughed and could not understand why I grew annoyed. He had no idea that I had come across that odious idea of racial purity before.

Efşan was accompanying her father, a rich tobacco merchant, on a business trip to Samsun. "I ran away from him," she confided in a shy whisper.

"But won't he be missing you?"

She shook her head with all the vigour of her six years, and pursing her lips, she said: "He is drinking with the captain—he always drinks. Everybody drinks," and turning to the wireless operator: "Do you drink, too?"

"*Allaha şükür*—no! They would throw me out at once."

She seemed greatly relieved and the strained expression slowly disappeared from her face as she walked round the small cabin, admiring the photographs of the American film stars which the young operator had pinned on the wall. Apparently Ginger Rogers was his favourite. She was represented on no less than five different post cards which he had chosen to surround the enlarged photograph of his baby son Seza. Pressing his round belly against a white polar bear rug, he smiled like any Pierre, or John, or Fritz. But it would have been unforgivable to deprive his proud father of the belief that Seza was a lovely child and absolutely unique.

The next two days passed like the first. The greater part of the time I spent in a deck-chair, gazing at the blue Black Sea, the sky and the green coast-line dotted with white houses and fat minarets, thereby unknowingly pursuing the favourite pastime of all old-fashioned Turks who can stare for hours in motionless admiration at a pleasant landscape and some clear water. Occasionally we anchored for a while off some small town resembling Inebolu with the exception of Zonguldak, the centre of the Turkish coal-mining district. Here a few chimneys, pit-heads, screaming trucks and laden barges added an industrial air to a wooded sea-side resort.

On the third day we arrived at Samsun, the chief Turkish port of the Black Sea. I went ashore in the same boat as the tobacco-merchant and his little daughter. He was a large, heavy man with pale watering eyes and an almost grey skin, and though he was kind and affectionate to Efşan, I understood now why she had been glad to escape him.

I always expect a port to be like Hamburg or Marseilles—the water-surface invisible between boats of all types, flags of smoke waving and darkening the sky, steamers hooting and whistling, and on land the streets crowded with slouching seamen and winking girls from all over the world, stupified and animated by the noise of a dozen barrel-organs and gramophones.

Samsun showed none of this liveliness. Only a few boats were lying lazily about, among them a training-ship of the navy with a few hundred boys on board. The town itself looked clean and tidy, but only half awake. In about eight weeks I should be back here with time enough on my hands to explore it thoroughly. At the moment I was only anxious to go to the east without delay. I went straight to the station to catch the only daily train up country. Nejat had insisted on going with me to see me off. Without any explanation he had suddenly reappeared from the depths of the steamer, taciturn but obviously anxious to speak. Yet he did not open his mouth until the train began to move. "Trabzon," he shouted; "don't forget me at Trabzon!"

NOTE TO CHAPTER I

The *Turkish Empire*, the "Sick Man of Europe," collapsed at the end of the Great War after declining for more than a hundred years. The armistice was followed by an Allied occupation of large parts of the remaining Turkish territory which they intended to divide among themselves. Mustafa Kemal Pasha, now called Kamâl Atatürk, organized the Turkish resistance and led the War of Independence against the Armenians in the east and the Greeks in the west of Asia Minor. After its victorious end he was made President of the *Turkish Republic* founded in October 1923.

The new Turkey consists of Thrace and Istanbul (Constantinople) on the European side, and the large peninsula Asia Minor (Anatolia) with Ankara (Angora) approximately in the centre of the country as the new capital. Wild mountain ranges and high table-land are cut by a few wild and unnavigable rivers and bordered by the Black, the Ægean, and the Mediterranean Sea. The country, though more than three times the

size of Great Britain, had according to the census of 1935 only 16·2 Mill, inhabitants, i.e. 54 souls per square mile (compared to 468 in Great Britain). The population, however, is increasing at an annual rate of about 23/1000, which is one of the highest in the world. The vast majority of the inhabitants are Turks since Greeks and Armenians who formed large colonies before the War, have either died or left the country. Only those in Istanbul remained.

The country is divided into 58 provinces or *vilayets*, each headed by a governor-general or *vali*.

CHAPTER II

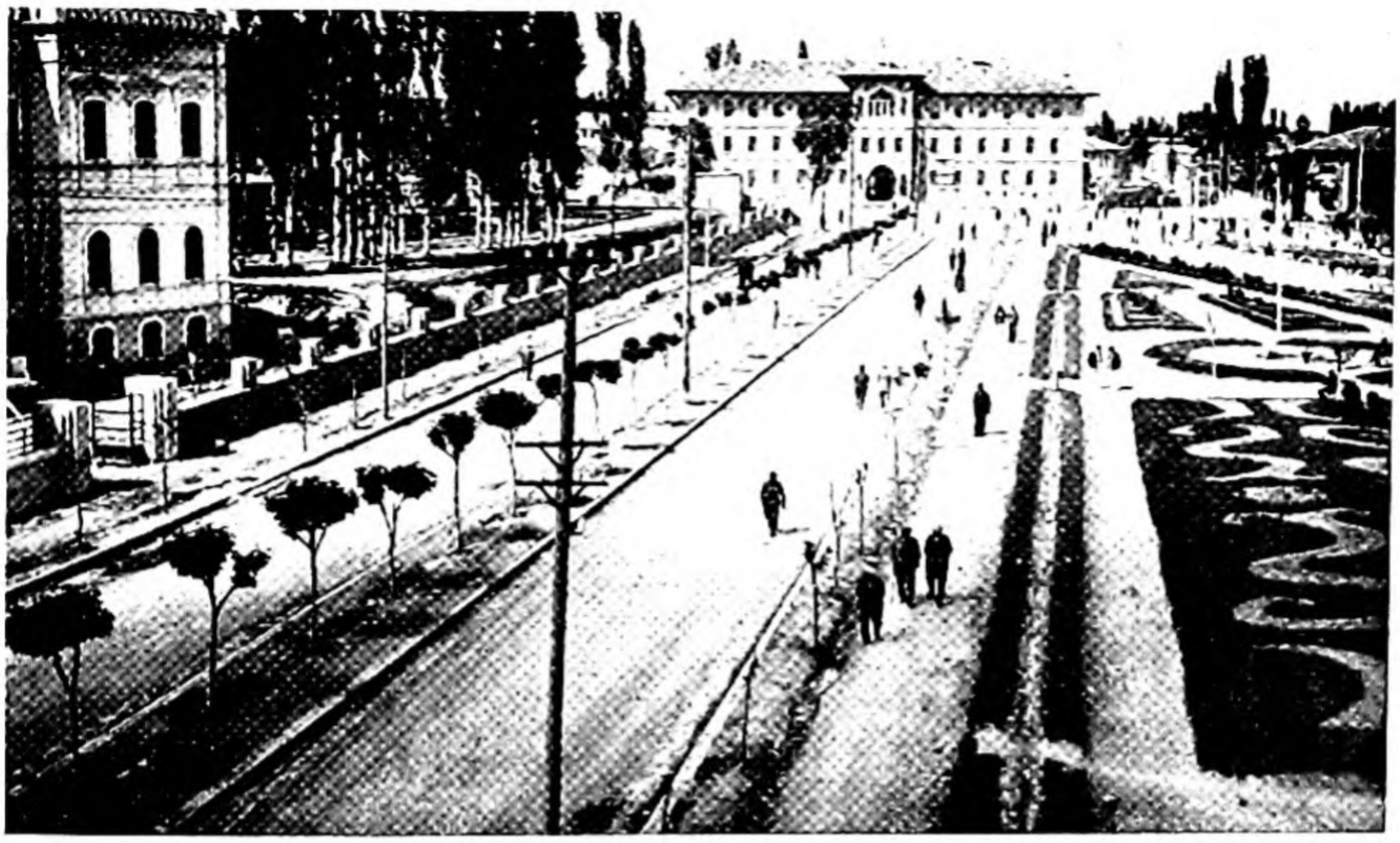
First Days in the East

I TRAVELLED all night, sleeping most of the time. At daybreak, for about ten minutes, the rails ran parallel with a new road, cutting straight across the fields and glistening in the grey light. Suddenly we stopped. I looked out. In large Latin letters I read : SIVAS. I had reached the place from where I wanted to start my journey through the east. In the direction of the rising sun, for about four hundred miles, stretched the wild mountain land which I had come to explore. Still half dazed, I jumped out of the train.

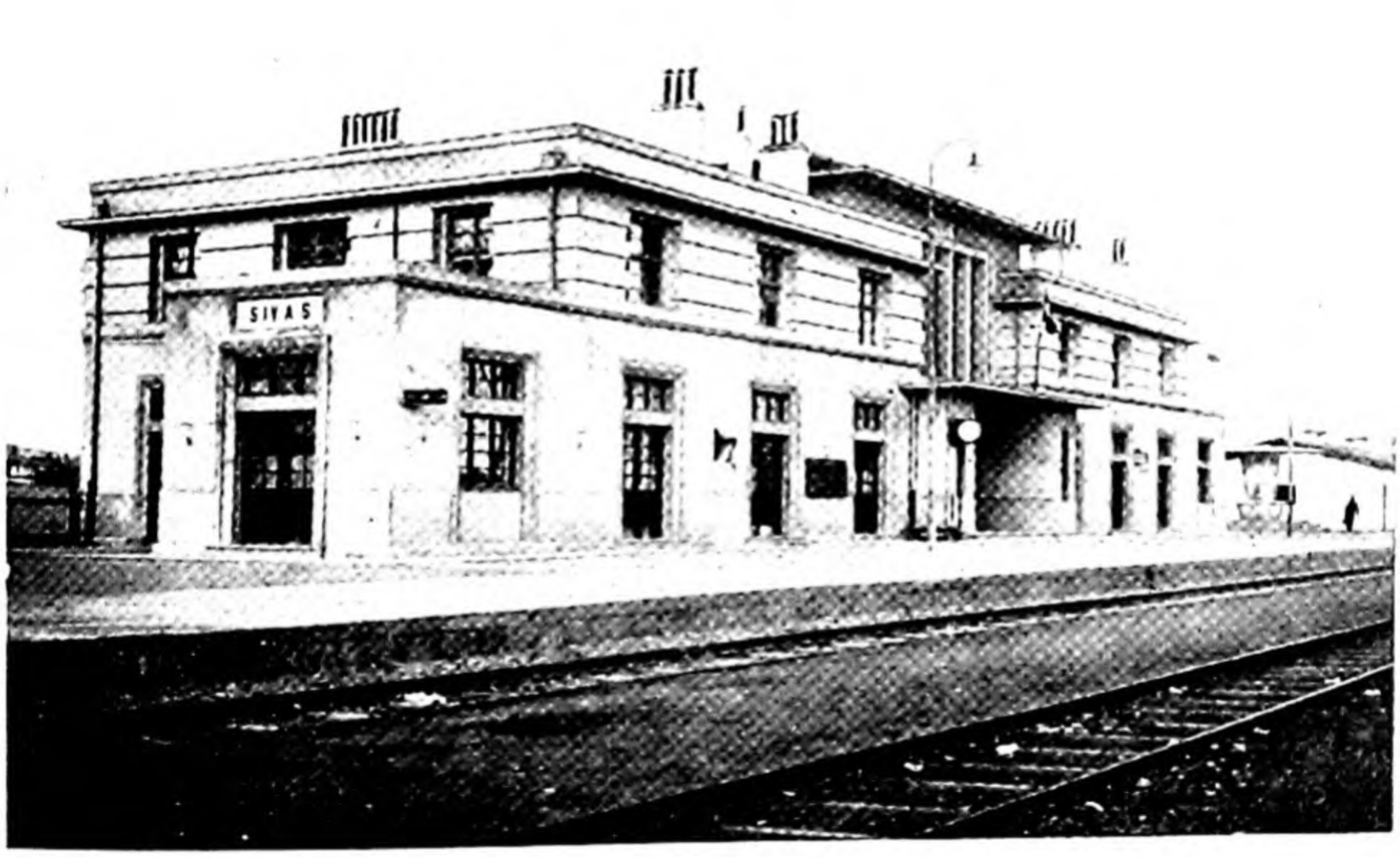
The modern station building had something surprisingly unreal. With its square lines and flat roof it seemed still to be a part of my dream in which I had wandered in a new Berlin suburb. As I stood gazing, a shabby individual in a brown European suit and shapeless brown tennis-shoes approached me, slightly touching his dirty felt hat and beaming at me with two rows of gold teeth.

He had a small Chaplin moustache and a very brown skin, and was the nearest to a pantaloon I had ever met. His grin was obviously apologizing for his stupidity. When I showed no sign of understanding his intentions, he said, still grinning : " Police," a word which merely increased my dislike.

He beckoned me to follow him and led me into the office of the police-inspector who, after a cordial welcome in Turkish, uttered another of those international curses : " Passport ! "

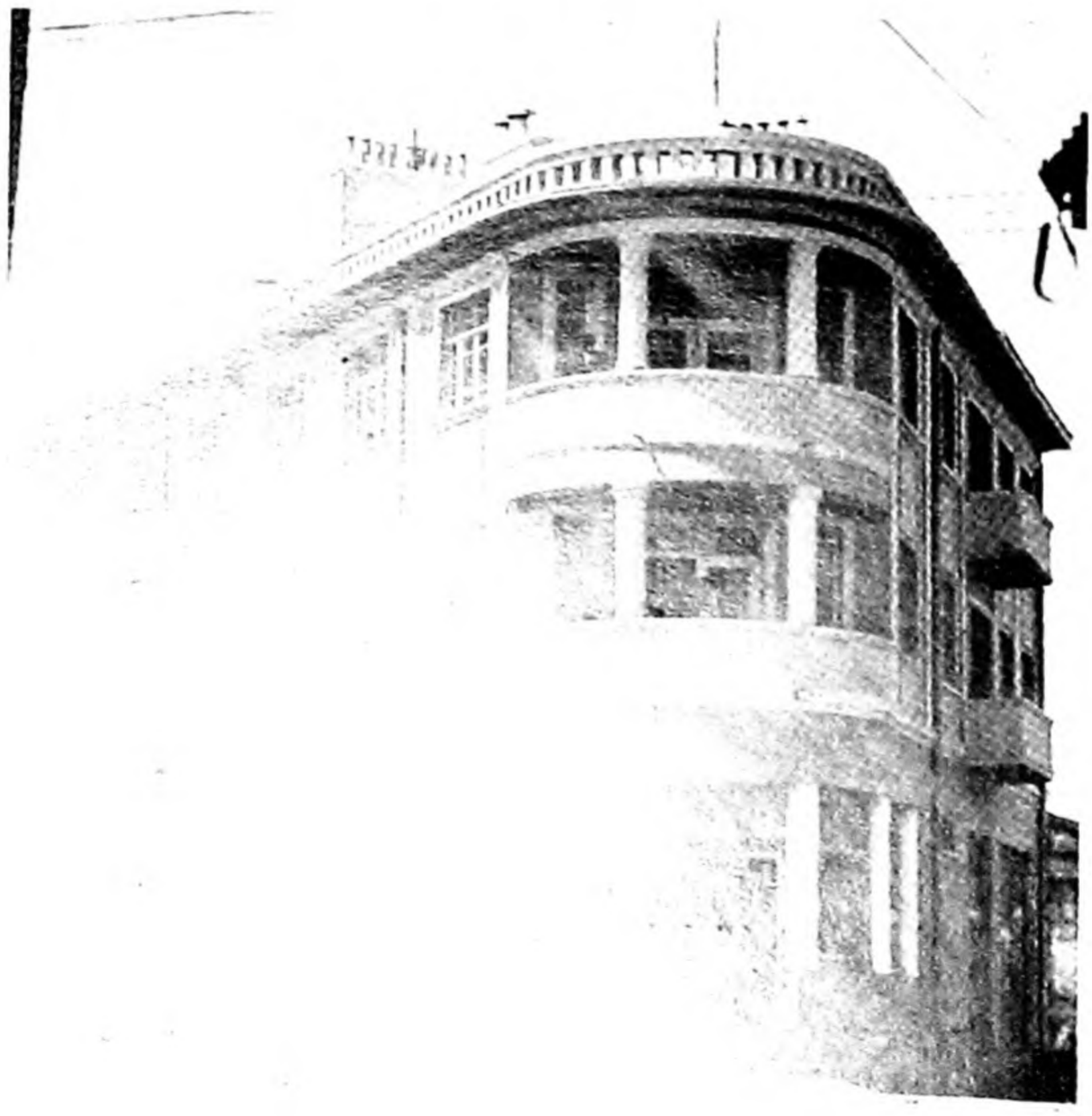


SIVAS.



SIVAS RAILWAY STATION.

AN OLD INN, SIVAS.



He examined it most carefully and put it into his pocket, and however much I protested, I did not get it back. He merely intimated that I could ask for it later at the *konak* (seat of government).

The pantaloon had meanwhile fetched some tea, steaming in the customary small glass which resembles a finger-long vase, and an *arabaci* (cab-driver) followed at his heels, a man in a dirty sheepskin jacket with a cloth tied round his head. He looked so wild that any robber band would have been honoured by his membership.

Yet I had no choice but to settle down in his old-fashioned open cab because the town was a good way off. The pantaloon, without being asked, took his seat at my side, and the three of us rolled off, drawn by two lean and panting horses which the sheepskin kept in rapid motion by furiously cracking his whip and stepping on a ding-dong bell. The more noise he made, the more sure he seemed to feel of his own importance.

I leaned back, tired and shivering. The sun had risen, but gave no warmth; the air was as cold and clear as on a winter's day, breathing over the plateau from the distant mountains whose snowy glitter I could faintly distinguish against the thin sky. The town itself looked clean and pleasant as we approached it on the brand-new metalled road.

The first things I noticed were clusters of high poplar trees softly waving their branches on which the leaves were just bursting their buds, and the motionless minarets towering here and there in rigid serenity, brown or white with a mellow tinge of age. Along the road stood a few public buildings in a modernized Turkish style—square blocks with Moorish doors and window-decorations, large and brightly painted. But the majority of the houses were built in the old-fashioned way with sun-dried bricks and wooden frame-work, the second floor protruding over the first, and the whole white-washed and covered by red-tiled roofs. They

looked prosperous and the mud-walls around them gave them an air of aloofness.

The feeling of prosperity was underlined by the rows of young trees in the centre of the road, and the small pleasure-grounds to the right and left where coloured stones were laid out in sweeping ornaments instead of flower-beds. Everything looked spacious, and it was obvious that this part of Sivas had only recently been constructed, probably after the railway line had been built. Hardly perceptibly it melted into the old town—the street grew narrower and rougher, the houses a little less clean, the people about more numerous.

We were just reaching the bazaars when the driver pulled up sharply in front of a small modern building, three stories high, which turned out to be a hotel. A woman with a kind peasant face and a white muslin kerchief around her black hair appeared silently on naked feet, smiled and showed me into a room on the second floor. There were three camp-beds in it which looked and smelled as if they had been evacuated only a few moments previously.

The pantaloon, who never took his eyes from my face, noticed the expression of disgust and gave some orders in a very firm voice. He must have told the woman that I was an extremely important and influential person because I heard a hasty process of cleaning in a room opposite, and ten minutes afterwards she ushered me into a spotless chamber, containing an iron bedstead, a deck-chair, a chest of drawers, and an old-fashioned hall-stand.

The pantaloon began to tell a long story, but I did not understand a word. He smiled, repeated—without result. Not yet discouraged, he wrote carefully about a hundred words into his notebook, and handed it over to me with a triumphant grin. He was sure that I, being able to read, would understand him now. In the end I had to throw him out because he was determined to deliver his message in one way or the other.

I locked the door and tried to sleep. But there was a persistent noise—wee-o, wee-oo or wee-arr, wee-arr, or kr-oo, krr-oo—which penetrated through my fatigue. At last, in despair, I sat up and looked out of the window. A row of ancient bullock-carts was labouring through the hollows of the road, laden with faggots or handwoven sacks of grain. The carts were really nothing but a wooden beam pegged to two large disks, growing thicker towards the centre, and as they moved forward, these primitive wheels moaned and groaned, each with a painful melody of its own.

The heavy bullocks were harnessed by wooden yokes, and like a swarm of flies men, women and children were running round them, shouting and pricking their flanks with long pointed sticks. But the animals, unperturbed and used to pain, trod forth as their ancestors had done long before Christ.

I felt confused. The modern station, the broad avenue, the post-war façade of the hotel, and these ragged men and women with their primitive means of transport and certainly an equally primitive life—were they merely two different stages in a natural development, or two worlds following two parallel roads that would never meet, or were the up-to-date things I had seen, strewn about at random by an inconsiderate government beyond the means of the country ?

I was still wondering when a loud speaker on one of the hotel balconies began to blare out, and as if to mock me, it made me listen first to a Viennese valse and then to some Arabian songs, whining melodies sung through the nose with a tiring repetition of a few simple words. At last exhaustion closed my eyes.

I was awakened by the noise of someone hammering at my door. The pantaloon had returned, and by running down the stairs and coming back like a dog he gave me to understand that I should follow him. There was no way of getting rid of him, so I dressed and obeyed. He led me to the

konak, a large building in neo-Turkish style. Its interior had retained the old-fashioned arrangement of a wide central hall on every floor from which doors led into the different rooms.

These halls were crowded with people, men and women, sitting on the wooden floor, their backs leaning against the wall, waiting in patience and silence. The men resembled dark bundles of rags and the women in their cotton *charshafs*, checked in red and white, reminded me of the thick feather-beds under which I had slept in East Prussia, covered by a similar roughly woven material.

Most of the women were veiled by a straight piece of black cloth, tied round their heads underneath their *charshafs*. It looked rather terrifying. I should not like to imagine myself as a baby reaching up to this dark, faceless void. A milder form of seclusion was reached by holding the left hand, nestled in the wide fold of the *charshaf*, across the nose so that at least the eyes could look freely at the world around. But their little daughters, now squatting timidly at their side, would they obey and carry on tradition?

The *vali* (governor-general) was not there. The *vilayet* (province) did not seem to have one at present. I was ushered into a room where a tall man, the *vali's* deputy, was sitting at a large writing-table, talking to about ten people who crowded around him, humbly holding their caps and head-gears in their earth-soiled hands. One after the other of the men, after receiving advice or orders, slunk out of the room on broad noiseless feet, wrapped in raw sheepskins.

Behind the deputy hung a large picture of the Gazi, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, now simply called Kamâl Atatürk, the president of the Republic. He was painted in full evening dress which is now obligatory at all official occasions. Atatürk, the only dictatorial statesman who has been a general and a real leader on the battlefield, never wears uniform. Perhaps he dislikes to follow the example of certain sergeant-majors and corporals who are so fond of military attire.

There is no office room and hardly a private house in Turkey without a picture of the Gazi. I found it later even in remote cottages high up in the mountains, in cottages which were almost bare of furniture so that the cheap print completely dominated the room. Soon I knew every line of his face—the high forehead with its finely modelled temples ; the cold, fixed look of the pale blue eyes, penetrating and at the same time concealing his thoughts from the curious gazer ; the strong nose, its nostrils swelled in contempt ; the high cheek-bones and fair hair, and the grim line of his straight lips—a face full of determination, with thoughts rushing behind the nervous temples like wild horsemen across the treeless plain, cruel and yet a man beloved by millions. Beloved—or feared ? I had yet to find out.

When the last of the ten men had left the room, another queue had gathered behind me. Obviously everyone who had a request was allowed to enter without great formality. The deputy spoke only Turkish. Our conversation was short and more based on guesswork than on mutual understanding, but remained none the less perfectly amiable on both sides. The pantaloon was detailed as my guide, and since I could not ask for a better, I accepted him with a good grace. Perhaps it was just as well.

I told the deputy that I wanted to see the whole town, old buildings and new ones, and he answered that everything was open for my inspection. Or that was at least how I interpreted his hospitable gesture. We bowed politely to each other, and the pantaloon, frozen in humble respect, bowed too. Only once had he opened his mouth and, wordless, merely by revealing his gold teeth, had beamed acknowledgment at the deputy.

So the two of us trotted off, followed by the wondering gaze of all the people in the street. It might have been simpler if I had disguised myself in a *charshaf*, but they cannot be bought ready-made and in suitable sizes, and there

is also a certain way of wearing them to which one has to be born.

I asked the pantaloon to take me first to the old part of the town—a simple request since words like old and new were contained in a dictionary which I was slowly learning by heart. The pantaloon, grinning, pointed at the bullock-carts. We would follow them to the various markets. There was a special market for fire-wood—one or two liras were paid for the cart-load, two liras being enough to buy eight pounds of sugar or twenty pounds of salt, or half a pound of tea in exchange. Another market was reserved for grain, a third for live-stock, just as there were separate streets for copper-smiths, turners, cobblers and potters, each with its own peculiar noises and its own peculiar smells.

Street vendors passed through the narrow crooked lanes, offering lemonade or merely water, attracting attention by shouting and tinkling with a glass against a little plate. Others sold sweets, or vegetables which were carried in baskets on their backs, or large thin rings of crisp bread, called *simits*, slung over a long stick. They were covered with sesame-seeds and smelled enticingly as long as they were fresh. Later they assumed a dust-grey colour and a dusty taste. And above all the noise of these human activities could be heard the mooing and hee-hawing, the neighing and barking of the various animals who helped their masters in their struggle for existence with little time to think of their own.

Out of this turmoil the pantaloon led me through the rows of bazaars where old men squatted silently in a corner of their wooden booths, open to the street like a doll's house. In their skinny hands they were turning strings of amber beads, round and round as the minutes passed. Perhaps they were not as lazy as they seemed, perhaps they were busily praying to Allah to send a customer along to whom they could offer their goods—drapery, handwoven cloth, or

cheap printed cotton handkerchiefs from Lancashire, or some new material from Russia. Or very old things which they kept in battered copper bowls, odd bracelets, a carved ring, a shining necklace, nobody knew their age and whence they came. Or carpets, Turkish and Persian, in simple Kelim design or intricate patterns of flowers, tendrils, birds, and lions.

During the following days I spent hours in these streets—and later as long in the bazaars of other towns—the pantaloon as a faithful guardian behind me, telling the old men that I had not come to buy but to admire. It made little difference to them. They seemed like the Biblical sparrows which are fed from heaven.

When I stayed over midday or was with them shortly before the sun set, they interrupted themselves in the process of spreading their goods before me and began their ablutions. They rolled up their sleeves, took off their shoes and socks, and out of an old-fashioned tin jug with a long slim neck they poured water over their hands, first washing their face, and then their arms up to the elbows—white skinned arms of old men—and then their feet, and at last they rinsed their mouth, doing all this with a minute supply of water. After that, with a clean body, they were ready to pray.

They needed not the sing-song of the *muezzin* of which only the high notes trickled down to them, to remind them of the hours. So long had they been used to the regularity of their religious duties that by now they felt the right time in their bones.

The *muezzin*, obeying the law of the Government, sang his call to prayer in Turkish. The harsh sounding "*Tanri uludur, Tanri uludur. . . .*" (Allah is greatest) had replaced the softer melody of the Arabian "*Allahü ekber.*" But the old men, squatting on their heels, swaying forward and backward, touching the ground three times with their forehead

and rising again to their stiff legs, were still murmuring the ancient Arabian words. They would never pray in any other language than that which they did not understand.

It was a pathetic sight to watch them fulfilling the demands of their religion by forcing their aged bodies to such rigorous exercises. During all the time I stayed in Turkey, I never saw a man pray who was younger than thirty years of age, though, of course, there must be some somewhere. The pantaloon, for his part, only sniffed with contempt at the spectacle. He was a police agent, and because of this honourable position he went even a step further than the secular government and declared all religion identical with stupid superstition.

The first time one of my merchant-hosts began to prepare himself for prayer, I moved to go away. But both he and the policeman intimated that there was no need to leave—the policeman because he thought so little of the performance, and the old man because nothing whatever could disturb him. Otherwise he would have gone to one of the mosques where fountains or taps in the courtyard provide running water and where in the dim light of the square, peace comforts the heart. But the disciple of Allah can pray wherever he likes. He carries his own quietude with him. One day, later, I saw a man pray on a railway station by the side of the steaming engine, and the engine-driver shouted down to the pious Moslem to make haste since the train was due to leave.

The women, by the way, are not encouraged to go to the mosques. Their place is in the house and their souls are not considered of much importance.

Since the Moslem keeps his head covered for prayer, he needs a brimless head-gear which does not hinder him from touching the ground with his forehead. The distress of these poor men at the prohibition of the fez by the famous hat-law was therefore great until they discovered that they could

solve the problem by wearing hand-made caps in forms varying from that of tea-cosies to baby-bonnets, or by turning the peaks of their sports caps to the back when fulfilling their religious duty.

The hours in the bazaars of Sivas gave me my first chance to learn something about the Turks. Grouping them roughly with the Orientals, I had thought them talkative, noisy, cunning and fanatic and expected them to pester the unaccustomed visitor with smell and dirt, but in spite of all that I had hoped to find them extremely colourful and picturesque. But once again I was mistaken.

The traveller with his ready Kodak finds little worth snapping. These Turks are an odd racial mixture. Only a few of them make you feel that you are at the edge of Asia. Little is left of the wild features of those Turkish tribes which originated in Central Asia, and after the foundation of the Seljuk Empire began to conquer parts of Anatolia in the eleventh century. Occasionally I met a man with prominent cheek-bones, slanting eyes and a very round skull. But he stood out from those around him who would scarcely be noticed if one met them in proper European clothes in a Parisian bus.

Only the old men seemed conspicuous with their well-kept beards hanging around their cheeks and chin and making them look like Santa Clauses. Perhaps it was due to these beards that I thought them so gentle and lovable and endowed them with the innocent souls of children. Their eyes might have twinkled a little cunningly, but it was a pleasant cunning, easily turned into laughter, and thus outwitted.

They were not talkative either. Sentences were pronounced singly and deliberately not only to me, the foreigner, but also when they were talking among themselves. Soon they ceased praising their goods to me. Sometimes for an hour scarcely a word was said. I do not believe that on such occasions they were thinking of something definite or in-

expressible. These simple Turks are not given to vague emotions or prolonged meditations on the hereafter. Their minds are sober, and their thoughts directed towards the problems of their everyday life. Since there are few, the old men have little to ponder about and their thoughts soon evaporate into that pleasant void where they find *keyf* (complacent rest or pleasure).

In an out-of-date guide-book I had underlined a few phrases for my conduct at places like this. "The traveller should bargain at his leisure. The Turkish shop-keeper and merchant —in comparison with the Armenian and Greek—enjoys the reputation of plain dealing, but it is a general custom in the Orient to haggle about a price."

In the beginning I had little use for this piece of information. I had firmly made up my mind to take good care of my money—every lira saved meant another day in Turkey. But one afternoon, sitting on the edge of an open booth, my legs dangling an inch above the street, I discovered in an old copper bowl, among worthless rings and buttons, a bracelet of rubies set in gold. I looked at it and put it away. The old man rose a little out of his lethargy. With as casual an air as possible I took it up again a few minutes later and held it against the light.

It was a piece of jewellery which at once suggested to me a story of love and romance. A harem, a dangerous elopement, and a tragic end rose in my imagination, and the comparison of the rubies with six large drops of blood was irresistible. But I wanted to possess that bracelet even if only a fat woman had received it as a birthday present from her equally fat husband and had left it in turn to her only a little less voluminous daughter. Still I rather doubted such a prosaic past. There must be a story hidden somewhere.

The old man took the bracelet out of my hand, polished it with his sleeve, and handed it back to me. Not looking at him, I asked: "*Kaç kurush*? (how much?)" But I had

to ask a second time before he said: "Eight." "Four," I replied at once, remembering the guide-book. Sadly he shook his head and took the bracelet away from me. I was unworthy to hold such a treasure.

The pantaloon took my part, and after intimating to me that the old man was a scoundrel, which I did not believe for a moment, began to bargain with him. I leaned back, watching the two men. To haggle in a modern department store is unthinkable and tasteless. But here, where customers are few and both parties have or will acquire a personal relationship to the piece in question, it is no meanness of character which drives them to bargain, but the desire to compare almost abstract values.

It is also a display of wit and strength of will. The pantaloon got the price down to five liras. I shook my head—impossible. With a regretful air I put the bracelet back into the bowl. But the old man picked it up again and threw it into my lap. "Four!" He beamed with pleasure when I shut it round my wrist. We both knew that it was worth more than twice that amount, but he trusted me that I could pay no more, and he felt compensated by my delight and the fact that I should wear it in countries so far away. Four liras—the equivalent of four days in Turkey. I shall never regret it. Perhaps the rubies symbolize six drops of blood, after all.

I would have been quite happy to spend all my time with one or the other of these old men, with whom I soon became friendly and who even began to teach me their language, if it had not been for the pantaloon. He was a man of a restless disposition and always wanted to keep the world moving, either because he believed he was thus acting in accordance with the Government's intentions, or merely because he had nothing better to do and felt bored in his own silent company since Allah had ceased to regulate his life.

In spite of his new atheism he took me to the Seljuk

Acc. No: 2079

mosques, pointing full of pride at their carved portals and their glazed minarets. Apparently religion did not disturb him if it were safely moved six hundred years back when Sivas was one of the most important towns of Asia Minor and the Seljuk Empire. One of the beautiful buildings which has survived from that time is the *Gök* (azure) *Medresseh*, a former theological college. It has gained its name from the glazed blue tiles which are worked in shining patterns into the two strong minarets. The secret of this colour, as of many similar ones, is lost. New tiles cannot be made to match, and the Government which here as elsewhere will carry out the necessary repairs to preserve the relics of Turkey's great past, has to be content with a modern imitation.

I withdrew my eyes only reluctantly from the blue towers, twice impressive in their strength by the side of the slender poplars which yielded to the slightest breath of wind, and in the simplicity of their lines compared with the intricate carving around the high stone portal. The ornaments were cut out of the stone like a network of lace, curve growing out of curve in precise repetition, whilst the Arabian calligraphic scripture, dissolved into a thousand complicated lines and bows, were crammed into the corner stones and three framing ribbons.

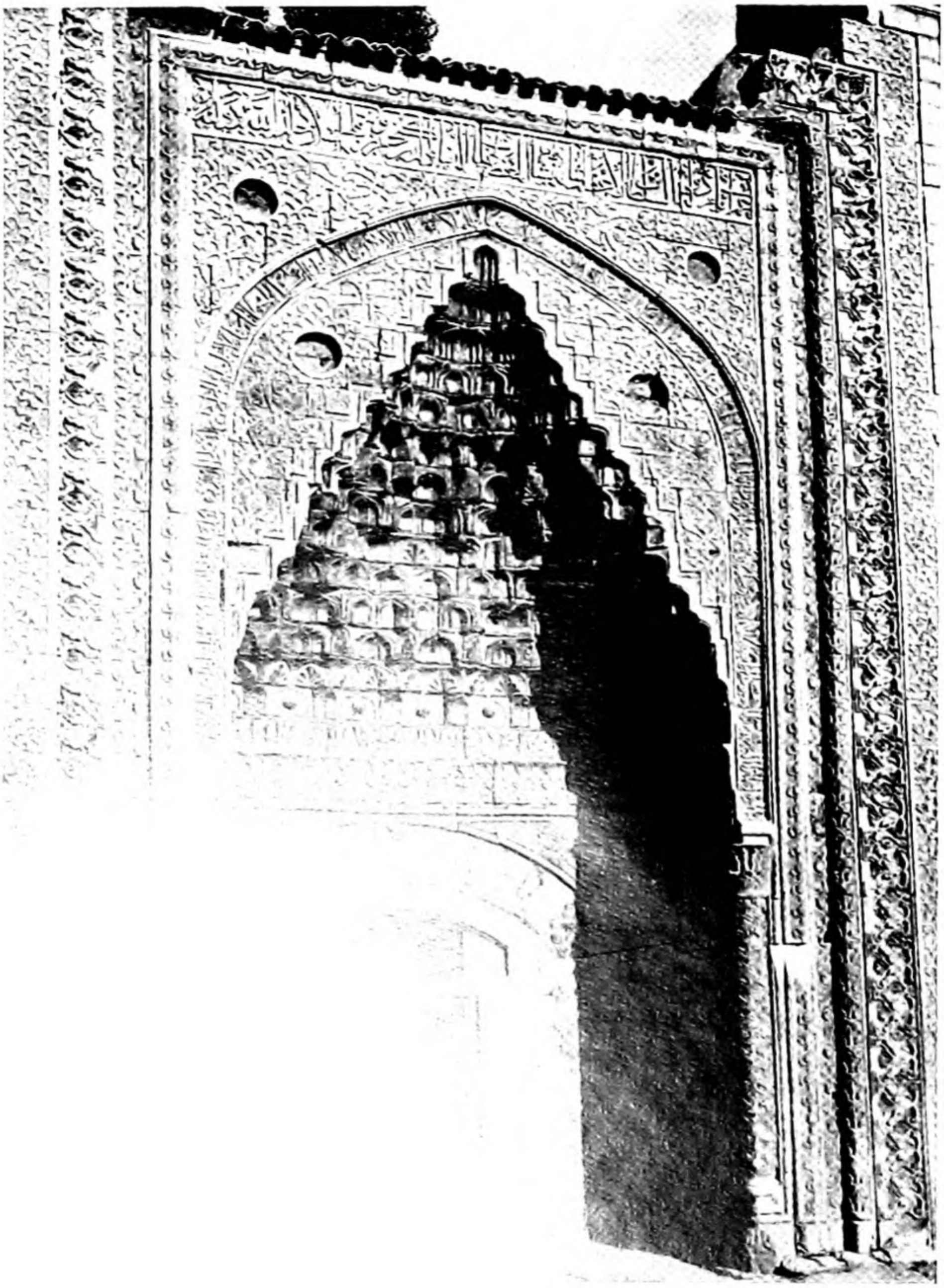
All these manifold decorations melted into one impression, that of extreme order. Free from harshness, it seemed to wear a lucid smile. But when I thought of the Gothic cathedrals, built in Europe at the same period, I realized what the Moslems had lost by sticking to the letter of the law which forbade them to create Allah's likeness. All these carvings, in spite of their perfection, could not but remain superficial. The artist was never allowed to reach that bewildering depth in which medieval sculptures were conceived.

Whilst I stood gazing, the pantaloon had busied himself

MARKET PLACE, SIVAS.

BUYERS IN THE MARKET PLACE.

PLATE VII



with chasing away a mangy cat and three little girls who had wrung out the miserable remains of a rug in the beautifully sculptured fountain beside the *medresseh*. The moment he saw me move he was back at my side, taking up his duties as faithful shadow.

The courtyard of the *medresseh* was arranged like that of a small monastery with a great many cells opening on to a garden square. Three poplars growing at random, a patch of grass, and a water-basin to which the birds came to drink, were tended by an old man, who went to and fro in a leisurely way, a gentle monk, the last inhabitant of this quiet place which the Government had recently turned into a museum. He went on smiling, oblivious of the change, and did his little duties as before.

Under his guidance the pantaloon and I looked over the few exhibits—slender, ancient tombstones, covered with calligraphic engravings, torn and withered flags, head-gears of dervishes, embroidered ceremonial robes. The old man watched us sharply, not allowing us to skip a single piece and nodding consent to a long-worded explanation by the pantaloon.

When we left, he told me to come back in five years' time. They would have twice as many exhibits by then, and the Gazi himself would come to look at them. The Gazi was interested in everything connected with Turkey's past. The pantaloon almost crossed himself when he heard the Gazi's name mentioned. He had seen him twice, the first time as a boy in 1919, when Atatürk had been chairman of the famous National Congress at Sivas, and the second time in 1930 when he paid the town a visit as President of the Republic after the inauguration of the new railway line between Ankara and Sivas. Obviously the two occasions were deeply burnt into the pantaloon's memory. Murmuring "Gazi," and smiling eagerly, he beckoned me to follow him.

He led me straight to the High School for Boys, one

of the semi-modern buildings on the new road to the station. It had been the meeting-place for the Second National Congress in September and November 1919 when the Gazi had begun to organize resistance against the Allies and the Sultan's weak government. With all signs of respect the Head Master and the French teacher—with the pantaloon trotting behind—showed me into the simple school-hall, sparsely furnished with benches, tables, rugs, where for weeks the up and down of verbal battles had raged between the bare walls which now embraced nothing but silence. Life had passed away from this room and had left it, an empty shell. Holding it to my ear I heard no echo of roaring waves.

With even greater pride the Head Master showed me the little room in which Mustafa Kemal had worked and slept. A bed, a table, a cheap broken lampshade—" he reached for the window, and the lamp rolled on the floor," —all carefully kept as he had left them. Will the broken pieces have to be replaced in another sixteen years after the original potsherds have been carried away by international relic-hunters? Let us hope so, because there is no surer sign of fame.

NOTE TO CHAPTER II

Sivas, a town of 35,000 inhabitants, lies on a plateau 4,400 feet high and surrounded by sparsely wooded mountains which in some places climb up to 12,000 feet. Since 1930, a railway connects it with Ankara which in 1932 was extended northward to Samsun and the Black Sea.

In the autumn of 1919, Mustafa Kemal chose the town for the Second National Congress over which he presided. The first Congress had been held in July, even farther east, at Erzurum. Both places had been chosen because they were far enough away from Istanbul, then still the capital—that is far enough from the Sultan and his government (the Sublime Porte) who were only too eager to submit to the demands of the Allies after the Ottoman Empire had broken down. By his meek attitude, Sultan Wahideddin hoped at least to save his position on the throne and especially as Caliph of the Moslems.

There was only one man who was daring enough to dream of resistance. A few days after the Greeks, protected by Allied warships, on the 5th of May 1919,. had occupied Smyrna (Izmir) on the fertile west coast, Mustafa Kemal set to work in the east. It was chiefly at Sivas that under his obstinate determination the future course of action was decided upon by the nationalists.

Mustafa Kemal himself has described the happenings from the time he began his activities in the spring of 1919 until the year 1926, when after the abolition of the sultanate and caliphate and the suppression of the Kurdish revolt, the first great reforms of the Republic were carried through. The detailed explanation, well documented, was given in his famous speech as President of the Republic to a conference of the Republican People's Party, of which he was the founder and head. It lasted six days from the 15th to the 20th of October, 1927.

Gazi is only one of his many names or titles which he acquired during the course of his life. His father, a simple clerk and wood-merchant in Salonika, called him Mustafa. Later a teacher at the Military Cadet School added Kemal to his name to distinguish him from the other Mustafas, but also as a sign of appreciation—Kemal means perfection. During the Great War the young officer was made a Pasha (General). After he had beaten the Greeks in the War of Independence at the Sakarya river (in Western Anatolia) in 1921, the Grand National Assembly, then in opposition to the Sultan's government in Istanbul, conferred on him the historic Arabian title " Gazi "—Conqueror of the Infidels in a Holy War. Later he changed the Arabian Kemal to the Turkish name Kamâl. When in 1934 a new law was promulgated regarding the suppression of titles and the adoption of surnames by all Turkish citizens, the Grand National Assembly bestowed the family name of Atatürk (Father of Turks) on him. As one of the deputies said to me later on :

" Turkey has only one word to express her love for her illustrious chief, that is Atatürk. Into this name flow all her tenderness, her gratitude, and her respect."

So his name is today as simple as when he was a child—Kamâl Atatürk. But to most of his countrymen, especially the peasants, he is still the Gazi. It is the word that comes most easily out of their slow-tongued mouths. They are a nation of soldiers, and it was his amazing victory over the Greeks which appealed more than anything else to their imagination and which assured him their gratitude and love. He was not made President for mere oratorical achievements or a combination of promises and bluff.

The *bat-law*, passed in 1925, forbids the wearing of the fez which, as

Kamâl Atatürk explained, "sat on our heads as a sign of ignorance, of fanaticism, of hatred of progress and civilization." It was further undesirable that in a secular Republic which declared the absolute equality of all its citizens, a man's faith should be known by his head-gear. Religion in the Turkey of today is an entirely private affair.

For the same reason another law was passed in the spring of 1935 which makes the wearing of clerical garments outside the places of worship a punishable offence.

Turkish, as all Moslem *art*, has been extremely restrained by strict obedience to Allah's commandment which forbids the making of images. There exist neither sculptures nor paintings of human beings, and the artists devoted their activities to flowers, with an occasional lion or peacock worked into the design, and to abstract and intricate patterns. Calligraphy was also raised to the level of an art.

The Republic broke away from these religious restrictions. In 1926, the first statue was erected in Turkey—a monument to the Gazi, hatless and in civilian dress, looking out to the Bosphorus and the coast of Asia Minor. Thousands of similar monuments have meanwhile sprung up all over the country, like the countless portraits of the Gazi as much a sign of respect and admiration as a protest against former religious fetters.

CHAPTER III

Some Happy Women

ONE day when I had just finished my simple midday meal—a large plate of yoghurt, two hard-boiled eggs, white bread, and goat cheese—the door of my hotel-room opened after a short knocking, and in streamed six or seven deeply veiled women and four children, two of them little boys. The room was too small to hold them all, and those who had entered first pushed on to the little balcony whilst the last woman firmly closed the door behind her.

I had been lying on the bed, the only suitable place apart from the deck-chair, and jumped to my feet. Laying my right hand on my heart I greeted my guests with a polite "*Safa geldiniz!*" (Welcome. Literally: You have come with pleasure), which was answered by a tenfold "*Safa bulduk*" (We have found it). They threw back their veils and I saw now that some were old, some middle-aged, one very young. I smiled at them, they smiled at me, and with that we had landed in a blind alley, at least as far as I was concerned. Then it struck me that I might fetch some chairs. We were all still standing and staring amiably at each other.

After a while we had arranged ourselves, and the women began to ask me questions, whispered among themselves and again smiled at me, and I nodded and shook my head, it was all the same which, and at last we all sat silently, our hands folded in our laps, and our thoughts drifting through the window and up to the sky and away.

I returned to reality when one of the little boys began

to get restless. Suddenly I remembered that it was my duty to offer them one of those little cups of Turkish coffee which the host has to provide at any time of the day and of which occasionally I had consumed as many as ten from morning to midnight. What a blunder if I had forgotten about this simple demand of hospitality! Soon we all were sipping the black drink which ran hot and sweet down our throats and filled us with eucharistic complacency.

It is impossible to imagine a state of greater well-being. A gentle friendliness streamed out of these women, each resting in herself, but also closely linked to the others. Slowly they emptied their cups, softly clattering with the china. The sipping seemed to be the only audible sound of an otherwise silent tune, now sung by one, now by two or three of them at a time, now by all in a pleasant chorus. They were members of one family, the grandmother and her husband's younger wife, a cousin, her two daughters and some of her grandchildren, and because I was a woman they accepted me in their midst. It did not matter that we spoke strange languages—words were of no avail. It did not matter that our lives were so different—did we not share the most important experience, that of being a woman? Compared with that, everything grew meaningless, was merely accidental. Allah in His wisdom had arranged it like this, but He held us all in the palm of His hand.

They had certainly spent all their lives in simple harems and adhered strictly to the ancient traditions. But having thus been enslaved, they seemed none the worse for it. Or did I make the mistake of most travellers of judging things by their outward appearance? Words might have deceived me, but could those dark eyes lie which shone with kindliness and peace? There are no means of measuring the width and depth of sentiments. But I venture the statement that these women were as happy as any I had seen, and the experience was no small surprise to me.

Since they belonged to a better-class family, their cloaks were of black silk instead of the checked cotton which the poorer or peasant women from the neighbourhood were wearing. Those of them who sat at my side on the bed had taken their shoes off and were now squatting on their crossed legs, spreading the folds of the *charshaf* over their feet. The younger women occupied the chairs, not yet quite at home on this modern furniture, but slowly training their bodies to the new bends.

To amuse them I read out a few Turkish phrases from my dictionary, and they answered the questions with great sincerity, even those which were obviously out of place. Then I guessed their ages. I knew by now the figures up to a hundred, and to their surprise I was always right, with one exception—that of the young girl. I had thought her seventeen, but had shot three years beyond the mark. Her fully developed figure had misled me though the expression of her face should have revealed the truth.

To do her justice, I can only compare her with one of those maidens described in the old songs: her cheeks were as soft and gently glowing as petals of roses, her white teeth glittered like pearls, her brown, slanting eyes were fiery and yet innocent. Her nose and lips were those of a child, standing curiously at the threshold of life. And her name was Lutfiye.

She wore a cheap, crumpled blouse underneath her *charshaf*, a posy of fragrant flowers pinned to a white collar, and a chain of golden beads with a large golden coin which soon might constitute part of her dowry. When she saw me looking at it curiously, she got up, untied it—the beads were strung on a strong ribbon of black silk—and fastened it round my neck. The gold lay heavy and warm on my skin, and Lutfiye smiled at me with generous pride. She laid her arm around my shoulder and pressed her face against mine. "*Sevgili kizkardeşim*," she whispered—(My beloved

sister). "*Evet, Lutfiye, bugün ve daima!*" (Yes, today and always).

Now the women began to examine all I was wearing, including my shoes and underwear, touching it, testing the material in their hands, wondering and approving with little exclamations. The things could hardly appear strange to them because their own garments were cut on almost the same lines. My mother might have worn them shortly after the War.

In the end I asked them if they would allow me to take their photograph. They protested vigorously and reached at once for their veils, and I had great difficulty in reassuring them of my friendly intentions. It was not only their modesty and shyness which led them to refuse. The old superstition was still alive in them that it brought bad luck to have one's image made. I hastily changed the subject by making them talk of their daily lives though unfortunately I did not understand a tenth of what they said.

Suddenly to my amazement Lutfiye, who had all the time been sitting nestled to my side, pointed at herself and said that she would be happy if I thought her worthy of taking her photograph. Her mother shook her head in disapproval, but the gentle Lutfiye was not inclined to listen. Heaven knows what thoughts had moved her in the meantime and why she had altered her mind. Yet there she was, imploring me with her large eyes, and not faltering in her determination until her mother, sighing, nodded assent.

I returned the necklace and asked her out on the balcony. In vain she tried to control her heavily rising breath and the trembling of her little hands. She stared at me with a completely changed expression, her mouth half open, her eyes shining with excitement. Did she for the first time see the rising of a new time? Did she envy me the life of which I had given them a faint outline or any of my belongings, did she want to become a "modern girl" her-

LUTFIYE.

THE KEEPER OF THE MUSEUM, SIVAS.

PLATE VIII.

self? Nothing is stranger than the reactions of a young heart, no change swifter or caused by smaller incidents. Yet it might just as well be that she merely wanted to be kind and disliked refusing a wish of her " dear sister."

Before the women left, they veiled themselves carefully. It made me sad to think that I could never recognize them if I should meet them in the street. Even Lutfiye would look like one of the thousands, her sweet little face shut off from the world. Or would she—but it was no good to go on speculating. They would fetch me on Sunday to visit the *hamam* (bath-house). I waved after them as they walked down the street, only knowing from their friendly shouts that they were the women who had left me. The loud speaker on the larger balcony trumpeted the " March of Independence ".

The same afternoon I went to the local crafts-school, a modestly equipped institute where about sixty boys were trained as mechanics, joiners, basket-makers, and in other simple crafts. You might find the exact replica of this institute in any small provincial town of Great Britain, but probably the boys there are not working with the same ardour and concentration as those in Sivas, to whom any organized training is a comparatively new thing.

One of the departments, that for carpet-weaving, was teaching women and children. They were crouching in front of ancient weaving frames on the customary low benches and did not turn their heads when I bent forward to examine the work. I felt the same confused awe as all laymen who watch the hands of experts. The principal, a woman of about forty, laughed when she saw my bewilderment.

Hatice Hanim began to learn carpet-weaving at the age of five and had by now acquired such perfection that she not only knew all the complicated traditional patterns by heart, but was also unrivalled in the fastness and accuracy of her work. When she had taken on the job as principal of this department, she had ceased wearing the veil and

thereby cut herself off from her whole family. But she still stuck to the convention that a decent woman has to cover her hair, and wore a black kerchief which she had tied under her chin. She had a pleasant, kind face and a wide-awake expression in her intelligent eyes. With her plump figure she moved cheerfully about like a busy hen. Those two dozen women and girls were just as many as she could manage. She needed the homely atmosphere. In a larger place she would have felt lost. She was not yet a modern woman who can rely on herself, but out of her own free will she had taken the first step in that direction.

Some of the girls who worked under her were not older than twelve, one of them even had her youngest sister, a baby in napkins, lying on her lap. They were bent over the warp, pulling down bits of wool which was suspended in soft balls over their heads. Hatice Hanim told one of the girls to change places with me and showed me how to tie the knots. A simple procedure if carried out at slow motion, but how tiring if you have to do thousands and thousands of them at top speed.

Most of the carpets were copies of old Persian designs. They have about twelve knots to an inch, that means about 1,200 knots to the width of a normal carpet. It made me miserable to think that so endless a trouble was taken in order that our feet might tread softly. How can we enjoy the fruits of such labour which hardly suffices to sustain the patient worker? But if I protest against these carpets, must I not also refuse to buy the cheap Japanese goods and who knows how many others? I could not buy one of these carpets in any case. They were just working at some very beautiful pieces which were made to order, one of them costing about thirty pounds sterling. I have no idea of the value of carpets, probably this is a very low price, but personally I shall always have to be content with a shop-soiled Axminster.

Modern times had intruded even into this old-fashioned place, and as often they had brought no improvement. A few rugs I saw had jumped straight into line with those cushions in our grandmother's parlour which glowed with painted sunsets on velvet or were enhanced by dogs in pearl-work or petit point. They showed a coloured map of present-day Turkey, Ankara, the capital in the heart of the country being indicated by the head of the Gazi. Patriotism on the doormat.

The boys had prepared a surprise for me. When I left the building, I found them all assembled outside the entrance, their musical instruments under their arms—they were going to give a little concert for me. It was a kind of military band with the addition of a few violins, and the Head Master himself was the conductor. Prepared for the worst, I settled down on the chair in the doorway, Hatice Hanim and the pantaloon, who had not entered the weaving department, at my side.

The school was built on a low hill, a little outside Sivas. From my seat I could overlook the snow-covered mountain-chain which closed the horizon. The town and its neighbourhood were richly watered by the *Kizil Irmak* and its many tributaries, and poplars and willows now in full leaf grew in little gardens and along the banks of the rivers and glittered in the light of the late afternoon sun.

The band played extremely well, with fire and precision. As true followers of the Gazi, they had abandoned the old tunes and chosen music in a westernized style, but they could not help pouring into these marches the whole wildness and solitude of Asia.

It grew dark with the quickness which is characteristic of these regions. The change from day to night, from summer to winter, happens without transition. All the lamps were lit when I reached the hotel (the town had electricity since 1934). I found a message in my room written in

faulty German. The director of the local branch of the Banque Ottomane and his wife invited me to their house. A maid would come and fetch me in half an hour.

The director was a man in the late thirties, formerly a Greek, but naturalized since the foundation of the Republic. His wife was Hungarian. He had met her when he had been studying agriculture on her father's estate. It was she who had written the message. They had been married now for fifteen years and she had gone with him wherever he went, first as a small merchant, then later as an employé of the Banque Ottomane. "In these days you have to try many ways of making a living for yourself and your family."

She knew Turkey very well and spoke the language fluently. She laughed when I asked her if she did not feel lonely: "I have three children, all boys, to look after," she said, "and a terribly spoilt husband. I go shopping myself because I can't trust the maid. No shop-keeper would dare to cheat me. I don't get any delicacies here unless I order them specially at a high price. But though I have naturally no great choice, I get first-class lamb, fresh eggs, and during the season excellent fruit and vegetables for almost next to nothing."

They had been living at Sivas for the last three years and she had made friends with some of the wives of the officers and doctors. Being used to a simple life in the country, she felt very happy. Her only complaint was that her husband had forbidden her to visit the weekly performance of the local cinema. He was afraid that she might catch fleas or faint in the bad air. I had seen the glaring posters being carried through the town, the peasants behind the oxen-carts gaping at them with open mouths, but I had not dared myself to visit a performance all alone.

The next day was Cuma (Friday, the weekly holiday until the middle of 1935, when in the course of westernization it was changed to Sunday) and Madame invited me to join

them on a little excursion. The *araba* called for me at ten o'clock. It was a bright day. We drove to the waterfalls, the only place outside Sivas where the trees stood densely enough to form a little wood. About a year ago the gushing water had been regulated. Its power was now turned into electricity in a neat white building erected on the hill-tops in what might have been the crater of a volcano. Once this playground had been reserved for the women and children of Sivas' better classes, but with the changing times more and more men had insisted on accompanying their women-folk, and that day the crowd was as mixed as that of any European pleasure ground, though many of the old women now stayed away on Fridays.

It was a charming picture, these happy people sitting about on the soft grass among the flowering bushes. A few officers and their wives had come on horse-back, and the well-groomed animals were now grazing peacefully among the crowd, their coats shining in the patches of sunlight which fell through the waving tree-tops. Hammocks were suspended between the trunks, crowded with laughing children and idling women. Young men and girls played at blind-man's buff or danced to the strains of a shrieking gramophone. Their mothers, sitting cross-legged on their colourful rugs, watched them complacently. The elder men were busy at their game of cards, blowing at intervals large clouds of smoke out of their pipes.

Madame had cheerful arguments with her children who wanted her to climb the rocks with them, demanded a second helping from the little van of a fat ice-cream man, accused each other of dividing the bag of sweets in an unfair manner and seemed prepared to settle the dispute by a free fight. She remained master of the situation. She admonished the boys, wiped the nose of the youngest, promised to climb with them, but refused ice-cream and further sweets.

Monsieur stayed behind when the five of us went to the

waterfalls. The two elder boys caught hold of their mother's hands and dragged her along whilst the youngest marched confidently by my side. They talked Turkish, the only language they knew. But I had forgotten that I was in Turkey. The life around me, the landscape, the white electricity works—it might have been anywhere on earth, wherever happy people celebrate a holiday. I understood now why Madame had never felt home-sick for Hungary.

CHAPTER IV

In a Lorry towards the East

I TOLD the mayor that I wanted to go off eastwards by lorry (there are no railways yet in that part of the country) and return to Sivas in about two months' time to move southward along the railway line to Malatya, now under construction. The dear old man did not seem to like the idea :

" If you were travelling in your own car or if you had a husband to protect you——"

" But, Monsieur, I don't understand you. Turkey has given her women complete equality, and the Government has proved master of the country. I am a sincere friend of the Turks. What should I be afraid of ? "

There was no doubt that he was in favour of the new régime, but he had not quite got used to the independence of women. If I only had a husband—he looked puzzled and worried. Nevertheless he did all he could to help me.

It was early afternoon when the pantaloon accompanied me to the garage where the lorry would start for Erzincan. The Turks use the French word " camion " for these vehicles which serve as a means of transport for goods and passengers —that is, for those passengers who are not so poor as to be forced to rely on their donkeys and not rich enough to travel in a private car. Usually a man who has saved some money buys three or four of these lorries, as a rule Chevrolet or Ford, either covered or open, and employs a few young men as drivers, thus making a comfortable living for himself.

I had serious doubts as to the efficiency of these young men, but I was soon set right. A bad driver would not have survived a single journey.

No regular time-table is observed. If enough passengers have collected, the cars set out at half an hour's notice to the waiting clients who have occupied their time by drinking tea or coffee and playing trick-track in the little coffee-houses. If there happen to be any women among the passengers, they appear only at the last moment mysteriously out of some corner, deeply veiled.

I was fortunate—the lorry was not only covered, but I was also told that there was a place left at the side of the driver. I climbed up, only to find to my amazement that four of us had to share the narrow seat—the driver Hüseyin, a tanned young man of slight build, with raven-black hair and an easy smile; a middle-aged man in a heavy black coat, rather soiled and moth-eaten, who kept his shaven head constantly covered by a worn-out trilby hat; and the driver's right-hand man whose importance I was soon to find out.

The middle-aged man was an employé of the Agricultural Bank and had just been transferred to a small place half-way to Erzincan. He was moving with his whole family—his wife and four daughters between the age of sixteen and ten—and all his possessions, the bulk of which consisted in rugs, quilts, mattresses and pillows. The rest was made up of a small basket of kitchen utensils, a large round copper tray and a low trestle which together formed the table and an enormous kettle carried by the youngest girl. I am sure if he had possessed more, it would also have been squeezed in, though we could hardly breathe as it was.

He was not the only passenger with luggage, and since the roof was not large enough to hold all the sacks and bundles, the men had to take the rest inside and sit on it. I counted seventeen passengers apart from those mentioned,

THE MOTOR LORRY

—AND ITS LOAD.

ten of them peasants, three soldiers on leave, and four men who had been working at the new railway line towards Malatya and were now returning home after they had earned sufficient money to pay their taxes. How they all managed to settle down in the comparatively small vehicle, I do not know. I was separated from them by the employé's women-folk, who were crouching in a row behind us.

Their heads were touching the roof, and whenever the car jumped on the rough road, they bumped audibly against the boards. Yet they never lost their good spirits, neither did I hear the men behind them quarrel. They were all so quiet that I could easily have thought myself alone, if it had not been for the pressure on my left, which nearly pushed me out of the car.

The door did not close securely, the window-pane had been shattered to pieces, letting in the wind from the plain. As for the rest of the car, it seems sufficient to say that it had been used—or misused—for more than two years on the roughest roads imaginable. But I never mind discomfort as long as I am in good company, and I could have no doubt about that.

They had been surprised at first to see a girl like me among them. They might even have mistrusted me because of the pantaloon who gave himself airs and told the driver that he would be held responsible for my well-being. But once on the way, I could not have asked for kinder or more considerate companions than these ignorant women and unshaven, wild-looking men.

No words were necessary to make myself understood. By a kind of intuition, they knew soon enough what sort of person I was, and once they had made up their minds, and approved of me, I was free of all further worry—they saw to it that all the circumstances permitted was done for me. Not spoilt by life in the town, not jealous in their poverty, they had preserved their independence which allowed them to treat

an unobtrusive foreigner in a dignified and matter-of-fact way, and they asked nothing in exchange but that I should accept the little they had to offer without turning up my nose. A smile, a pleasing word in the Turkish language, a laugh at my own awkwardness and ignorance, and the excitement my presence meant for them, were reward enough for their generosity. They felt that I had delivered myself into their hands and whatever happened they were not going to let me down.

The Mayor of Sivas was wrong. With a husband I should have been much less protected. The responsibility which was now carried by more than thirty shoulders, would merely have rested on two. In the presence of a lonely, weak, defenceless woman, every man felt an appeal to his male virtues and watched jealously over his companion. The only thing I had to do was to distribute my smiles evenly and never become more intimate with one than with the others.

We were driving straight across the wind-swept plateau. I had never seen a more desolate, a more melancholy landscape. The mountains in the distance to the left stretched across the horizon with only slightly modulated backs, their outline almost flat against the sky. Passing along the Black Sea a few weeks later, I saw their northern slopes covered with verdure. But the slopes turned towards the interior were only sparsely dotted with dwarf-oaks and low bushes. The tops served as a barrier against the rain.

The plateau itself was dry, stony, lifeless—visible for miles—trees were rare. In the never-ceasing wind nothing but grey-brownish grass bent its thin blades flat to the ground. Flocks of sheep scattered away when they heard us approach, the shepherd shouting at them and waving his staff after us; it was difficult to say whether he bellowed curses or greetings. His dogs—enormous Anatolian sheep-dogs with the heads of wolves and a thick yellow fur—loped after us, their amber eyes reddening with hatred as they looked

up at the car. Afraid, the men at the back pulled up their dangling legs and tried to ward them off with wild shouts.

The driver's coolie, a very young, ragged man, was most imperilled by them. During the drive he had to stand outside on the dashboard and to be on the look-out like a sailor in the rigging. With one of his hands he was holding on to the roof, with the other he was either gathering up his thin coat at his throat or holding a cigarette. Sometimes when he was frozen through or exhausted, he lay down for a short while, pressed against the radiator or squeezed into the car beside me. He could never rest for more than a few minutes. Again and again he had to jump down and run alongside the car to see if everything was in order or to remove a large stone from the narrow path.

Yet he remained good-humoured and laughed at me through the paneless window-frame. Only once or twice did I see his wind-blown face grow pale, when an especially large dog struggled closer and closer towards the car and his heels. Then he hammered against the side of the lorry and yelled at the driver to step on the accelerator. The driver merely grinned, more to reassure him than out of malice. Perhaps the Turks know the proverb that barking dogs do not bite. In fact I never saw a man being hurt by one of these dogs, direct descendants of ferocious wolves.

Rarely we came across a village, and it was not until we had almost passed it that we noticed its existence. Flat-roofed huts of mud or dried dung, pressed low to the ground, moulded into the form of bricks or round slabs, which occasionally were plastered against the wall in what almost resembled an intentional design. A barking dog, a few children, an astonished woman, her face veiled, leaning back against the entrance-hole—and we were out again in the loneliness of the plain.

At eight o'clock it was pitch dark, and still we were bumping along. I was getting hungry, and as if she had guessed

it, the employé's wife tapped me on the shoulder and, leaning forward, reached me a piece of white bread which she had broken off a large loaf, and in her other hand she held a piece of crumbling goat-cheese. Soon we were all munching, even into the driver's mouth was stuffed a little food.

"Are we driving all night?" I asked him. Anything was possible with these queer people. To my great relief he shook his head. "We'll stop at Zara." Another problem began to worry me. "Is there an hotel?" But the employé, who was sitting between me and the driver, said reassuringly: "You are going with us."

At about ten o'clock we reached our destination. Zara lay in complete darkness, only through the dozen windows of the barracks-dormitory fell the pale yellow light of a petrol lamp which we could see hanging from the ceiling. The men were all lying in their iron camp-beds, too tired to look out at the rumbling lorry. No one but the two sentries seemed awake.

Hüseyin pulled up in the courtyard of an old *han* (caravanserai). A boy with a flashlight came hurrying out, the men on the lorry jumped down and disappeared in a trice. Someone took my little suitcase from me, one of the women spoke kindly to me out of the dark and seized my hand to lead me away. Together we stumbled out of the gate, the two little girls following us wearily. Between them they were carrying a basket with three little cats, mewing in helpless bewilderment.

I had no idea where we were going. But at last we arrived at a large wooden house, standing in a row with others. We all pushed in, and the men disappeared over a wooden staircase to the left, the host intimating that we should climb up the stairs to the right. From then onward until the moment we left, we neither saw nor heard anything of the male occupants of the house. They were swallowed up by a completely separate part of the building.

The mistress of the house was awaiting us at the stairs. She kissed each of the women who had thrown back their veils, and bent down to the children to embrace them. When she saw me, she hesitated for a moment, and then I also received a soft kiss on the cheek. There was no fuss, no excited noise of welcome. Quietly we were all led into a room which was furnished—or I had better say unfurnished —in purely Turkish style: low benches running around the sides, laden with bolsters and cushions, the wall opposite the door completely taken up by a large window with curtains in painstaking needlework—half a dozen women must have stitched at it for years—and the empty space in the centre of the room covered by handwoven rugs.

The children lay down on the benches and at once fell asleep. They had to be wakened when the meal was brought in on a large, round copper tray which was placed on a little stool, and served as a table. We cowered round it on cushions, a towel was spread over each lap, and the meal began without further ceremonies. We had cold meat-balls (*köfte*), spring onions, a pastry called *baklava* made with nuts and containing enormous quantities of fat and treacle, and the staple food, white bread and goat cheese. To drink, we could either have tea in the customary handleless glasses, or *ayran*, a mixture of water and yoghurt which unfailingly made me sick however often I tried to make my stomach used to it.

We had no plates. At the end of the meal the copper tray was strewn with crumbs, half-eaten meat-rolls, sticky sweets and onion stalks. We dipped our fingers into an old-fashioned basin and dried them on the towel which we had used as napkin. From the men's quarters came the shrieking sound of a gramophone. Before the War it would have been the host's duty to order a dancing-girl for the entertainment of his guest. But these generous customs belonged now to the past, and the employé

had to be content with the whining melodies tinned on records.

When the tray had been carried out, we went into the adjoining room, where we all, including the hostess and her children, were to sleep on mattresses spread on the floor. The youngest child of the house, a boy of two, had a proper little cot. We were about a dozen women, girls and children in the small room.

I felt carried back to the time when as a member of the Youth Movement, I had slept in a similar primitive fashion. Even the rustling, the whispers, the suppressed giggling sounded the same, and I was just about to order " my girls " to be quiet when I remembered where I was—my eyes had fallen on the black *charshafs* hanging like giant bats on the white wall.

We were not granted a long rest. At four o'clock the house was buzzing again with life, downstairs the employé clapped his hands and shouted to speed us up. The lorry could be heard hooting madly a short distance away and a quarter of an hour later, hardly washed and with only a glass of tea as breakfast, we were all stowed away in the car and rattled off again. I had had no time to look closer at our host who suddenly had reappeared from nowhere, or to thank him.

Behind Zara the road climbed steeply up a green hill, sloped down a little, twisted up again, and soon it nearly faded out on the ridge of bare mountains. A desert of yellow rocks and stones lay before us, the track only faintly recognizable by a slightly different colour. It was the kind of landscape which makes one instinctively look out for the skeletons of camels in the dust of the road. Even the sky seemed dead behind its pale blue glaze.

We moved forward at walking speed. Often the track was so narrow that not a hand's breadth of ground was left between the outer wheels and the precipice. The lorry

swayed to one side, the engine rattled desperately, all faces grew pale, but not even the women dared utter a sound of fear.

Fortunately the worst, at least for that day, lay soon behind us. The road, winding down in countless zigzags, assumed a more and more definite shape until at last, on reaching a very small town, it looked almost like any European country road. It was here that the employé, his wife, daughters, and earthly possessions left the *kamion*. They had arrived at their new domicile. But their house was not yet habitable. For a few days they would have to camp in a large military tent, put up in the orchard of the employé's chief. The women invited me to go with them, and behind each other we passed through the narrow gate. But whilst they ran to the right in curious excitement to examine the tent, I leaned back against the high wooden fence to watch the scene which suddenly opened before my eyes.

It was so perfectly enchanting that I hope never to forget the least important detail of it. If the yellow rocks had been a desert, this orchard was certainly a heavenly oasis. The cherry trees were in full blossom. A slight wind shook their branches and made them move over the sky like white surf. From the slope of the little hill that rose in the background, a brook came rushing down, and over its primitive bridge children were chasing each other, playing hide and seek and frightening the half-dozen lambs which had been peacefully hopping about among the flowers in the high grass. Now they were hurrying away in blind haste, galloping through the group of women who were sitting on a large rug under the trees.

The children were dressed in ordinary European clothes in the glaring and never matching colours which poor and simple people all over the world prefer. The mothers were dressed as colourfully, but in the old-fashioned way—a simple blouse, a very wide skirt reaching to about six inches from

the ground, and underneath it a pair of pantaloons, which fell in loose folds around the ankles. Their heads were covered by a kerchief of white cotton—a woman must not show her hair.

One of them was holding her child against her naked breast and feeding it, talking and laughing all the time with the other women who were either knitting or merely gossiping. Every now and then a child came running to his mother, who wiped his nose, pushed a lock of hair from his forehead and sent him back to play.

At last the employé's wife emerged from the tent and, looking around, discovered me. She scolded me for remaining behind, the other women came forward to welcome us, and soon we all were sitting together, sipping coffee and eating Turkish sweets. They received me with friendly curiosity, and even invited me to stay for a few days. But I wanted to move on. And so, after a short rest, I returned to the *kamion* which soon, with all on board except the family, rolled further onwards to the east.

CHAPTER V

Minstrels and Highwaymen

We spent the next night in a small town called Refahiye. At first it seemed that we were only stopping for a short meal till a local gendarme asked me politely, but firmly, to follow him to the police station. My passport and *permis de séjour* were most carefully examined. I was questioned in great detail about my whereabouts and at last informed that I could get my papers back in the morning.

"That's no good—we are off in a few minutes."

"You can't go. It's night now."

"I am going and nobody can keep me back. I have permission to travel wherever I like. Please give me my papers."

The poor man's face grew puzzled. He pulled at his moustache and seemed almost hurt. But I had made up my mind once and for all before I set out that I would not be intimidated or bossed by any inferior authority. I would show them that they could not order me about just because I was a woman. We kept on gazing at each other, I obstinate, and the officer racking his brain to find a way out which would not annoy me too much. He had obviously orders to treat me with respect.

He offered me a chair and a cup of coffee and asked me to wait. I agreed, but demanded that Hüseyin should be fetched to assist me. Though I had hardly spoken to him, I felt I could rely on him as on an old friend. In fact, since the employé and his family had left me and I remained

the only woman among these uncouth men, my position had even improved. They all now felt responsible for me, and if I chose Hüseyin to lend force to my arguments, it was merely because I thought him the brightest of the lot and not because there was no one else whom I could trust.

He arrived at the same moment as a very fat, well-dressed man who introduced himself in French. He would be pleased to help me. I explained the situation, told him that we were bound for Erzincan and would arrive there well before midnight if we were only allowed to drive straight on.

His fleshy cheeks dropped sadly.

" I am afraid you can't leave here before tomorrow morning."

" Why ? "

" Because the road is not safe."

" You mean, it's too bad ? "

" Well, that isn't the worst of it. But there are highwaymen in the mountains."

" Highwaymen ? " Thank heaven, at last some excitement. Now I simply had to go. I implored the fat man to tell me more about them. Did they shoot ? Had they ever killed anyone ?

" Well, they have guns, and it depends on the circumstances if they use them. Some of them are just poor peasants who need a bit of money. The police can't deal with them. The moment the men sense danger, they simply retreat into the mountains or go back to their villages. You had better wait till the morning."

I was not going to let him off as easily as that.

" Have you ever heard of an attack ? "

" Oh, things have improved in recent years. For quite a long while no one has been molested by daylight."

" But by night ? "

He seemed reluctant to speak about it, but I kept on asking. I wanted a " story ".

" I remember," he said at last, " the case of the soldiers'

transport. They were travelling in six lorries, some twenty men and an officer to each. The highwaymen—about a dozen of them—lay in ambush at a narrow pass."

"Well, and what happened?"

"They stopped one lorry after another at the point of their guns. The officers who were carrying the soldiers' pay had to hand over a lira for each soldier and two for themselves, and then the lorries were allowed to pass on one by one."

"Forgive me, but it sounds rather unbelievable that they should dare to attack soldiers."

"Well, they were young peasants in their first year of conscription. And it all happened in less than three seconds. —Now, if you want to go on, the chief of gendarmes tells me that he will give you four of his men as armed guards. But it seems hardly fair on the men to drag them out on night duty."

This was an argument which I could not neglect. Hüseyin, who for the first time heard two people converse in a foreign language, nodded emphatically when the fat man told him the problem under discussion. He had rather wait till the next day. Thus it was decided that I would have to do without robbers on this trip.

Some time after, on reading Kamâl Atatürk's great speech, I was amused to find that he, too, when travelling the same road, though in the opposite direction, had been warned by over-anxious gendarmes not to proceed before a special escort could be found for him. It was in 1919, and he was on his way from the Nationalist Conference at Erzurum to that at Sivas. Believing that the gendarmes only wanted him to lose time and thus create confusion among his waiting friends and followers, he paid no heed to the alarm and proceeded, though not before taking certain precautions. Perhaps these highwaymen invented for him were still haunting the mountains. But then, what about the soldiers' pay?

Oh, heaven knows, there might be other ways of getting rid of it.

"You can stay at the new hotel," the fat gentleman tried to console me.

"No, the lady will stay at the coffee-house, we'll look after her all right," said Hüseyin. The fat man looked at me questioningly, but I did not hesitate for a moment: "I shall stay wherever the men stay."

He seemed a little taken aback, but I did not care—I intended to stick to my friends. Hüseyin grinned with pleasure when we walked back together to the little *kahve* (coffee-house). He spluttered a few phrases which probably meant: "Just leave everything to me—I promise you a jolly good time."

He fetched at once the old *kahveci*, a very tall, broad-shouldered man with a long white apostle-beard and a merry twinkling in his eyes. Together the three of us tidied up a little white-washed room to the right of the large guest-room which by now was crowded with men. They had come for their evening game of trick-track, a kind of draughts which is played in various ways, as a rule for a stake of ten or fifteen piasters (two and a half piasters buy one of the small cups of coffee in a simple coffee-house). Whilst we were spreading clean sheets over the mattress, I could hear the clicking of the dice and the wooden checkers from the adjoining room, and the queer noise went on until late at night.

Hüseyin, to keep his promise, had persuaded the old *kahveci* to play his balilaica and sing. The old man was usually not so reluctant, but he had just come back from Erzincan with a set of new teeth, and whenever he opened his mouth they threatened to drop. So he had to keep on sucking them up, which forced him to interrupt the flow of his song by an odd and unmelodious sound, not so much resented by his guests for whom it only increased the merriment, but by himself who wanted to give his best.

We sat in the little garden at the back, on a terrace surrounded by poplars. The night was so black that we only knew of their existence from the rustling of their leaves. Through the window of the guest-room a broad beam of unshaded acetylene light fell out unto the terrace, but we sat well away from it around a few tables placed into the dark, and only when one of the men lit his cigarette or pipe, a brown face, a strong nose, the gleam of eyes or the glittering of a polished button could be seen—some of the gendarmes had joined our company.

The *kahveci's* boy came and went with new orders—coffee, tea, or lemonade. No drinks can be bought at these coffee-houses, alcohol is forbidden by the Koran, and only the Republic has declared that it is no sin to enjoy a glass of beer or *raki*. But these old places still adhere to tradition and would never dream of applying for a licence.

His legs wide apart, feet firmly on the ground, the *kahveci* was sitting a little away from us, bending forward to the balilaica to listen as if the instrument were creating the music by its own free will and he merely singing in answer to it—not any of the shrieking Arabian melodies, but melancholy Russian songs. The frontier before the war had not been very far from here. It was only in 1921 that it had been moved farther east.

When I went to bed, I was so tired that I did not even blow out the petrol-lamp on the window-sill. Hüseyin woke me at four o'clock in the morning. The room smelt sweet and stuffy. A big spider was sitting on my pillow, glaring at me. I have never left a bed in such haste.

We had three new passengers on board. Two of them were gendarmes, whose task, however, was not to protect us but to guard the third new-comer in our midst, a young man of about seventeen. He smiled timidly in order to conceal his fear, but his trembling hands, tied by a piece of cord, easily gave him away. I could not make out what

his offence was. It concerned a girl three years his junior, that was all I could gather from the explanations of the gendarmes, who were taking him to the law-courts at Erzincan.

"And what will happen to him there?"

They laughed and indicated by gestures that he would be hanged. They were obviously joking, but the young man found it difficult to go on smiling, and his eyes began to swim. An old *hoca* (religious teacher) leaned forward and patted his knee: "Don't worry, my son—you won't get more than three years."

His smile returned, but his hands kept on trembling as before. The other men took hardly any notice of him. Offenders of this kind were too numerous to be remarkable.

It was a stiff climb to reach the pass. Not a bristle of a highwayman could be seen. But the landscape was wild and threatening enough without a dozen armed men waiting in ambush. Weather-beaten rocks, an icy wind, and deep down, the ravine of the Euphrates, called by the Turks the Firat or Kara Su (Black Water). During the cold months, January and February, the pass is often snowed up so that all traffic has to cease. The new railway, which in a few years' time will connect Sivas with Erzincan and Erzurum will not find it a simple task either to cross these lonely mountains.

But now, in late spring, most of the snow had melted. Countless streamlets were crossing the road, all pouring down into the Euphrates which was whirling ahead masses of dark-brown water. Soon we could hear its roaring, a sinister sound even at this time of the day. Green bushes and trees grew on its bank. The fertile plain opened before us, we were descending into a kinder world with grazing sheep and long-haired goats, cattle gazing after us with lazy, round eyes, fruit-trees which were shedding their first blossoms, and fields of young wheat.

The river ran slower here, in its complacency underlining

the contented mood of the landscape. The mountains receded further and further, enclosing the vast plateau with their broad backs, from which a few, those rising to about thirteen thousand feet, stood out with their heads covered by eternal snow.

We reached Erzincan before noon, a small town of twenty thousand inhabitants with old-fashioned, flat-roofed houses of sun-dried and white-washed bricks and a great number of little gardens and trees which pleasantly shaded the long streets of the bazaars. It was all very similar to Sivas, yet there was something remote and dreamy about the whole place as if it were holding its breath. Was it, like the Sleeping Beauty, waiting for a prince to kiss it awake?

I had to say goodbye to my friends. There was no chance that I should ever see any of these honest men again who had been so kind to me during the last few days. I did not even know their names, nor the names of their villages, and for a moment, shaking hands with them, I felt that sadness rising in me which is the lot of all travellers.

Hüseyin led me to the new hotel, the *Yildiz Oteli*, where I was ushered with great politeness into a modest and very clean room. I lay down on the bed, tired and not knowing what else to do. I felt almost homesick for my friends in Sivas and for the crowd on the *kamion*. But not for long was I left a victim to misery. After a sharp knock, a little old man entered, bowing incessantly, holding his worn-out cap in both his hands. He had very large ears, a very bristly beard and bright, quick-shifting eyes, and he began to speak to me in a strange language which certainly was not Turkish and which I thought to be the idiom of gnomes until my ears caught the word "please". Then it slowly began to dawn on me that he was speaking some kind of English.

In his early youth—certainly more than half a century ago—he had been a pupil at the American Missionary School for the Armenians. The Armenians were adherents of a

Catholicism of their own and therefore due for conversion to the right belief. The school had now, like many others of the same type, disappeared. Only those of the foreign schools who submitted to the educational regulations of the Republic were allowed to carry on. Religious teaching was no longer part of the school curriculum and had to be left exclusively to the religious bodies outside. The intention behind these regulations was at last to stamp out the religious feuds and to give all children the same kind of education.

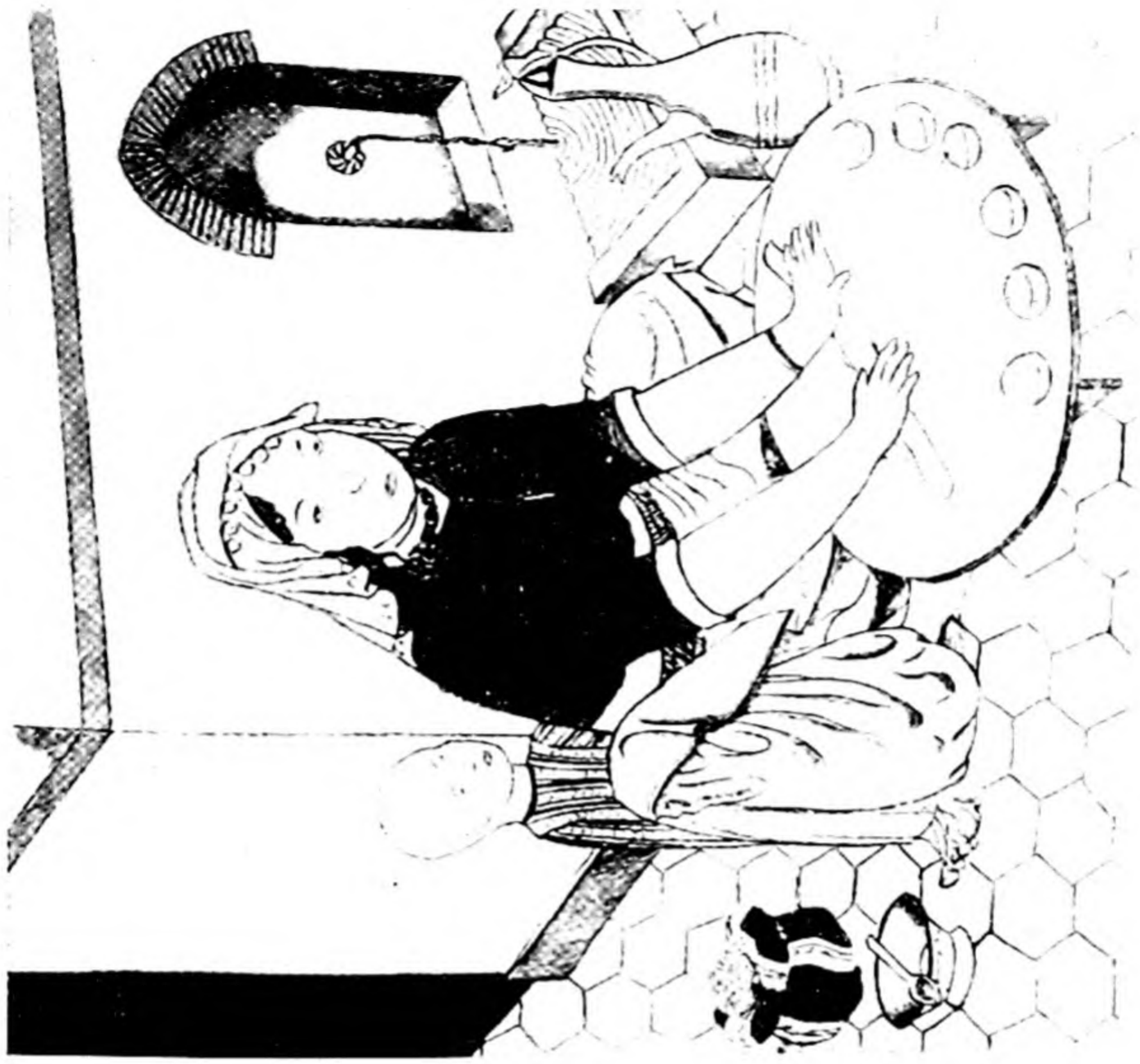
When I asked the little man if he were an Armenian, he denied it emphatically. "I am Turk," he said, and to destroy my doubts, he repeated in a firmer voice: "I am Turk."

He owned a little stall in the bazaars, but he had no intention of inducing me to buy anything. All he wanted was to offer me his services. So did a bleary-eyed policeman who joined us soon afterwards, another pupil of the Missionary School, and two or three more individuals appearing in my room. I asked them first to take me to the *konak*, and the whole lot of them escorted me to the white building. On the first floor I discovered the young criminal from the *kamion* and his two guardians. They saluted me proudly and made me feel quite at home.

The *vali* was busy, but the director of the agricultural department, a comparatively young, well educated man, received me with great kindness and told me all I wanted to know. My first impression had been right. Erzincan, like the Sleeping Beauty waited for the appearance of the Prince. All the plans for the future of the *vilayet* (province) were held back till the railway-line would be finished in 1939. After that far-reaching improvements would be carried out. Among other things they were going to use the Euphrates falls for the electrification of the *vilayet*.

"You won't know the place if you come back here in five or ten years' time."

In future I was to hear this remark with growing frequency.



THE WORK OF A YOUNG TURKISH ARTIST

At first I smiled politely, but rather sceptically. I remembered too well the warnings of some cynical friends at Istanbul and their descriptions of the Turks as lazy, self-seeking, materially-minded, uneducated and corrupt. But slowly, under the weight of growing evidence, I began to doubt my friends' impartiality.

The agricultural director offered to take me around. I saw the fields in the neighbourhood, the serum institute, a little public park on the banks of the Euphrates, the simple new slaughter-house, and an exhibition of needle-work at an elementary school. At last I asked him if I could visit a private house.

"For instance, that one over there—it looks so nicely old-fashioned." I pointed at a brown wooden house with a large carved door and a flower-framed bay on the second floor hanging far over into the street.

"Do you know who is living there?"

"Four sisters, living all by themselves. Their parents died—or were killed during the war. Fatma, the oldest girl, took charge of the house and the younger sisters. She must be about thirty now. She is a teacher, a very nice woman."

"Do you think they would receive us?"

"I can't go—I am a man and a stranger and it would not be suitable. But you can try for yourself. I shall wait for you in the coffee-house."

He instructed me what to say. I knocked, a little girl opened. I recited my speech, and was admitted. Half an hour later I emerged again after the consumption of innumerable cups of coffee and sweets, taken in the drawing-room which was covered by the needlework of eight diligent hands, a thorough inspection of the whole sparsely furnished but spotlessly clean house, and a rather complicated procedure by which a group photograph had been taken in the little garden. I was carrying a bunch of flowers and a cushion-

cover showing the goddess of spring surrounded by blossoms and birds, executed most delicately and with great care.

In due course a print of the photograph and a letter reached me in London. The old gnome or the bleary-eyed policeman seemed to have had a hand in it. It read :

" My dear Friend,

" Vve had knovv you in our house at Erzincan. In A short time vve loved you very much. Vve desired you Vvil rist at our home long time. Vve knovv that your are alvvays betvveen us. Vve are sorry you are not at aur home. Vve came to visit you at your hotel but vve did not find you because you vvere gone by automobile and vve can not ambarrass your hand. My dear friend you guit your fond betvveen us. Vve madem our photograph vvith you and vve send it to you. We Like you accept it. If you sendyour photograph we shall content very much. We embirace you sincerely. We kiss your eyes. Remember us every times and we respect you alvvais."

NOTE TO CHAPTER V

The climate around *Erzincan* is rigorously cold in winter—the thermometer falls sometimes to — 22° Fahrenheit, and the snow lies many feet deep—and rather hot in summer. Temperatures up to 100° Fahrenheit are no exception. The sandy soil is fertile, the land well irrigated by the water from the Euphrates and its little tributaries. The chief products are wheat with two crops, barley, all kinds of fruit including apricots, grapes, figs, and bitter almonds, and vegetables, chiefly beans. All these products are sent for sale, either fresh or dried, to places as far as Istanbul, and with the export of live stock, sheep and goat wool, and the furs of foxes, wolves and bears which are hunted in the mountains, they have made the inhabitants of Erzincan fairly prosperous.

Rice is no longer grown. The swamps which were favourable for its cultivation, were also the breeding-place for malaria mosquitos, and the Republican Government has drained more than five hundred acres and is continuing its work to free the plateau from the plague.

To compensate the peasants, the Government encourages and assists

Acc No - 2079

ON THE ROAD TO ERZINCAN.

MY FRIENDS AND I AT ERZINCAN.

them to cultivate cotton and has also decided to make Erzincan the centre of the future silk production. Mulberry trees are distributed free of charge, in 1935 alone about five thousand saplings.

About a hundred years ago the lower regions of the mountains were densely wooded, but the trees were cut down to serve for heating and building and the fresh shoots were eaten up by greedy goats. In other parts of the country, large-scale afforestation has been started, but around Erzincan nothing has yet been done, though the villagers, being fond of trees, are planting them on their own grounds.

In the breeding of cattle and horses the peasants of the Erzincan vilayet as elsewhere find the Government ready to help. To ameliorate the race, five Arabian stallions and a number of first-class bulls and donkeys can be borrowed for breeding purposes. There is also a serum institute which has been successfully working for many years.

CHAPTER VI

Camels and Lorries

WHEN I wanted to pay my bill, the owner of the *Yildiz Oteli* waved his hand with a gentlemanly gesture: "You have been my guest, Mademoiselle —it was a pleasure." I was so surprised that I merely shook his hand, regretting that I could not settle more bills in such a way.

Again I travelled by *kamion* in the company of the usual crowd to which the satin caps of five secondary school boys added a little more colour. They looked like any schoolboys in Birmingham or Toulon, though their faces were rather more weather-beaten. They tried to attract my attention by using odd German, French or English words in their otherwise Turkish conversation, and soon we were friends.

In the afternoon we reached the little village of Ilica. It is known for its hot mineral and sulphurous springs and as the gateway to Erzurum, the fortified town ten miles farther east. All vehicles are stopped here, and foreigners have to wait until an officer from the Erzurum garrison arrives to accompany them into the town. The men on the lorry waved as they drove on, wrapped in a cloud of dust, and the schoolboys shouted: "Goodbye—*au revoir*—*auf Wiedersehen!*"

The director of police, a tall, middle-aged man in well-cut civilian clothes, tried to console me in my loneliness and asked me in broken German which he had learnt during the Great War to wait in his office. The telephone line

had broken down, it might take a long time before my arrival became known to the military authorities.

For hours and hours I sat waiting in his office. At half-past seven we settled down in the primitive one-roomed restaurant to eat rice soup, lamb cooked in fat and cucumber salad. Still there was no communication from Erzurum. The director smiled gently at my restlessness which seemed very foolish and foreign to him. Since it would not bring me a moment earlier into town, it was pure waste of energy.

At last the officer arrived in an open cab, drawn by two tired horses. Called so suddenly, he had not been able to get hold of a motor-car, and this was the reason for his delay. He urged me to climb in at once because he wanted to go back to his interrupted meal as quickly as possible. The poor man seemed to have jumped up from his favourite dish to answer the call of duty.

" Goodbye," said the police director, helping me into the carriage. " Remain happy and forgive us, my sister."

I nearly kissed him, but these impulsive displays of emotion are not infrequently misunderstood, so I only put on my best smile. The night was icy cold. I could see our breath and that of the two white horses waving about our heads in the brilliant moonlight. The mist lay thick on the ground like snow, completing the illusion of deep winter. My teeth chattered as audibly as the horses' hoofs. Were we approaching Siberia ?

After a while I was as stiff as if all life had left me, and so tired that I would have cried if the thought of the tears freezing on my face had not restrained me. The officer, a kind and patient soul, free of any martial trait, smiled at me with two rows of rather bad teeth, in a pathetic effort to encourage me. He had seven children. It seemed unjust to burden him of all men with the task of looking after me.

When we passed a faint glimmer of light at the side of the road, he asked me suddenly if I would like a glass of

tea. Enthusiastically I nodded my head, and at once the driver, sitting high in front of us on his box, pulled up sharply, and the officer and I walked the few steps back to the coffee-house, the only place awake for miles around.

We knocked at the door and with bowed heads we entered the low cabin. It had only one very small room, which was coffee-house, kitchen and the old *kahveci's* bedroom in one. He stood in a far-off corner, three steps away from the door, bent over a charcoal fire in a rust-covered brazier. On a wooden bench to the left sat his only customer, an old shepherd with a little black dog at his feet. Not even a sheep could have been afraid of the starved-looking creature.

The shepherd rose ceremoniously from his seat and moved over to the rickety table, making room for us on the bench, which with the help of two sheepskins served at night as the old *kahveci's* bed. The little dog, impressed by the officer's glittering buttons and his clinking sabre, wagged its tail. So rich a person would certainly give him something to eat. The candle on the table played sleepily with our giant shadows.

I got up to warm my hands over the fire. From the kettle rose a thin wave of steam. The old man stood bent forward, listening to the singing of the water. I could dimly distinguish his face, the flesh of his cheeks hanging round it in loose folds, the naked skull, the silver rings in his hairy ears, and the toothless mouth almost overgrown by the curls of his long beard. No one had spoken a word since the short exchange of greetings.

For a moment I had a queer sensation. I felt as if I had crumbled, melted away without any of the three men noticing it, and as if I were watching the scene thus changed, from the pit of a theatre. I knew that the setting was one for a Russian play, but I was pained by the vain effort to understand what was happening at that moment. Then, fortunately, the dog barked, the *kahveci* poured the boiling water

into the teapot, the shepherd blew his nose, the officer unfastened the top button of his coat, and I returned to reality.

Later, on the road, we met a caravan of peasants returning from the Erzurum market, shadows moving past us of tired women and children lying like bundles on the carts, and of men walking at their side, shouting to the last of the vehicles not to remain behind and beating the oxen to keep warm. We heard them long before they emerged out of the mist, and their yelling still filled the air when they had disappeared again into the void. But maybe they were only another fantasy of my dreams. I was very relieved when at last a few lights from Erzurum pierced the night.

The town was encircled with three-fold earthworks which once might have meant a first-class fortification. The cab drove on between high ramparts and through tunnel-like gateways, out of the white night into the darkness, faintly alive with oscillating shadows. Twice we were stopped by the sentries who asked for the pass-word. In the faint light of the lantern swinging over their heads they looked threatening and intimidating, but the officer at my side reassured me. After a clinking salute, answered by a quiet touching of his cap, we were allowed to proceed.

When we were stopped for the third time, my passport was examined and retained. The streets of the town lay empty before us, large buildings—barracks, hospitals, schools—sparsely planted to the right and left. All was dark and fast asleep, only in the bar-room of the hotel a few men, chiefly officers, were still brooding over their drinks. I went straight to bed, but for a long time I could not stop shivering. At last I wrapped my coat around me and rolled myself together like a hibernating animal warming my nose with my knees.

The town was suffering a short interregnum, the new *vali* was expected in a few days' time. At the *konak* no one spoke any of my languages. For the first time I was com-

pletely stuck until an officer arrived to rescue me. If I had been asked to pick a Prussian out of an international regiment, I would have chosen him. The Slavic cheek-bones, the narrow grey eyes, the thin lips trained to the sharp uttering of commands, the square forehead and the clipped hair—they were all as well known to me as if he had been my father. The illusion was completed by the fact that he spoke an almost fluent, though rather slow German.

We turned first towards the old town where I stumbled over the cobble-stones and slipped more than once on the dirty pavement. Out of the squalor of these crowded streets rose the twin minarets of a ruined Seljuk mosque, like light-houses out of the troubled sea. The mosque had suffered badly from rough weather and earthquakes, the upper parts of the minarets had crashed down, heaven knows how long ago. Yet what remained was beautiful enough.

The two high columns of the minarets were built of fine red bricks, fluted like Ionic columns and ornamented with a regular pattern of light blue tiles, their glaze shining softer than the silken sky. Rich and delicate stone-carvings went in broad ribbons around the entrance gate. The door itself had fallen to pieces in the course of the passing centuries, and a few shabby planks unworthy of a stable were now barring the entrance.

The little courtyard was in a terrible state of decay and destruction. Dusty grass was growing everywhere, the beautifully carved capitals were half crumbled away, and in the high arcades croaking jackdaws had built their nests. The major told me that the mosque had been used since long before the War as a powder-magazine, but that recently the Government had ordered the military authorities to quit the place and granted a substantial amount for works of restoration.

The houses in this part of Erzurum looked gloomy and depressing. They were built of dark grey volcanic stones

VIEW FROM THE CITADEL, ERZURUM

PEASANT BOY.

cemented with mud to resist the shock of earthquakes which afflict this region. Horizontal beams strengthened the construction, and the flat roof was burdened with a load of earth as a protection against the cold. Moving through the streets, I felt as if enclosed in a prison and thought with longing of the white gaiety of Sivas and Erzincan.

Before the War some fifty thousand camels swayed annually over these cobble-stones, laden with goods from Persia which they carried northward to the port of Trabzon. The town echoed the melodious sound of their large bells which could also be dimly heard ringing out from the open plain. Night and day the procession marched in single file, each separate caravan led by a man on donkey-back. Erzurum was the market and resting-place on the endless route. There was never room enough in its large *hans*.

Within a score of years life which had been carried on like this for innumerable centuries and which seemingly would go on in the same fashion for another thousand years, was changed to the root. The railways diverted a lot of the traffic, the new frontiers cut off the communication, lorries took on their more enduring backs the loads once carried by the patient camels. From year to year their number is dwindling. During the week of my stay I scarcely encountered a dozen. They looked moth-eaten and fatigued, no longer able to conjure up the magic of the Orient, and the song of their bells was drowned by the angry hooting of dust-covered lorries which were held up in the narrow streets. Tired, the animals turned their heads to look at their boisterous successors. Lamenting, the oldest camel opened its mouth, but it forgot to utter its cry and hastily jumped aside as the car almost ran over its heels.

The new town is rising only a few hundred yards away, with broad roads and young trees—so small yet that they are completely hidden by the lattices which have been put up for their protection, but steadily growing under careful

supervision. As in a suburban settlement small houses have been built for officers or civil servants and their families, and immediately behind them begins the loose chain of public buildings, many of them only half completed, their future gardens still only waste ground, but each one a strong contrast to the old Turkish style. "Just to show people here new methods of construction, and to prove to the foreigners that they are not the only ones who can do such things," said the major, pointing at the yellow façade of the new college for teachers, the first concrete building in the Turkish east.

A company of engineers was busily working at the last stages of a military hospital. The general hospital, built only a few years after the War, would also soon be enlarged by an annexe. The doctor in charge was a friend of the major's, a thick-set, rather short gentleman with the elasticity and alertness of a rubber ball. His hobby was the laying out of gardens. Since flowers were scarce and needed constant attention, he used coloured sands and stones to produce effect. The Government had moved him about a good deal and wherever he had been for more than a fortnight, he had left a little garden. I had to admire the one behind the general hospital even before I went round the hospital itself.

The hospital was a friendly and amazingly well-kept place and certainly one of the cleanest I have ever seen. The doctor beamed with pride when I told him so. With the air of a conspirator he led me right to the roof of the building. "And what do you think of that view?", he said, waving his arm across the landscape as if he were responsible for it too.

We could see right across the plain. The greater part of the town lay on a low hill and in whatever direction we turned, we had the mass of lofty bare mountains as a background. A grim, majestic landscape, hopeless and oppres-

sive, into which the small grey stone-blocks of the old town had been humbly built as mere shelters against the scourges of the weather, clustering around the thick-walled citadel for greater safety, whilst the new houses stood out one by one in shining whiteness, each an overbearing challenge to merciless nature.

One afternoon the major and I went for a little ride in an old battered car. He wanted to show me part of the great new road which leads from Trabzon to Tabris, connecting Erzurum with Persia and the Black Sea. It was a first class road compared with those over which I had hitherto bumped. But in the face of what difficulties it had to be constructed! The first proper road over this wild and very irregular territory was carved out in the beginning of this century. It was primitively built, winding in endless curves and zigzags painfully over the mountain ranges. An enormous amount of money was needed for the straightening of the old track. Innumerable bridges had to be constructed, since the old wooden ones were not strong enough to carry the heavy lorries. Again and again dangerous abysses had to be crossed. Even now a careless turning round a ledge of rocks would mean death by leading straight off the road into the void. The dense woods did nothing to calm the traveller's fears, they looked wild and dangerous as if hiding further terrors.

It had taken ages to complete this road, many a long winter cutting off all chances of work. At times, the snow lay two or three feet high, but the major remembered even an occasional layer of ten feet. During the worst months, generally January to March, only an emergency traffic by sledges could be kept up between Erzurum and the little town of Karaköse, but even that was not without danger.

In 1934 the Government began to set up permanent centres of repair all along the road, small huts each in charge of a surveyor. I do not think they have much chance for *keyf*

(complacent rest). The lorries soon grind their wheels deeply into the ground, continuously pebbles drizzle down from the mountains, landslides block the path, streamlets wash out their way, storms play havoc. To keep the road in good repair is therefore a task akin to the work of Sisyphus, its accomplishment almost a marvel. I felt rather ashamed now that I had ever expected all the roads through the east to be like it. But the major was less inclined to feel amazed at achievements of this kind. He was one of those who believe that with technique, organization, and discipline everything can be done.

"I only wish I were allowed to give the people a good whipping every now and then," he said with a grim smile as we were driving along. "They are used to it, it helps to speed them up. But even by the slower means of persuasion we shall soon transform the country so that we may be proud of being Turks. The road is only a beginning. Out of the defeat of the Great War, a new Turkey will be reborn.—Hell, what's that?" The driver pulled up. At the side of the road lay the carcass of an old hack buzzing with thousands of flies.

"There you are," the major snorted angrily. "Do you think they themselves would ever dream of burying it? You have to whip them first. The Government spoils them. Go ahead, Arif, and stop at the next village."

He made the driver hoot until half a dozen ragged peasants had assembled. Their costume was the usual mixture of European and traditional clothes—an ordinary shirt and jacket, a broad red cotton-belt round their waist which served as a wide pocket, containing their tools and food and odd possessions; primitive puttees or thick woollen socks reaching right up to their knees, and a rough piece of sheepskin tied round their feet by an odd piece of string.

The farther I went eastward, the more frequently I found certain Mongolian features—a round skull, slanting eyes, strong

cheek-bones. But the majority of the men still looked very similar to dark-haired, stocky Europeans. I knew by now that they were as good-natured as children. The major talked to them in a fatherly voice. "Haven't you noticed the carcass out there on the road?"

"Well, a caravan passed yesterday afternoon, they must have left it behind."

"And you haven't done anything about it yet!" He looked at them disapprovingly, but I saw no sign of an inclination to whip them. He was much too kind-hearted, and his talk of whipping was only a means of working himself into the proper zeal of the reformer. His methods were simple and direct—he appealed to what he thought the men's best instincts by speaking to them like this:

"Here you are wasting your days in idle gossip, letting your wives slave for you and your children, instead of acting as responsible men. Aren't you strong and healthy? Haven't you heard that we are living in a Republic now? The Sultan is gone. This land, this country are your own today, and you let it be covered with carcasses and infested with flies. I took this young lady out to show her the new road which the Republic has given you. She has come all the way from England to see the progress we have made, and she will go back to her country full of disgust. Shame on you that you let Turkey down like this."

When he thought that the poor fellows looked crushed enough, he ordered them to fetch their shovels and get rid of the carcass as quickly as possible.

Later I got out of the car to look at another village, and as soon as a group of women and children had gathered around me in curious amazement, he began to address them on similar lines, trying to exploit their admiration by advising them to follow my example. "Learn to read and write, keep yourselves clean and tidy, wake up out of your slavery, work for your living, and you will get nice dresses, intelligent

husbands, beautiful children and the whole world to roam about in."

Driving back an hour later, we found that the carcass had been removed. There were traces of a heavy body having been dragged into a nearby field where a heap of loose sand indicated the place of its burial. We passed a few peasants on their way back from the finished job. "Brava, my sons," the major cried out, saluting them. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction like those of a child. I smiled, feeling much older than he and a little sad. He reminded me of the simple-hearted enthusiasm with which we had worked for the young German Republic some ten years ago. We, too, had endeavoured to reform a whole population. We had failed, probably because we had asked and given too much and at the same time too little. Not everyone knows what to do with liberty.

I was not surprised to hear that the major's battalion was the best in the whole regiment, and that his soldiers loved him like a father. Men of his type are playing a prominent part in Turkey's transformation. Already, before the War, at the beginning of this century, the pioneers of progress could be found in the ranks of the army. Many of the Young Turks—who might be described as patriotic liberals—were high officers. They belonged to the best educated group of the population which was in close contact with foreign ideas. If therefore today a great number of former generals and officers hold high positions in the Republic as members of the Government, *valis*, deputies, and so on, it is not so much a sign of a military dictatorship ruling over the country, as an outcome of this earlier politisation of the army which brought about a passionate belief in reform. Since the reformers were soldiers, they could not help applying more authoritarian measures than, for instance, the post-War German politicians, many of whom were trade unionists and lawyers, used to negotiation. As a German Republican, I cannot help admiring the Turkish generals.

NOTE TO CHAPTER VI

Erzurum is an ancient town of 35,000 inhabitants, situated on a plateau 6,200 feet high. It is dominated by the long heavy walls of the Byzantine citadel, dating as far back as the fifth century A.D. The fortified town barred the way to Russia and was often hotly fought for, the last time in the Great War when the Russians held it for a while.

The rigorous winter lasting up to nine months, allows little growth apart from low bushes and prairie plants. The moment the sun succeeds in melting the thick layer of snow, fields of wheat and rye and maize shoot up on the plain. Behind the mountain range, however, the plain sinks to a mere six hundred feet above sea-level, the wind carries the rain clouds through a broad valley running south from the Black Sea, and a mere thirty miles from Erzurum, around the small town of Tortum, olive groves and vineyards are spreading over the country. Their products are brought to Erzurum and marketed there side by side with the furs for which the town is famous.

The new *road* leading through Erzurum is about four hundred miles long. The northern section connects the town with Trabzon and the Black Sea, the southern section joins the great Persian road to Tabris along which Xenophon marched with his ten thousand soldiers. A branch leads off from Erzurum towards the east in the direction of Kars. To construct this road, 3·25 million ltq. (about 0·53 million pounds) were set aside in the Republican budget.

The road is of utmost importance for Turkey because it serves for the transit of goods from Northern Persia. It is competing against the Trans-Caucasian railway, built by the Russians partly in order to divert the traffic via Tiflis to the port of Batum, thus enabling Russia to control a great deal of Persia's foreign trade. The new road might help Turkey to regain part of it.

CHAPTER VII

The Armenians and Neighbour Russia

FRIENDS had advised me that—in case I were interested in the Armenian problem—I had best try to find out as much as possible in Erzincan and Erzurum, which before the Great War had had a large Armenian population. Fortunately I had no illusions about my chance of discovering anything of importance.

Repeatedly I asked people if they were Armenians. There was every reason for that assumption—they had been educated at missionary schools, and the men's names ended in *an* which generally denotes an Armenian name. Yet most of them rejected the suggestion so vigorously that I was led to believe I had offended them. Why did they try to pass themselves off as Turks?

One reason was, of course, that they were anxious not in any way to stand out from those around them, thereby arousing a new hatred. But they were certainly also influenced by the attitude of the Government which wanted every single citizen to be first and foremost a Turk.

A further step towards that aim was the law about the adoption of family-names, hitherto unknown in Turkey, which came into operation at the time of my journey. A condition was that the name had to be Turkish. The title Bey, changed into Bay, was made the general form of address, and all women, married or unmarried, were to be called Bayan.

In other fields similar means of unification and equalization have been adopted. Religion deprived of its influence on

the state and reduced to the spiritual sphere, no longer stands between Moslems and adherents of other creeds. Perhaps if I go back to Turkey in a few years' time, I shall be unable to detect a single Armenian.

When I left for Kars, I was safely seen out of Erzurum by another officer, a taciturn, gloomy man who kept staring in front of him the whole time. Perhaps he was annoyed that I had not hired a private car and thereby forced him to travel with the shabby crowd in a shabby *kamion* which jumped uneasily along the road. Sometimes to our right, sometimes to the left, I could see a narrow-gauge railway line, half overgrown with grass and apparently completely out-of-date.

But I was mistaken. It was regularly used once or twice a week as the only existing connection with Russia. The first town on the other side was Tiflis, about a hundred miles to the north-east of the frontier. The line had been built by the Russians before and during the Great War for the transport of their troops. All this region had been hotly fought for in a great many wars when Kars and Erzurum had been besieged or defended as the important entrance gates into Asia Minor, and again and again we passed large ruined houses or rusty guns falling to pieces by the wayside.

At Sarikamish, a small town half-way between Erzurum and Kars, the officer left me. I shed no tears when he bade me farewell. Just as our *kamion* was getting ready to start off again, we were overtaken by a private car with a Russian number. Beside the driver sat a broad-shouldered, round-headed fellow who smiled when he discovered me among the crowd of wild-looking men.

"Where are you going?" he shouted in broken Turkish.

"To Kars—or anywhere in that direction."

"You had better come with me—I am going to Kars, too, and we'll be quicker than your *kamion*."

I accepted, hoping for an interesting conversation. He was director of a large cotton-*kombinat* and had come over to Turkey to make certain arrangements for the sale of their goods—I had seen the bales of cloth with the hammer and sickle ticket in the bazaars of Erzurum. But though he spoke German quite well, he understood nothing but my remarks about the weather and merely grinned amiably as an answer to less general questions. In the end I almost felt as if I were sitting at the table of an old-fashioned English family where controversial subjects like politics, religion, or the state of the world in general are equally forbidden. I was a little disappointed at my first meeting with a Soviet citizen.

Then it struck me that I might try to see something of new Russia for myself. I was so near the frontier that it would not cost me much to go for a week's trip to Tiflis and Batum and return from there by boat along the Turkish Black Sea coast as I had intended to do in any case. During the past weeks my thoughts had been so completely concentrated on Turkey that the whole world outside had ceased to exist. Now it opened before me as if someone had spoken the magic sesame, and at once I felt obsessed by the desire to set out for new explorations. Confronted with the vastness of Russia, Turkey shrivelled before my eyes until I could no longer understand why I had wasted my time on it.

As soon as we arrived in Kars, I went to see the Russian Consul. Eagerly I explained my intentions. I had not half completed my awkward French sentences, when he began to shake in his chair with laughter, and he went on laughing till I broke off, a hurt expression on my face. There was nothing funny in what I had said. Need the Russians choose a madman as their representative?

When the consul had regained his breath, he rose and came over to me, laying his hand on my shoulder. "My dear child," he said, bursting out again into a roaring

laughter, " my dear child, I can probably get you permission to go across the frontier but I hope you aren't in a hurry. You will have to wait for about two months for the answer from Moscow."

He wiped the tears out of his eyes. I must have appeared to him as if I had fallen straight from the moon. No citizen of this world could have been as naïve as to think one could simply go to Russia for a week's trip, without any further formalities than the acquisition of a stamped slip of paper from an unimportant consul. I left him, still laughing, and banged the door behind me, infuriated by my own stupidity.

Inevitably, on every journey, there comes the morning when you wake up, and the room is filled with grey light ; you look out of the window, and the sky is grey, and a listless wind is blowing. Suddenly the enchantment which had been yours for the past weeks or the longing to go on further and further, fall from you like too gay a dress of which you are ashamed in your new soberness, and you begin to wonder why you ever set out, leaving your well-ordered life, your friends, and all the comforts to which you had become used. So proudly did you depart only a few weeks ago, putting the good wishes and the envy of your friends like feathers into your hat, and now you have hardly enough strength left to get up and wash. It seems all so utterly futile, and if by pressing a button you could be home again, you would certainly do it now.

When I opened my eyes that first morning in Kars, I knew that the dreaded moment had arrived. The consul had left no doubt in my mind that Russia was as inaccessible to me as the moon. As a rule it makes me furious and more obstinate if I find my way blocked by a blunt no. But that day I merely felt tired, so tired that it took me more than an hour to get dressed. My narrow room ended in a little balcony that hung over the main street. Since I was on the second floor and the houses opposite only low-

built bazaars, I could see some dozens of disorderly stone buildings behind them, and to the right the market-place, a waste piece of land, from where innumerable trodden paths led in all directions to distant villages somewhere on the plain or beyond the mountains.

Not a beam of sunlight fell on the monotonous grey, rain-clouds drifted across the low sky, and again I wondered why I had ever moved on into this depressing region, where nature was merely the enemy of man. Only a week or two ago two villages in the *vilayet* had been levelled to the ground by a great earthquake, and a great many people killed. No, I did not want to stay here. If I was forbidden to go east, I would go north to the Black Sea.

I left the little hotel and followed the stream of peasants, carts and cattle to the market. The men wore Russian blouses and woollen jackets or coats made of sheepskin which kept the wind and rain outside. The few women about were dressed in wide coloured skirts which opened all down the front and revealed baggy pantaloons. Their heads were framed in a white cotton cloth which half covered their mouths, and crowned by a kind of turban. Most of them were bare-footed, ragged and poverty-stricken, and their naked faces showed signs of age long before the due time.

In the market they stood in groups around some of the horses. Colts neighed anxiously, sheep ran about, chased by little boys, oxen settled down on the wet ground. I had never seen so many young animals in all my life than during the journey through the Turkish east. Every mare was followed by a long-legged, soft-coated colt, baby donkeys stilted behind their mothers, calves lowed in strange discords, lambs were so numerous that their own shepherd could hardly count them. I had also seen new-born camels, and kids, and kittens, puppies, ducklings, chickens, and all these not only in the well-watered valleys, but often in the most

desolate villages or even out on the plain. The fertility denied to the earth sprang forth out of the animals. But in Kars this young life showed little of its happy carelessness and pressed shivering against the mothers' warming bodies. Here was no place for a childish bustling about.

In the streets a little farther away from the market I found many of the bazaars closed down, the windows and doors barred by boards nailed across. The town gave the impression of having lost a good deal of its importance. No one seemed any longer to be really interested in it. The best thing was to leave it as quickly as possible. I went round to the different garages, but everywhere I was told that no *kamion* was departing during the next few days, apart from the daily one to Erzurum. It was completely out of the question that I would return there.

Northward was the only possible direction, to the summery waters of the Black Sea. To imagine that only a hundred miles from here, reckoned as the crow flies, I could bathe and lie on the hot sand with wooded mountains behind me—it was almost enough to make me forget Kars.

I decided to pay a visit to the *vali* to see if he could do anything for me. He made no secret of the fact that he did not care a hoot about me. There was nothing I could do, nothing worthy of my attention. I was not allowed to take photographs, not even of people in the street. Kars was a fortress, and they were not going to let any silly adventurer do anything foolish in it. Could he give me any official photographs? No, there weren't any. Could I see the villages which the earthquake had ravaged? There were no roads leading to them, but he might be able to show me a photograph to save me the bother of going there. What relief measures had been taken? Oh, everything necessary had been done a week ago. There was really nothing, nothing for me to do. Unless I cared to hire a private car out of my own pocket, in which case he would give me

permission to drive about. But he could only repeat that there was nothing to be seen. If I wanted, he would send a policeman to ask for the next *kamion*.

It took all my good manners to keep me from screaming at him and slamming the door behind me. He was even worse than the consul, who had at least laughed at me whilst the *vali* was merely rude. And I had even shown the letter from the Government which asked all whom it might concern to help me along. Hah, I would show that *vali* who I was! Thoughts of revenge began to stir in my head and at once my mind was busy composing a letter of complaint. To whom? To the President of the Republic, of course. Nothing else could calm my indignation.

Later, in the autumn, I heard that Ismet Inönü (formerly Ismet Paşa), the Prime Minister, had soon after me made an extensive tour of inspection in the eastern provinces. He had not been satisfied with talking to the *valis* and other high officials, but had stopped at a great many villages and asked the peasants themselves how they were getting on. The men had not been afraid to give him a piece of their mind, and he had returned rather shocked by their poverty. Some that should know assert that he answered Kamâl Atatürk's question about what he had seen with a blunt: "Nothing but hunger and misery!"

When he had calmed down a little, the cabinet was called together, and a long meeting took place at which many feathers are said to have been plucked out of proud ministers' tails. There were even rumours of resignations which, however, were soon denied. But the Ministers of Public Works and Agriculture were at once dispatched to the east to see for themselves, others were to follow, administrative and economic reforms were promised, twelve *valis* replaced, possibilities discussed of removing fifteen thousand people to more fertile parts of the country. I was also told something about new factories in those regions, and the intention of helping

the eastern provinces by allotting them a greater share in the second five-year plan.

Since there was nothing else to do, I returned to the hotel and went straight to bed, where I remained for the greater part of the next forty-eight hours. If the quilt had not been so thin, I might have been quite comfortable. As it was, I never stopped shivering. I had nothing to read, and I could not sleep either, because the street was clattering continuously with odd noises. For hours I lay staring at the white-washed ceiling, letting my eyes wander along the cracks caused by the recent earthquake. If only something would happen now! But only the rain drummed against the window-panes, and the wind howled, howled with growing intensity. Then the clatter of hail followed. I lay quietly on my back and listened.

Only the wind and the hail. No human sound. Muddy grey clouds covered the whole sky, pushing forward from the mountains. The town seemed doomed to a never-ceasing struggle with the elements. Already the short time I had been there seemed an eternity. How could anyone bear to spend his whole life in this joyless place? Love must degenerate into the mere desire for bodily warmth. Clasped together, two people could more easily survive the night. But even into their dreams the sound of the wind would penetrate and haunt them.

Towards evening someone rattled at my door, and a man asked in a loud voice if I wanted anything. "Yes, come back when there is a *kamion* for Hopa," I shouted without moving. After a few moments' meditation the man withdrew, and I was left again to myself. I heard the rhythmic stamping of a battalion marching past, a cart rattling over the uneven stones, and the barking of a raging dog. When I awoke again, it was night, and the wind came howling from the mountains.

The next day at noon, I was still in bed. I ordered the

boy to bring me something to eat. He returned with a large tray holding a bowl of steaming broth, stuffed tomatoes, fresh cucumbers, and one of the sticky sweets which taste like fly-paper. The boy was followed by two middle-aged men, and a huge Alsatian dog, which at once ran forward to me and pushed its nose into my face.

One of the men looked like an American whom I had once met in Berlin, with a sharply cut, tanned face, his eyes hidden behind large dark-rimmed spectacles. He was very correctly dressed in a light grey suit and a brown leather jacket, and when I looked at him, he took his grey sports cap off so that I could see his strongly brilliantined hair from which a wave of violet perfume swept over my bed. Bowing slightly, he said "Permission" and sat down on the only chair.

The other man was dressed in a very careless fashion in a dark, greasy suit, his jacket unbuttoned, revealing the dirty, collarless shirt which was held together at the neck by a diamond stud. He had a long-drawn face with a straight nose and a mass of soft brown hair, all standing on end, which made him resemble a huge cock. His feet were clad in new tennis shoes—as far as I could guess from their appearance, manufactured at Bata's.

These two men had taken pity on me. They had come to do whatever they could to combat my misery. I suspected them of being not entirely unselfish. In fact, till the moment I left Kars I kept waiting for them to reveal their real motives, but I can only sincerely apologize for my suspicions. I have never met two more perfect and generous gentlemen.

The dark one was the owner of the hotel, a widower, whose family lived in Bayburt, a small place further west. He felt lonely without a wife, but the women at Kars did not please him, and he preferred his freedom to new ties. All his energy went into his business. He was full of plans

for the enlargement of the hotel, and if within the next ten years he has not turned it into a Waldorf Astoria, it must be somebody else's fault.

The "American" owned two taxis and other cars and employed a number of men, he himself only driving in urgent or important cases. After fighting in Arabia against the English, he had been taken a prisoner in 1917, and it was in the prison camp that he had picked up his odd bits of English. His favourite word was "permission" which by frequent use had been ground off to a swishing sound, resembling a sharply pronounced "Prussian". He told me that he spoke Russian "as fluently".

During the rest of my stay they hardly left me alone. I spent hours and hours in the company of either or both of these men. The "American," after asking my "permission," sat very neatly on the folding chair, the Alsatian dog at his feet, whilst I was crouching on my bed, wrapped in my coat and the quilt. I told him all about my journey and my previous life, described my plans, explained my philosophy. He did not understand a word, but I simply had to talk to someone, and he was a good listener. After I had thus unburdened my heart, he said "permission" and we went out to take the dog for a walk.

With the "American's" help I procured a dozen photographs of Kars—the *vali* had only sent me a dirty snap of the town hall, and that was all I heard of him. The "American" also kept reminding the different garages that I wanted to go to Hopa.

When Hakki Bey heard that I and the "American" had visited a little public garden and that the "American" had treated me to a bag of sweets, he decided not to be out-done, took me to a coffee-house round the corner and later invited me to dinner, with plenty of fresh onions and *şarap*, a very sweet wine.

We took the meal in my room. It would not be wise

to let Bekir, the boy, watch us drinking. We smuggled the bottles upstairs and before long both our heads began to swim. I wondered dimly what would happen. But Hakki Bey, more sober than I because more used to the drink, merely talked and talked without paying much attention to me. So it did not matter that I only nodded vaguely from time to time, already half asleep.

When we had finished the last drop, Hakki Bey got up, mumbled something like " sweet dreams " and opened the door, taking a rather long time to close it behind him in his effort not to make a noise.

I quickly turned the key in the lock and then staggered to my bed. Within a few minutes, still fully dressed, I fell asleep. Arm-in-arm with Hakki Bey and the " American " I sauntered through fanciful dreams, pulling wry faces at the *vali* and feeling very much on the top of the world. That night not even an earthquake would have troubled me.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII

The Turks generally did not interfere with the religion of their subject races. The *Armenians*, believing in a Catholicism of their own, might have lived peacefully among the Moslem majority if they had not attracted their destructive hatred for special reasons. They developed a special aptitude for banking and trade and thus became the Jews of Turkey, like them accused by their debtors of unscrupulous hardheartedness.

They were a restless people, divided by the Turko-Russian frontier into subjects of the Sultan and the Tsar. The Greeks, the Roumanians, and other national groups had gained their independence from the Turks, and the Armenians demanded the same. The foreign powers, ready to interfere in order further to weaken Turkey, sided with the Armenians under the pretext of shielding Christian minorities.

The outcome of all this was the massacre of thousands and thousands of Armenians which set the world aghast. The last took place just after the Great War.

When the two hostile empires—the Russian and the Turkish—broke down, the Armenians thought the time favourable for the establishment of an

independent Armenian state, and found the support of the Allies. But the Turks, slowly gathering strength under the Nationalist Government, set out to fight against the partition of their homeland. Under the command of General Kâzim Kara Bekir they marched against the Armenians who were at the same time attacked from the north by the Bolshevik army.

The Armenians, quarrelling among themselves, were at last defeated. The end of their short independence was sealed by the Treaty of Moscow in March 1921. As a result the Turks regained their territories around Kars which for about fifty years had been in the hands of the Russians. The Armenians were either dead or had fled from the country, many of them joining the Soviet Republic Ermenistan. Those who had been residing at Istanbul (about forty-five thousand) remained. There are still many Armenian names over the shops of Istanbul tailors. But their number is dwindling, just as the number of the twenty thousand who are sprinkled in small groups over Asia Minor.

For centuries *Russia* and Turkey had been at daggers drawn. The Tsars had always longed to conquer Constantinople in order to gain control over the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles as an outlet into the Mediterranean. Gradually, but steadily, they encroached upon the Turkish territory, making their final effort in the Great War.

In 1917, Kamâl Atatürk himself was fighting against the Russians, though farther south than the region through which I passed. With his chief of staff, Colonel Ismet, and General Kâzim Kara Bekir, he tried to organize the half-starved Turkish army, which was in an almost chaotic state. But the Russian spring offensive for which they were waiting, never occurred. The enemy was rapidly losing interest in the war.

When at last the Tsar's and the Sultan's power had been broken from within, a new era started for the relations between the two countries, inaugurated by the Moscow Treaty of Friendship in March 1921. It was of the utmost importance to the Turkish Nationalist Government, especially at that moment when they were fighting on all sides against the Allies because it enabled them to withdraw their troops from the east.

The Russians also helped with money and munitions and even offered their military assistance which, however, Kamâl Atatürk refused, afraid that later on he might be forced to pay too high a price. But Bolshevist Russia seemed only anxious to see Turkey succeed against the Western Powers.

Turkey, on her part, has never forgotten the Russian services. The Government did all in their power to strengthen the ties of friendship. From 1931 onward a definite alliance between the two countries has been in force and in spring 1936, the Treaty of Friendship was prolonged for

another ten years with solemn assurances on both sides that the two countries would stick together for better and for worse.

The friendship was not restricted to foreign politics. Both governments desire and encourage a deepening of cultural and economic relations, but this is by no means an indication of the Turkish Government's desire to cultivate Bolshevism in their own country. They do not mind adopting principles and methods which have been tried out elsewhere, but they insist that the mixture be their own. Anyone who should be foolish enough to embark actively on Communist propaganda, is safely locked up in the not too comfortable prisons.

There are various reasons for this anti-communist attitude. Eighty per cent of the population are peasants who own a few acres of land from which they do not want to part. Industry, so far as it yet exists, lies mainly in the hands of the state. The number of workers is negligible. As a rule they return after a short time in the factories to their native villages. The leaders of the country, among them a high percentage of military men and civil servants, are strongly nationalistic and fear that, if Turkey should turn Communist, she would be swallowed up by Russia and thus lose her independence.

Kars, a frontier town of 15,000 inhabitants, has frequently been fought for in Russian-Turkish wars. In 1855, during the Crimean War, when for once the English were on the Turkish side, General Sir Fenwick Williams had tried in vain to hold the fortress. It was later allotted to the victorious Russians who held it in their possession until the Armenians unintentionally helped the Turks to get it back.

CHAPTER VIII

Unwise Authorities

At five o'clock someone hammered furiously on my door. Bekir had been sent by Hakki Bey to tell me that some sort of car was leaving, not for Hopa, but at least for Ardahan, one third of the way. In half an hour I was dressed and downstairs. I did not yet quite trust the news, but fortunately I was also beginning to add to every one of my wishes: "Inshallah—if God will!", thus taking a more phlegmatic attitude.

It seemed as if there really were some hope this time, though I sat for an hour and a half with Hakki Bey in the lounge, asking from time to time: "*Niçin?*" (Why) or "*Soför nerede?*" (Where is the chauffeur), and being consoled with a phrase of which I understood nothing but that I should be off for certain before the day had passed. I had my few belongings all standing round me so as not to lose a single moment. Hakki Bey, with a slight twinkling of his eyes, had put a brown paper bag on top—"ceviz—walnuts." He had remembered that I liked them.

At seven o'clock I went to the police to tell them that—at last—I was leaving. I was informed that an officer would accompany me. "An unwanted politeness, but if you insist, gentlemen—and in any case: *Allaha ismarladik!* (I have recommended you to God). And may I never see you again!" When I got back to the hotel, the "American" had turned up with a large box under his arm—the oldest camera I have so far come across. The preparations were extremely

elaborate. After ten minutes of excited running-about the real work began. The distance was carefully measured, the right focus discussed, and finally, after we were all tired of the show, the " American " asked my " permission " and told me to sit motionless until he had counted up to fifteen. When the " American " had just reached ten, the door behind me was opened and someone entered with tinkling spurs—my officer.

" Oh, damn it ! You've ruined the whole photograph ! " the American snapped at the unfortunate man. I turned round to look at him. He was a lieutenant, a small and very young man—I guessed him to be twenty-five—a real " mother's darling." How unwise to give me such a child as " guard." I would have to look after him so that he would not come to any harm.

He clicked his heels and put his hand correctly to his cap which he had pushed over one ear in a rather cheeky way—my brother used to wear his school cap like that. The " American " brushed him aside with an impatient gesture—he wanted to take a second photograph, this time of Hakki Bey as well. Hakki Bey protested meekly—as usual he had no tie or collar round his neck—but the " American " and I implored him together, assuring him that he was always beautiful, until he gave way.

The preparations took hardly less time than before. When the actual moment of photographing arrived, the " American " discovered that he had mixed up his two plates and did not know which one he had used before.

" What a fool ! What a fool ! ", said Hakki Bey with emphasis, and the " American " did not dare to protest and only mumbled " permission." The officer sat on a rickety chair, leaning his elbows on his knees and observing the scene with twinkling eyes. He was timid and did not speak.

The " American " was still fumbling about with his camera, scratching his head and wondering if the plate on the right

or the one on the left had been exposed, when the chauffeur of the *kamionette* arrived. We all jumped up with a sigh of relief—I think even the photographer was pleased that some exterior force obliged him to leave the problem unsolved.

Hakki Bey refused to accept any money from me: "'You have been staying here against your wish. I don't want your liras." When I began to argue, he only winked with his right eye and said "*Tamam!*" (finished, ready). He and the "American" took it on themselves to bargain with the chauffeur. After they had reduced the price by half and also successfully rejected the demand that I should pay for the officer, we all went downstairs where the car was waiting.

What a car—Allah, Allah! The officer made the first attempt to attract my attention by remarking in rather stammered French that it had been used to transport Adam and Eve out of Paradise. It was a mere skeleton of a car, bare of its varnish, its ornaments, its leather parts and almost its upholstery—an over-strained Ford four-seater, model 1928. At the side of the chauffeur sat an elderly woman, wrapped in a woollen cloak. Behind her a peasant had settled down with a dozen parcels on his lap and at his feet, and five persons were to share the rest of the space, the chauffeur, a lycée pupil—a big, hefty boy—a telegraph official, the officer and myself. By one of those Anatolian miracles which no longer surprised me, we were at last all stuffed in, and even the luggage found room.

A group of beggars, children, street-merchants and friends surrounded us. Hakki Bey stood there with a sad face and looked helplessly at us. Then he suddenly dashed away and returned a moment afterwards with another brown paper-bag containing three enormous cakes. He had just time to throw it on my lap. Uttering wild curses and protests, the chauffeur set the car in motion. I was dizzy with joy at leaving Kars. The whole time I had felt like a prisoner

retained by a spell of the *vali*. Now at last I was free again and master of myself. The officer would hardly lay a chain around my feet. "Goodbye, Hakki Bey, goodbye, American" —my only friends in this hateful town. I could not look back, I sat too crammed in my corner.

We were rolling alongside the cattle market. There was no paved road, just the worn-out path which a thousand oxen had patiently trodden and which was torn like the bottom of the sea. The hefty boy nearly fell out of the car—he was riding at the telegraph official's feet, his legs dangling through the open door. The officer managed just in time to grip him by his collar before he could roll out.

With much wrestling he pulled a bag of sugared almonds out of his pocket and offered them to all of us. They were quite warm because he had carried them so close to his body. Behind me five *simits* (rings of bread) were dancing on a string.

Snow mountains emerged from behind the hills which had obscured the view, their white shining against the grey clouds which rose from their summits and spread all over the sky. The officer—Tewfik—laid his arm around me as if in search of greater comfort. I saw no reason to protest. In future when the car rolled dangerously over to one side, or jumped two feet into the air, I felt a slight pressure on my right arm. Tewfik wanted to reassure me. As long as he was there, no danger could beset me.

About midday Tewfik pointed to the right: "That's Ardahan, down there."

A broad main street paved with cobble stones, a few hundred houses to the right and left, barracks with soldiers running around, a post office, a public garden just large enough to hold a dozen wooden benches, tidy bazaars without the colours of more oriental places—that was Ardahan.

The car stopped in front of what was grandly called "*Kara Deniz Oteli*," in reality nothing more than a one-

HAKKI BEY AND ARIF BEY.

THE LORRY CREW.

roomed coffee-house, with three bedrooms adjoining. Before I had time to say goodbye to anyone, I was hurried into the house, past groups of idling men, into the farthest of the bedrooms. In vain I tried to protest, in vain I tried to find out what would happen next. Resigned, I sat down and examined the room.

It contained two beds, a table between them and the chair on which I was sitting. The walls were whitewashed as usual and partly covered by two faded rugs. The wooden ceiling was unpainted and not yet stained by age. On a hook near the door hung a blue Turkish towel, the only spot of vivid colour in the room. Everything looked clean and as if it had never yet been inhabited. Drowsily I listened to the buzzing of the flies.

After a while Tewfik appeared with a man who greeted me with a grin. Tewfik himself was beaming with pleasure when he told me with a flood of Turkish words that there was no *kamion* back to Kars before the next morning. I myself would have to wait even longer—about three days—to proceed to Artvin and Hopa. I nearly fainted. But I did not want to spoil his pleasure and tried to calm myself.

Debating in great detail the important affair with the hotel-keeper, he ordered our meal—*shish kebab* (meat on the spit), *pilav* (rice), yoghurt, *börek* (a pastry). And we would not eat in the front room—how dictatorial he was!—but here in our room. The *otelci* left, and Tewfik took his cap and coat off and hung them on a hook, untied his belt and laid it on the chair. We sat down, each of us on one of the beds, and looked at each other.

With his head bare, he lost the last remains of grown-up dignity—in spite of the two stars and the bars on his shoulder-straps. His hair was cut short in military fashion. It was dark brown, only a few white hairs here and there, and stood on end like a brush. Once it must have been very curly, but he had taken great pains to correct its unruly

behaviour. His green eyes were so full of expectancy that I pitied him, feeling experienced and old. He had opened his stiff collar. I could see the white skin running like a sharp-cut ring around his neck. These Turkish soldiers did not seem to take much exercise, or they were dressed very uncomfortably for it. His nose was straight and rather small, and his lips were slightly pursed and half opened as if he were wondering.

It took him quite as long to examine me. In the end we both seemed pleased and smiled at each other. He had only waited for some encouragement, and began to talk in Turkish, very slowly, repeating the short phrases once or twice. It was only from the audible question marks at the end and from his eager eyes that I knew he had asked me something.

"It's no good, Tewfik. I don't speak Turkish. You'll have to dig up your French."

Tewfik grew sad. He wanted so much to make me understand. He bit his lips and tried to remember what he had learnt at school. At long last he reached his hand across the table and said with a timid intimacy: "*Ma sœur ?*" I laid my hand on his: "*Evet*" (Yes).

For the first time I noticed that he was wearing a golden ring on his right hand. "You are married?"

He laughed delightedly as if I had made a joke.

"No, no, my mother—dead—three years. I have it because I am the youngest."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?" Family affairs were one of the subjects on which I could make a conversation in Turkish.

He laughed again. "We are seven—five boys and two girls, and all the boys are in the army."

"Allah, Allah! Why that? Is there no other profession for a young Turk?"

He was a little offended in his military pride.

"My father was a general—died at Afyon in the War of Independence, 1922. It is very nice to be a soldier. The whole country loves us, everybody, because we protect them."

Once in Germany a young Reichswehr officer had said the same to me with the same naïveté. People are not so very different after all. He went on talking, forgetting again that I knew no Turkish, and opening his heart to me. I was terribly hungry and longing for the servant to come with the meal. But Tewfik felt unpleasantly interrupted when he finally appeared.

After the meal Tewfik and I went for a walk. Now it could no longer be concealed that I was about a head taller than he, always a rather humiliating fact for a man, but especially for him who wanted so much to impress me. He was delighted when a number of privates passed us and saluted him respectfully. Each salute added an inch to his height. He stopped them and asked them questions just to show how correctly they stood to attention, and he sent them away on errands so that I might see how quickly they ran for him.

In the distance a bugle called for rest. It was so much part of his life that he could hardly keep quietly at my side. From the age of twelve he had been in a military training school. The army was profession to him and home, work and holiday. Nothing outside it had yet existed for him. I doubt if it ever would. He was so much made out of one piece that he could not shift his centre. For him a love-affair would mean an exciting excursion from which he would return with a sigh of relief and satisfaction to his little room in the barracks.

We had crossed the small town and were now marching towards the mountains. The grey clouds had by now turned black, they were racing towards us with great speed.

"Tewfik, a thunderstorm is coming."

But Tewfik only whistled the March of Independence to

show his supreme indifference to any kind of threat. It was not long before the first drops fell, and as if he had waited for that moment, he put his coat around my shoulders with the gesture of a giant who stoops to protect a bird. But he still made no sign of returning. I was beginning to feel impatient. The rain fell now in streams. When I discovered on our right a short cut back to the town, I ran down over the slopes without asking Tewfik's permission, jumping from one hand's breadth of even ground to the next amidst a cascade of rolling stones.

The last three hundred yards I no longer cared about anything. The lightnings flashed, five to a second, and the thunder roared as if the mountains would fall down on top of us. We ran hand-in-hand, stumbling and slipping at every step, surrounded by a large herd of frightened cows and buffaloes which had been peacefully grazing here until the thunderstorm broke loose. Now they were dashing wildly in all directions, taking the mad flight of the two of us as one more terror fallen from the sky.

When we came to the street of bazaars, I ran into the first shop, dragging Tewfik, who wanted to go on to the hotel, behind me. Panting, I sat down on a chair. A few customers, kept there by the weather, were lingering about. The owner, a white-haired man, went on weighing huge nails on a small pair of scales. I had never known that one bought nails by the pound.

It was a proper shop, spacious and well-built, with a counter and high shelves on the wall, filled with drapery and ironmongery. The door to the street was open, and the fresh smell of the rain mixed with that of the cotton cloth and green soap inside. The storm was slowly passing. The men took no notice of it and went on with their quiet conversation, Tewfik, to my disappointment, keeping rather aloof. He seemed to have special ideas about an officer's relation to the people.

A great weighing machine stood in the centre of the shop, and I could not resist the temptation to step on it. Very ceremoniously the old man fetched the weights, and with great seriousness he tried to balance me like precious goods. "Sixty-five kilos!" he said at last as the result of long calculations.

"Sixty-five kilos!" repeated Tewfik, overawed. Courageously he stepped on the scales himself, whispering to the old man who laughed inaudibly with his toothless mouth. He must have been a very wise old man. He understood at once, and after a moment of bustling about announced in a firm and convincing tone: "Seventy!"

Tewfik stepped quickly down. Did I need any other proof of his superiority?

"*Je suis petit—mais très fort—très fort!*"

"*Mais oui, Tewfik, mon cher, personne ne le doute.*"

He was rather in a hurry to leave though the rain had not yet stopped. It was only a short walk to the "hotel" and we were wet, anyhow. So we thanked the old man and ran back the rest of the way.

I shivered with cold. Whilst Tewfik went to buy some cherries for us, I took off all the wet things, put on my dressing-gown and lay down on the bed, covering myself right up to the chin with the quilt. I was so tired that I fell asleep at once.

Some time later I was awakened by the touch of something cool on my cheek. Tewfik was sitting on my bed, holding the cherries over me. I sat up, and he insisted on feeding me, refusing to eat himself. What an important rôle fruit has always played in the opening scenes of a flirtation!

It was quickly getting dark. Soon I could only see Tewfik's shining teeth and the red cherries. For a short moment he leaned his cheek against mine, but to assure me of his honourable intentions, he said pleadingly: "*Ma sœur!*" and

emphasized it by a tender kiss. I stroked his hair and pushed him gently back.

The servant came with the petrol lamp and left the room again without a word. Tewfik got up and sat down on the other side. He turned the wick down until it burned only dimly like a candle.

"I've invited a friend to have his meal with us. He'll look after you when I am gone. He knows a little French too. He's coming soon."

The friend looked like his twin brother, his face only a little rounder than Tewfik's and his eyes less innocent. He had taken part in the last stages of the War of Independence. I looked at him in surprise.

"But you were only twelve then!"

"Yes, but a pupil at the military training school like Tewfik, and we all wanted to help as much as we could!"

"Tewfik, too?"

"Yes, Tewfik, too."

"Why didn't you tell me, Tewfik?"

"Oh, I told you, but perhaps you did not understand."

The two began to talk to each other, completely forgetting about my presence. There was a certain gentleness in their relationship which was none the less manly. It was a new experience for me to watch men of this type from close quarters. In this case, too, I might have been excluded from their intimacy if the two had not felt themselves safe behind the wall of their own language. They were both naïve enough to imagine that a man reveals himself merely by his words.

The friend left as soon as we had finished the meal, kissing Tewfik tenderly goodbye and wishing us both a good night. When the servant had cleared the table, Tewfik locked the door, undid his spurs, and took off his high boots.

"What are you doing there?"

"I am going to sleep."

I gaped: "Where?"

As if it were a matter of fact, Tewfik answered in a pleasant tone, pulling off his right boot : " Here ! "

" But that's impossible. We can't sleep in the same room."

" Why not ? You are *ma sœur, parole d'honneur !* "

" If I am your *sœur*, why do you want to sleep in the same room with me ? "

" To be near you."

Was he really so innocent, or was he trying to deceive me ? I began to talk to him in a mixture of Turkish and French.

" Now, listen, Tewfik, you must put your shoes on and go."

" Ah—don't speak words—no good." He was sitting on the bed in the oriental fashion, his legs crossed, and looked at me imploringly.

" You are a nice brother, my dear Tewfik. You'll get yourself into a hell of a mess. You are an officer on duty, charged with protecting a young woman, and you behave like a schoolboy."

" I shall protect you—you see—revolver—here." He put it on the table near the lamp.

I felt pity for him, but it was impossible to give way. To intimidate him, I spoke in a determined voice :

" Well, you can rest outside at my door. If you insist on sleeping here, the *otelci* must sleep here as well. You can take the table away and put up a third bed."

Little by little he realized that I was saying no. His lips were pursed even more than usual, his eyes shone wet. He looked so disappointed and unhappy that I could hardly restrain myself from going over to him to console him.

" Tewfik, *mon cher* Tewfik—don't you understand ? To-morrow morning the whole of Ardahan, your comrades included will know that we slept together in the same room, and by tomorrow night the news will have reached Kars."

" Nobody speaks. I shall give them my word that you are my sister."

"For heaven's sake don't let me go on talking. I want you to be sensible. As far as I am concerned, I don't much care what people say, and you could very well stay here. I shall leave in a day or two never to return. But with you it is different."

He had been playing with his yellow pencil which he always carried sticking out of his left breast-pocket. Now he only wrote two figures on the wooden table: 70–65, underlining the seventy with a fierce stroke and looking at me defiantly. He thought that I doubted his manliness. He lifted his pencil, demonstrating, and said:

"I am alone. No father, no mother. Six brothers and sisters—all married. You my family. I die for you."

I went over to him and laid my arm around him:

"Tewfik, do you really love me?"

His eyes lit up:

"Yes!" Was I at last giving way?

"You are my brother, *parole d'honneur?*"

"*Parole d'honneur!*"

"Well, then, take your boots and coat and go and don't speak a single word!"

I knelt down in front of him not to see his face because my determination was weakening, and began to pull on his boots. He pushed me away and finished the job himself. He even put on his spurs.

"I take my friend's horse and ride. I come not back. We now goodbye."

"All right, Tewfik—if you want it so. I shall never forget you."

"Bah! What is I to you? Only a little mitraillist. I die next war."

He took his cap and unlocked the door.

"Won't you say goodbye to me, Tewfik?"

He laid his hand to his cap:

"*Allaha ismarladik.*" (I have recommended you to God.)

"*Güle, güle, efendim!*" (Go smiling, my master.)

I heard him leave the house, and I almost ran after him to fetch him back. But what was the good of it? I should only make a fool of myself. My head was aching and I felt so exhausted that I went to bed with all my clothes on. Yet I kept shivering with cold. Hour after hour I tried to fall asleep. The noises in the house had long died down, nothing was keeping me awake but the trembling of my cold body. Not asking my heart, I felt no regret. It would have been foolish to act differently. But a refusal is always a mean act, and I should never be able to forgive myself.

The moon was shining into my room. I sat up in bed and looked out of the window, the quilt round my shoulders. The mountains were clearly visible. I could also see the river on the right, a frozen landscape, immovable and lost.

During the last hours of the night, I heard a horse passing the house. The reins loosely in his hands, Tewfik rode slowly along. His body was leaning forward towards the tired horse, and a little black shadow trailed shapelessly behind him. He had to lead the horse back to the barracks, and perhaps he even slept there himself. I listened to the clatter of the hoofs and felt the loneliest woman under the moon.

Someone woke me by knocking at the door. It was bright daylight. I looked at my watch—half-past five. Again someone knocked.

"Wait a moment, I am coming."

I opened. It was Tewfik. Without looking at me, he went to the second bed and sat down where he had sat the night before. I managed to conceal my surprise, and settled down on my own bed.

He pointed to my clothes:

"You are up so early?"

I lied: "I was just getting dressed. But where have you been? You are muddy all over."

"Riding. It doesn't matter."

Silence. At last he said :

" There is a *kamion* for Kars this morning. I am leaving in two hours."

" Yes, I know. You told me so yesterday."

" But now it is sure."

" Oh, that is nice for you. You'll be home then before noon."

He drummed a march on the table with his palms and fingers and whistled the tune between his teeth. Then he talked into the air :

" Of course you are glad that I am going."

" Why should I be glad ? I thought you would be sensible by now. Come, Tewfik, sit here by my side."

" What for ? I don't love you any longer. I am very sad."

" There is no reason to be sad."

" Yes—I am sad because of you. I've fought a war this night."

" I hope you've been victorious."

" I always am."

" Well, that is the speech of a good soldier. But in that case you should really cheer up a little. Do come—sit here at my side and let us be friends again."

" No—you come over here."

" All right."

I sat down near him. He neither moved nor spoke.

" Do you really hate me, Tewfik ? Am I no longer your sister ? Do look at me, just a moment, please ! "

He turned his face towards mine, but did not lift his eyes. I got up.

" Well, if you will insist on behaving like a little boy, I'll treat you like one. As far as I am concerned, you don't exist any longer."

I slipped back into my bed and closed my eyes. He rose and began to march up and down in the narrow space near the door, and then suddenly he spoke, passionately,

and almost without taking breath. I did not understand a word, but it was obvious that it was a confession of some kind, that he told me something he had not told anyone before. Between him and me there was not even the bridge of words, however feeble a bridge this might be. Yet what could I have said to him to console him? We all have to struggle ahead alone.

When he had poured out all his grief, he came and sat down on my bed. He slipped his hand underneath my head and held it quietly for a while.

"Tewfik—*mon cher camarade!*"

He bent over me and kissed me, first on my cheeks and then on my mouth.

"*Vous êtes ma famille—n'est-ce pas?*"

I took his head between my hands and nodded: "*Oui.*"

He drew his silver watch out of his pocket and laid it on the table:

"One hour and a half—ninety minutes. Then we have to part—for ever. I have not even a souvenir from you. Have you a photograph of yourself? No? But you could give me a curl of your hair. I have never seen a girl with such fair hair."

"Well, let me fetch a pair of scissors."

"No, don't get up now. Fetch them later."

"But I have no souvenir either. Have *you* got a photograph?"

"Yes—in the lining of my cap."

"Oh, don't get up now. Give it to me just before you go. I shall look at it when we part."

"Now we've only an hour and twenty minutes."

"Oh, my dear—don't look at this nasty watch the whole time."

"Give me a kiss—no, on my mouth!"

I sat up and laid my arms around his neck. He held me so firmly that I could not breathe. When at last he let

me go, I scratched my arm on his stars. A fine red line ran across my skin, ending in a small drop of blood. He took his handkerchief and wiped it tenderly off.

The minutes passed. Life in the coffee-house was in full swing. Even the gramophone was wide awake and howled an Arabian song. We hardly talked, and if we said a word, we whispered. Half an hour before the appointed time we could no longer bear the waiting and left the house for a walk. When we returned, the *kamion* stood ready in the street. We went to fetch Tewfik's coat.

He kissed me a last time. I felt a little ridiculous in my tallness and relieved that it was all at an end, though my heart was full of the best wishes for him. His departure reminded me that I had to stay—who knows how long? And the old annoyance crept up in me again. When I saw how sincerely moved he was, I felt ashamed. Wasn't he really my little brother? Heaven knows into what woman's hands he would fall some day, and what else would happen to him in disappointment and grief.

"*Mon petit* Tewfik—may Allah always be kind to you, may nothing hurt your heart!"

"I shall always think of you."

"And I shall think of you."

"Always?"

"Yes, always."

I held his little photograph in my hand. The motor of the *kamion* began to roar. The *otelci* stood at my side. From the way in which Tewfik had insisted on paying the bill for the two of us, he must have guessed that there was more between us than Tewfik's now official expression would betray. For a short second I held Tewfik's hand, then he saluted smilingly—a general could not salute more graciously an army standing at attention.

The chauffeur turned back: "All ready?"

"Yes—go ahead."

They disappeared in a cloud of dust. When I was eating my yoghurt at noon, the *otelci* looked at his watch and said :

"The little officer is now in Kars."

Idiot ! He needn't have told me—I had just thought the same.

CHAPTER IX

Asiatic Holidays

I HAD to stay six more days in Ardahan. There cannot be a place on earth more remote from the twentieth century. Life was here almost as it had been two thousand years ago with the addition of a few modern mass-produced articles. An eternal monotony regulated the days. Harshness and gloom were the predominating notes, and the searching eye found little beauty. No luxury spoilt the people whom I rarely saw laugh in playful happiness.

After Tewfik had left I worked a little, lying on the bed. The room had lost its life. It looked empty without his coat and cap on the wall and the leather belt over the back of the chair. My thoughts kept wandering. To shut out unwanted visitors, I had locked the door. But at last I had to let them in : a man who infuriated me by the assertion that he spoke English, though he only created confusion ; a gendarme who smiled protectingly and promised his assistance ; a man better dressed than the rest, who gave me six half-withered, but sweet-smelling pink flowers ; a little boy of eleven, very clean, wide-awake, and quick-witted, who had a smile as bewitching as that of Maurice Chevalier ; and the *otelci*—a constantly grinning, middle-aged man with an unbearable personal odour.

The second day my mood was worse. I tried to go for a little walk along the bare river, but the *otelci* insisted on accompanying me, and I returned after half an hour. In the afternoon when he was busy, I slipped out of the house, but he sent the servant after me. I suffered his company as far as the post

office, thanked him, and turned to the left. He kept at my side.

"You can't go there—forbidden."

"Why?"

"Soldiers."

I used my best English curses to express my indignation.

"Can I go the road down there?"

"Yes."

"Well, thank you, you may go home."

"No, I shall go with you."

"I don't want you."

"But the master——"

"Then I'll talk with the master."

I turned on my heels and went back to the hotel. Again in English I shouted at the unfortunate *otelci*. When I had roared out my fury, I tried to explain in Turkish.

"I want to go alone."

He had thought his servant had behaved badly and laughed with relief when he found out what was the real cause of my complaint.

"But you can't. People here are very wicked."

"They are nothing of the kind. And in any case, I am old enough to take care of myself."

He was quite desperate.

"They've never seen a woman like you—so tall and fair and dressed without sleeves, no hat, no coat, and her face quite naked."

"Well, then they shall see one now! And don't you dare to follow or send someone after me."

The poor man was so bewildered that he dared not protest. I almost ran out of the house. When I had reached the corner, I looked back—no one was following me. I turned into a side-street, crammed with bazaars to the right and left. A group of soldiers came walking arm-in-arm towards me. Men in red and yellow shirts leaned against the doors and walls, talking,

smoking, watching the life that passed by. Their conversation ceased when they saw me. Perhaps they had seen old journals with photographs of girls like me. But that was on paper, and far away, in America, or some such crazy country. Or even in Istanbul—what do you want, Istanbul was no longer what it had been before the war. In their own little town the few advanced women—chiefly officers' wives—wore at least a coat and a hat and never went out by themselves. The others, holding their cloak before their face, only revealed their eyes —at times only one of them.

The street ended in a bridge across the river. To the right was the old fortress, climbing from the edge of the water up to the hill. Well-kept walls, but no longer a protection. Yet they reminded me unpleasantly that I was still in the military zone where at every movement I met with a "forbidden." Perhaps it was even forbidden to cross the bridge. I looked around—a soldier was coming down the street. Pretending not to have noticed him, I hurried across to the oldest part of the town, decayed into a village.

People were fewer here, a man on horseback, a woman carrying water from the river. I began to climb up the hill. A little girl peeped round the corner of the house, examining me curiously. She disappeared only to return again a moment afterwards, dragging her mother along with her.

The woman revealed her face—a pretty face—and smiled.

"Where are you going?"

"Oh—just here."

"Do you come from Ardahan?"

"Yes, there is no *kamion*. I have to wait here."

She asked me something which I could not understand. I laughed and shrugged my shoulders.

"Wait a moment!"

She fetched her husband out of the house. He had been sleeping, his eyes were still full of dreams, so he was not very surprised when he saw me.

"Do you want anything?"

"No, thank you. Your wife——"

She nodded eagerly:

"He can speak Russian!"

"But I can't."

"Oh——"

We all stood silently looking at each other. Our group was quickly attracting a number of women and children, the men keeping in the distance.

"Won't you come in and sit down?"

"Yes, thank you."

She led the way through the low door into the room, one of those rooms which I knew by heart: an earthen floor, bare walls, very small paneless windows, and a wooden bench as the only piece of furniture, covered with a few worn-out rugs.

The man had just been lying there, the remains of his mid-day meal—breadcrumbs and spring onions—around him. He brushed them away with his right hand and invited me to sit down. I was beginning to ask the woman about her family when suddenly another guest appeared in the door—Tewfik's friend, Lieutenant Mahmut.

So the *otelci* had sent for him! I was not allowed to enter a peasant's hut—I might ask military secrets from him, or he might rob me of my purse, or even assault me. Curse them all! Can't they leave me in peace? What a tiring game! The peasants stood both embarrassed—an officer in the hut! With a quick movement, the woman drew her cloak across her face and left the room. The man, awkwardly, pointed to the bench:

"Sit down, *efendim*!"

Mahmut began to speak to me in patchy French:

"Why are you here?"

"Oh—just a little walk."

"Do you speak Russian?"

"No—not a word. But why?"

"Oh—I'm just asking."

"I see. I turned to the peasant:

"I am a German. I was born in Berlin."

But before he had time to answer, Mahmut took the words away from him:

"It is very cold here in the evenings."

"I know." And to the peasant: "Have you got any children?"

Again Mahmut: "In summer we have a thunderstorm every day."

I was tired of the silly procedure, but there was no chance to show my indignation. I felt sorry for the peasant. He stood there, wondering if he had done something wrong. I smiled at him as friendly as I could.

"Where has your wife gone?"

"She is outside."

"Well, I'll go and talk to her."

She stood in the dark at the back of the entrance hall.

"Why did you run away?"

"Oh, I couldn't stay in the room with a strange man."

"I see."

I heard Mahmut leaving. It was best for me to go as well, it would be impossible to make the peasant feel at ease again.

"It was very kind of you—thank you very much. *Allaha ismarladik.*"

"*Güle, güle, efendim!*"

Mahmut was waiting for me outside. I turned to him:

"Tell me the truth—the *otelci* sent for you?"

"No, no—a soldier told me you were going for a walk, and since I had not seen you yesterday, I thought I might accompany you, that is, if you would like it."

"I should be delighted."

I decided to punish him by climbing up to the top of a mountain, about three hours' walk. When he saw my intention, he held me back by the arm:

"That's forbidden!"

"Why?"

"Mountain—soldiers."

"Damn your soldiers. To walk along the road, forbidden! Visit peasants—forbidden! Mountains forbidden! Is there anything I can do without your protest?"

"Yes, walk along the river."

"Well, I don't like your river—not a bush, not a tree, nothing but dirty water and dirty cows. I want to leave here, I want a *kamion*."

He gripped my hand and kissed it hurriedly:

"You must not be angry. I am only a soldier. If I had a thousand *kamions*—all for you. But——"

"I am sorry. I know it isn't your fault. But believe me, it gets on my nerves. There's nothing to be done now, so let's walk along the river."

Half an hour later we were happily sitting on a large stone near the yellow river, talking nonsense in a mixture of languages and laughing at each other, when suddenly, as if risen out of the waves, the *otelci* stood at our side, grinning all over his unwashed face. I wished I could have dissolved in air—I could not face him any longer. Walking sulkily between the two, I went home. It was no good, I had to give up my efforts to escape.

The next two days I did not leave the house. I sewed on all my torn-off buttons, darned my stockings, scribbled a little in my notebook, read again the only book I had with me. At last I began to brood over the idea for a novel. It was a story soaked in blood, at that time the only conceivable kind.

As Mahmut had said, there was a thunderstorm every day, and I sat for hours at the window watching it come and go over the mountain-chain. Day after day the patches of snow on the summits grew smaller. It was always raining somewhere on the horizon or in Ardahan itself. Towards dusk the clouds reddened as if an infuriated painter had drawn his brush across

the sky. There was a hand's breadth of grass behind the house, but since the wooden closet-hut stood at its edge and the wind was constantly blowing from that corner, I did not feel tempted to sit outside.

On the evening of the fourth day, however, I accepted the *otelci's* invitation to sit in front of the house. The cows were returning to their sheds. A ragged peasant drove them past with dark shouts of "Ho-ho-hoh!" The imbecile of Ardahan was lingering around, teased by every passer-by. He died of fear whenever someone touched him with an outstretched finger, and screamed like a pig under the butcher's knife. He kept on screaming that evening until I forced the *otelci* to chase him away. Later a blind man passed through the street, his face turned upward to the quickly darkening sky, his left hand resting on the shoulder of a little boy. The old man had been robbed of his sight by trachome, the Egyptian eye-disease, and if the boy was not careful, he would catch it as well and suffer the same fate. They walked through the village and on into the night, the boy begging here and there, the man oblivious of the world around him.

Of course there was no *kamion* the third day. The *otelci* crept into my room to reveal the terrible truth. Since he was expecting a row, I might just as well become hysterical so that he had something to remember. For a few minutes I managed to produce a most impressive rage. In the end I could not think of anything more violent to say, so I sat down on a chair.

The *otelci* scratched his round Asiatic skull, tousling his short black hair which hung in a kind of fringe over his low forehead. Then he said timidly, to calm me:

"You want anything?"

"Well, if you had any brains, you would get me at least a donkey so that I could ride away."

He slunk out of the room without looking at me again. It was not long before I heard a terrific noise outside, shouts and laughter, and something like the call of a frightened animal.

Without previous knocking, my door was opened, and in came the beaming *otelci* carrying a kicking baby donkey in his arms. The two were followed by a whole crowd of men and boys from the coffee-house and the village.

The *otelci* put the little donkey on the floor and pushed it towards me :

" There—it's yours, but don't ride away on it. Wait here until it has grown up."

They all roared with laughter, and terrified the donkey rushed into a corner of the room. It was a charming animal, only about a month old, with a silky grey coat and long wagging ears. I knelt down to it—it was hardly bigger than a large rocking-horse—and began to pet it.

" Look here," I said at last to the *otelci*, " I can't buy a donkey."

" Buy it? But I bought it—for you. It's a present. Didn't you want a donkey?"

This time I joined in the men's laughter. We decided to put it into a little stable underneath my room, and I bought it a huge bag of fresh vegetables. After long consultations we decided to call it *Yavrum* which means " my kid ". Zoo-logically that was not quite correct, but it sounded nice, and I am sure the donkey did not mind it.

Sunday came and from the early hours the coffee-house was crowded. Even around the two tables outside in the street the men of Ardahan clustered in dense groups. The *otelci* had engaged two musicians from Istanbul—they must have left there long ago—and their plaintive songs made my day miser-able. In the evening I sat among the men in the coffee-house. A petrol-lamp hung from the ceiling. It left all but the centre of the room in semi-darkness. The men sat round the tables in groups of six or seven. Not a single chair was left. When a new-comer arrived, one of the earlier guests emptied his glass of tea and left to make room for him.

They were playing cards or trick-track or talking quietly. I

had watched them doing it during all the past weeks. Although the coffee-house is a place for men, they had always accepted me kindly in their midst, and with them I had enjoyed the soothing atmosphere, so different from that in a place where alcohol is consumed.

The tambourine-player was excellent, a man of gipsy type, completely absorbed in the rhythm of his instrument, which he accentuated by the stamping of his right foot. The other man played a primitive violin cut out of one piece of wood, shaped like a little boat, with three little holes and three strings. He held it lightly on his knee and moved the bow across in feverish strokes. He was the singer as well and seemed to like his job though his urbanized appearance formed an odd contrast to his ancient songs.

An elderly man was sitting on my right—the place on my left was reserved for the *otelci* who never let me out of his sight. The man played with his beads, rarely raising his eyes. He had the saddest expression imaginable—no, not sad—he looked as if only bad things had happened to him his whole life long, and as if he now was slowly resigning himself to his fate. I wanted to encourage him to speak, but I did not find the right words. So we sat side by side in friendly silence.

The music went on without a moment's interval. I watched the crazy bow moving up and down and the tambourine trembling in the air. I was leaning back on my chair, my head almost touching the large picture of the Gazi behind me. When I had finished my coffee, my neighbour beckoned the waiter and paid for me. I bent over the table:

"Are you from Ardahan?"

For the first time he turned his face fully towards me, the shadow of a smile slightly changing the lines of his face.

"From a village just outside. Do you speak Russian?"

"No."

At once his face moved back into its former shape, and the shine in his eyes died away.

"I know a little Turkish."

"From where are you?"

"From London."

The music played and the *otelci* on my left talked with the gendarme. The man, looking again at his beads, said:

"I was in Russia."

There was suddenly a slight unrest and a sudden quietude all around—only the music continued. I turned round. Lieutenant Mahmut had entered and was coming straight over to me. The few soldiers present jumped up and stood at attention, leaving the coffee-house a moment afterwards. It was very unusual for an officer to enter such a place, not so much because of the existence of classes but of castes. The sad neighbour rose at once, offered his chair to Mahmut, and went away murmuring a goodbye.

"But stay here—don't go!"

He smiled a little and went.

Meanwhile the music had stopped. Everybody was looking at the two of us. I felt sorry for Mahmut. It was nice of him to brave the astonished eyes.

"What made you come so late, Mahmut?"

"A soldier came——"

"Don't tell me that it is forbidden for a woman to sit in a coffee-house——"

"No, no—he said the *otelci*—you—— He said the *otelci* does not leave you in peace."

"Well, well, your soldiers know a lot. It is true, sometimes I wish he would go to hell. But he is kind, he does all he can to make me happy. Today he even put a pot of flowers into my room. He likes to clap me on the shoulder—well, it doesn't hurt me. He goes where I go, and I've even become used to that: I think I would miss him now if I didn't see him for an hour or two. Did you understand?"

"Not all. But in any case you are content."

"Yes, I am content. I am even beginning to like this place.

I've given up asking for the *kamion*. Soon my mind will be as quiet as that of a new-born child. One day perhaps I shall even be allowed to climb the mountain—all by myself, nobody following me, nobody suspecting me to be a spy. That day my happiness will be complete."

"Merci."

He had not understood. It did not matter. He was a kind-hearted young man and I liked him. It was nice to think of him as Tewfik's friend.

And another day passed. I learned to make Turkish coffee and play trick-track, and I spent hours lying on my back in the little park, following the flight of the crows which grew more numerous with every mile I travelled eastward, and the slow passing of the clouds. I quite forgot that the *otelci* was sitting nearby in the shade. I did not even become angry when the park-keeper chased a ragged woman and two begging children away. I had given up protesting. I was on holiday.

In the afternoon I had a little talk with the mayor who gave me some information about the town—3,500 inhabitants—altitude 7,500 feet—scene of hard fighting in every war. At present it takes eight days for a letter from here to reach Ankara. After the completion of the new railway-line to Erzurum it will only take three. I should come back then to admire Ardahan's progress, radio, electricity, running water in the houses, a park at the riverside, bushes and trees. All these improvements were part of a special five-year plan.

"You won't know the place, I assure you."

When Mahmut came to tell me that a *kamion* was lying halfway between Kars and Ardahan, broken down on the road, I only said: "Yavrum takes ages to grow in spite of all the carrots. You must get me a horse tomorrow, I will learn to ride!"

But I never became a master on horse-back, at least not in Ardahan, because the *kamion* arrived the next afternoon, announced by the *otelci*, Mahmut, the mayor, the commander of

the battalion and half a dozen other people who had all been on the look-out for me and now came hurriedly within a few moments of each other to inform me. The chauffeur had two letters for me, one from Hakki Bey, and the other from Tewfik. He refused to accept Yavrum as a passenger, so I had to leave him behind in the care of Mahmut who promised to look after him till I came back. We left early next morning. The *otelci* grinned bravely when he waved goodbye. Poor man, he would have to work now to kill his time.

CHAPTER X

Retarded Progress

THE road was bad, and we rumbled along at rarely more than eight miles per hour in a lorry without sideboards or roof. I was not surprised that it had broken down half-way towards Ardahan. It was overladen with ten enormous chests of butter, on top of which the passengers were crouching, holding on to their luggage as best they could.

Among them were three *hocas* (religious teachers), old men who found it at times extremely difficult to keep their seats on the swaying vehicle. A new law had just come into force forbidding the wearing of religious garments outside the places of worship. It seemed rather a petty measure to force these old men out of their accustomed clothes. They would harm no one if they went about in the streets in their turbans and wide cloaks. But apart from the *hocas* themselves not many thought as I did. "They are not officials and have therefore no right to appear publicly in a kind of uniform," some people explained to me. "Their existence must not be pressed continuously on the people's mind," others stated more bluntly. "They are ignorant old men, trying to hide their empty brains underneath the turban which hitherto has been associated with dignity. We are living in an enlightened Republic and want to put an end to all that."

The men on the *kamion* were not educated enough to argue with me on such lines. They merely laughed in good-natured malice and teased the *hocas* because of the odd second-hand

clothes which they had bought for themselves. Round their heads they had wound coloured woollen scarves in a way that made them look as much like turbans as possible. But one of them, the oldest, had bought himself a new brown felt hat for the extravagant price of two liras (about seven shillings), enough for him to live on for a whole week.

He was not wearing it, however, for fear that a sudden blast of wind might blow it away or something else equally dreadful happen to it if he put it on his head. So he carried it in his hand, wrapped up in a large handkerchief, and whatever he did during the following days, the bundle was close to him. In a strange way it had come about that he loved and treasured what was the symbol of a new humiliation.

Besides the *hocas* we had eight more men on board—a handsome young soldier who wanted to spend his short leave in his native village on the Black Sea coast, another one, Yussuf, who had finished his service and for the first time was wearing again his ragged civilian clothes, four peasants and workers, the driver's coolie, and Nuri, the driver himself, sitting at my side.

He was a small, stockily-built man who looked like the prototype of an habitual criminal—round shaven skull, low forehead, piercing eyes, protruding lips, and stubbly cheeks and chin. Perhaps I should have felt afraid of him, at least in the beginning, if he had not sung almost continuously whilst he was sitting at the wheel. Before long we took a great liking to each other. He assumed responsibility for me in a quiet and self-assured manner, at times brightened by a slightly amused irony, to which I gladly assented. Not for a moment did he forget that I was a woman, but a woman so completely outside his own world that her sex did not bother him. Of all the simple men in Anatolia, he was the one I liked best. Whenever I think of him now, it is with a smile of tacit understanding.

When we were about thirty miles out of Ardahan, on a road that wound slowly across the rising mountains, we were startled by the sudden bang of an explosion which echoed from the rocks beyond the valley. Nuri broke off abruptly in the middle of a nasal Arabian song and pulled on the brakes with full strength. Behind us raged a confusion of shouting voices. He jumped out of the car, knowing already what had happened. The left tyre at the back, which had caused the first breakdown, had burst again.

The men climbed slowly from their high seats to examine the accident. Nothing could be done. There was no spare tyre, and no patch to repair the damaged one either. So they all, including the chauffeur, settled down at the side of the road. The oldest *hoca* whom everyone called *Babaciğim*, my dear father, held his bundle on his lap, and closed his eyes for silent meditation. His friend, with his sixty-five years, the youngest of the three, walked leisurely to and fro on an even piece of the road, his long black coat flapping loosely around his lean legs. He was holding an Arabian prayer-book in his hand and hummed softly through his closed mouth.

The third *hoca* seemed to care neither for worldly nor spiritual goods. He curled himself up on a heap of stones, the softest resting-place he had obviously been able to find, and was soon fast asleep. His white beard trembled with every breath, and the ends of his drooping moustache, resembling yellowed tusks, made him look like an old seal.

The other men were smoking, talking quietly, and staring at the green pine-wood on the other side of the valley. Were they going to wait for a miracle? I tapped Nuri on the shoulder. "Heh—what's the matter? Are we going to spend the night here?"

He looked up at me, his face unmoved. "*Yavash, yavash,*" he said at last, "slowly, slowly!" After holding a short and rather monosyllabic council with his coolie and Celal,

the handsome soldier, it was decided that the two should walk back about five miles to a village from where they could telephone to Ardahan for another tyre. Five hours or more would pass till we could proceed.

"I shall sleep over there," I said to Nuri, pointing at the wood. "*Hayir*," he said very firmly, "no, you stay here."

"Why?"

He closed one eye and bent his right forefinger as if cocking a gun:

"Pooh—wicked men over there."

"Then I shall go down to that village."

"*Hayir*—wicked men too. Kurds. Dirty—lots of fleas."

"Oh, blast it—I'll go to the wood."

He tried to dissuade me. I paid no heed and began to scramble down the boulder-covered slope, Nuri waving every now and then that I should come back. But a hill, formed like the broad back of a sleeping cat, blocked part of the valley, and when I had climbed over it, they were out of sight. The village was now closer to the left, three dozen primitive houses pressed against the bare rocks. They looked deserted and dead, the thin clouds of smoke might have been those of smouldering fires among ruins. A few irregular paths led down to the river, all joining at the narrow ford where large stones formed an artless bridge. Close to the other bank stood a mysterious looking hut of blackened wood, with a black gaping door-hole, and no windows. A man in a greyish-white suit and a little boy came out with an empty bucket, and after filling it at the rushing river, they disappeared into the hut without having noticed me.

I ran down the slope, stepped carefully over the wet and slippery stones, and followed a path up to the wood. There, on a patch of grass underneath some old pine-trees, I lay down, a little out of breath. It was good to feel the cool air, warmed only for short moments when the sun came

peeping through the clouds. The branches creaked in the slight wind. A pine-cone dropped somewhere near me with a throbbing sound, a few busy insects buzzed around, and behind these little noises the mingled rustling of river and trees was woven like a dark background.

At first I felt peaceful and happy in my loneliness. But slowly fear crept into my heart. The men had told me warning stories about the wild Kurds, which I had thought merely funny because of the exaggerated gestures which had accompanied them. I began to think that they might be true. I was completely alone. Even if the men could hear me, which was unlikely, it would take them three-quarters of an hour to reach the edge of the wood.

Heavens—there was actually a man scrambling up towards me from the black hut. At last the test came for my belief that a trusting smile is worth ten loaded guns. And in any case, I picked up a sharp-edged stone.

The man was Nuri. He had come to protect me against the hordes of Kurds who were presumably swarming in the woods. So he, too, had heroic instincts.

We lay silently side by side. I could smell the sweat of a week in Nuri's dirty flannel shirt, a strong smell like that of a horse. I was not looking at him but staring into the waving tree-tops and at the patches of cloud-covered sky. There was rain in the chilly air. I got up. "Let's go to that hut and see who's living in it."

The wooden building was at least sixty and probably more than two hundred years old. Nuri and I were blocking the low doorway which served as window so that the light from outside could only fall in narrow stripes through cracks in the half-rotted wall. Yet the long-stretched room was filled with a grey glimmer radiating from the far corner, from where also emanated a thundering, swishing sound that made the whole hut tremble. After a while I distinguished two enormous mill-stones, driven around by a rushing water-

fall, which was led into the hut over a narrow wooden shoot. The man I had seen before was tying up a sack of flour, and the little boy was cowering on the earthen floor near an old person with long white hair and a dried-up skin, dressed in a long white shirt, impossible to say if man or woman.

Near them the leaping flames of a fire were heating a large cauldron, suspended from one of the wooden beams that supported the roof. Everything was covered with a layer of flour and soot, even the faces of the three people turned to us with a silent question, and the air smelled dusty and smoky at the same time.

All this was strange enough, but strangest of all were the plants which grew down from the ceiling—formed like sea-weeds with a pelt of flour that had been turned yellow by the smoke, gently moving about in the trembling air. Did the spiders, swinging in their flour-covered webs, wait to be turned into devouring monsters by the touch of the sorcerer's wand? Was an owl sitting in the corner over there? Was that a bat flying about?

I turned away, but Nuri caught hold of my sleeve and pulled me back. "Look at the stones," he said. "Look at the flour—*çok beyaz*" (very white). The long-haired person beckoned me with the naked, bony arm of a skeleton to come nearer, but I mumbled a word of thanks and fled. Heaven alone knew what they were grinding between the heavy stones.

Nuri followed me, a little surprised at my sudden departure. "I shall go down to those houses," I announced. "I am very cold, I want a fire."

It was quite obvious that he resented my intention. Nevertheless he accompanied me, crossing the river in front of me and leading the way into the dangerous village. When we met the first inhabitant, a young man with a short moustache who came swaggering towards us, I nearly reached

for Nuri's hand. The peasant looked defiant and martial, as if at any moment he would pull a pistol out of his pocket, shoot down my valiant companion and drag me into his hut.

He halted two steps away from us, blocking the path. There was a great difference between him and the peasants I had met so far, a difference not so much in his features but in his general bearing and appearance. He stood very upright and proud as if he were the master of the village and the surrounding mountains. His face was clean and well-shaven, his brown suit, made of rough hand-woven cloth which lasted for a lifetime, consisted of proper breeches and a comparatively well-fitting jacket.

We stared at him, he stared at us, and no one spoke. When he reached into his pocket, I said hurriedly and with my best accent: "*Bu köy neresidir?*" (What is the name of this village?) If he saw that I could speak Turkish, he might consider me in a different light. And really, his coldly scrutinizing eyes were suddenly full of surprise and interest. He answered slowly, a word which I at once forgot. But at least polite relations were now established, and I thought it best to proceed with the conversation by asking him if he had always lived in this village, what his name was, if he were married and so on, all the little questions I had learnt by now.

Before long the three of us were sitting on a wooden bench in the front room of his father's stone hut, surrounded by a growing number of young men and children. The older men probably thought it bad manners to show curiosity, and the women, though not veiled in this region, were expected to avoid the company of men, especially when strangers were about.

Slowly I discovered the reason for Hasan's pride. He was twenty-two years old and had just finished his military service at Erzurum. There was no need for him to learn

how to use a rifle because he had grown up with one. But the army had taught him other things—discipline, cleanliness, a sense of time, improved methods for cultivating the land, reading and writing and—perhaps the most important of all—a feeling of responsibility for his fellow-men. He had been back in his village for the last seven months and obviously not forgotten what he had learnt.

Since his friends had slowly become accustomed to his new achievements, he was happy to have Nuri and me as admiring spectators when he began to write a few words on a sheet of paper which he always carried about with him. He drew the words carefully one after the other in capital letters, spelling them aloud at the same time. Then he looked up at me, his eyes glittering like those of an eager child: "Can you read?" I nodded and read aloud. He must have guessed from my expression that I did not understand the meaning. Something seemed to puzzle him. Then he remembered that I had told him I was a German. He gave me his pencil: "Write down the German alphabet—underneath the Turkish."

I wrote the Latin and the Gothic characters underneath each other. Hasan was delighted and overwhelmed by my two-fold intelligence. He showed the sheet triumphantly to the men around us, telling them a long story of which I only understood the word German and My Friend. I nudged Nuri and said "Pooh." He grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

Hasan retired with the two alphabets and left it to the others to continue the conversation. When he returned after a while, he had written the very same words as before, but this time in awkward Gothic capitals.

"Now you can understand," he said, "I wrote it in German."

"How clever of you. Of course, now I can understand."

I was careful enough not to read the words aloud again

and thereby reveal that they still remained Turkish to me. Fortunately, before he had time to think more carefully, his mother appeared in the door and invited me into the kitchen where a large fire was burning. By now my hands and lips were blue with cold. An icy wind was sweeping through the valley, and the bare front room gave little protection. So I was only too glad to follow her.

The kitchen was a large room where the family also slept and lived. It was clean and warm, and much better built and planned than the primitive mud-huts at Ardahan. The walls were made of properly cut stone-blocks held together by dried loam. High up, right underneath the slightly sloping wooden roof, were the three windows, each the size of a man's handkerchief. The roof itself was supported by four mighty wooden pillars, planted in a regular quadrangle into the carefully stamped floor. Around them on nails and strings hung all the family's clothes and the various kitchen utensils —a wardrobe was an unknown luxury. On the right, reaching from the entrance door right across the room, was a low wooden platform—the family bed and bench.

I sat down on it, close to the fire-place, but the oldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, went to a pile of carpets and mattresses and brought me a rug which she had made herself, for me to sit on. She was wearing a wide red skirt reaching down to her ankles and probably half a dozen others underneath, a blue embroidered vest, and a black and yellow pinafore. When she had seen to it that I was comfortable, she withdrew again behind the door, peeping out through a chink into the front room where the men were still sitting and talking. She kept giggling the whole time, and I thought her at first a little abnormal. But her mother told me that her fiancé was among the men outside, and that was reason enough for her behaviour.

The mother was busy baking bread. She was cowering in front of the fire and kneading the dough in an earthen

bowl. At last she put it into a round soot-covered clay-mould and placed a second like a lid on top. Then she heaped smouldering wood and ashes on it and pushed the whole carefully over to the fire where the bread would be baked within two hours.

She sighed with relief and straightened her back. Her face was still quite pretty in spite of her thirty-six years and neatly framed in a white cotton kerchief which she had laid loosely around her soft brown hair. She held out a plate of cherries to me, and like mice out of a hole half a dozen children of various ages appeared suddenly to claim their share. The youngest, a boy of about two years, came last and found only an empty plate. With tears streaming over his face he ran towards his mother, opened her blouse, and searched for her breast: he drank until she gently pushed him away. The peasant women often nurse their children up to the age of four, hoping that by doing so they will prevent conception. If they discover that they were mistaken, they use primitive means for abortion which kill thousands of them every year.

When I was just rising to leave, the master of the house arrived. He had been out on horseback and was still carrying the whip, playing with it as if he were well inclined not to restrict its use to speeding up his mare. Stamping to and fro in the kitchen in his high riding boots, he did not even seem to notice me. He was a tall, powerfully built man, dressed and looking like one of those rich Russian peasants whom we know from pre-War stories and plays—mighty, brutal, tyrannical. I slunk out of the hut and returned to the *kamion* where after seven hours' waiting the "lastik" had arrived for the repair.

CHAPTER XI

If We had only Wings

It was almost night when Nuri released the brakes to drive on. During the previous hours he had never uttered a single word of complaint or impatience, but it was only now, feeling the wheel in his hands again, that he took up his songs. We were slowly climbing over the mountains which grew wilder with every quarter of an hour, trying to keep as far away as possible from the edge of the precipices on our left—at some places not more than two or three feet. The clouds were drifting low, soon it began to rain. I turned round to the men on the butter-chests. They were sitting huddled together like hens under a hedge and grinned at me reassuringly.

We were moving now at a speed of five miles per hour, turning round continuously to follow the maddening bends. Nuri's coolie ran a few steps in front of the car to see if the road was clear. Suddenly in the shine of our headlights, we could see him waving at us with grotesque and frantic movements. His mouth stood open as if he were shouting, but we could hear nothing because the engine was rattling with a deafening noise. Nuri pulled up. Rocks had rolled down on the road, too huge to be removed even by the combined efforts of the men. Nuri looked at the space between the rocks and the abyss. He was not sure that he could do it, but he had to try. He told me to get out and ordered the men to hold on with all their strength to the right side of the car in order to pull it over to the inner side. Slowly, imperceptibly, he drove

the lorry forward. The off-side wheels were hanging over the brink, but by some miracle the lorry, though creaking as if it were going to break asunder at any moment, remained on the road.

The only sign of emotion which the men displayed after that exhausting effort was a grin of satisfaction. Hurriedly we climbed back on our seats with the exception of the coolie and Yusuf, one running in front and one behind the car to wedge stones under the wheels so that we should not slip backwards over the precipice. The rain had ceased to drizzle and was falling in thin persistent streams. From time to time the darkness was torn by yellow sheet lightning. We were by no means out of danger, but Nuri kept on singing. Occasionally he turned his head to me to see if I was all right, and I laughed bravely back at him—Allah was certainly with us. Had we not three *hocas* on board?

We were right up in the clouds when suddenly the left tyre at the back burst again with a whistling sound. In streaming rain, by the feeble light of a pocket lamp, the men set silently to work, not one of them protesting or accusing fate, but suffering with good-natured resignation. I had climbed out of the car to help them, but was soon sent back on the driver's seat, not unfriendly, but with enough firmness to tell me that I was of no earthly use. I wrapped myself in the stinking blanket which one of the peasants had given me. Half dazed I listened to the veiled voices of the men who went on working and pumping in turn, to the rain and to the roaring of a mighty waterfall somewhere not far from us in the dark.

I was slowly falling asleep when someone reached through the paneless window and tapped me on the shoulder. I started a little, but in the flash of the next lightning I recognized *Babaciğim* with his precious hat in his hand. He was soaking wet, the water streamed over his face, and his beautiful beard looked rough and ugly. Imploringly, he held up his bundle: "Take it, lady," he whispered, "the rain . . ." It must

have been a real sacrifice for him to part with it even for so short a time, but he saw no other way to save his treasure.

After three-quarters of an hour the damage was repaired and we moved slowly on. The rain and the little brooks running down from the rocks on the right had ploughed up the road. Often we were wrapped in wisps of cloud and could not see five yards ahead. The men behind us kept on shouting instructions which Nuri tried to follow. He hung his head through the door on his left because the screen obscured his view. At last we saw a light in front of us. We had reached the *han* on the top of the mountain-ridge. The journey which had seemed endless, had actually not taken us more than half an hour from the place of our last breakdown.

Someone came out of the hut, holding a lamp high in his hand and halting close to the door, in fear of the relentlessly splashing rain. I was so stiff I could hardly move, so Nuri lifted me out of the car and carried me through the morass to shelter underneath the overhanging roof. One after the other the men waded across the few yards, and like a horde of beaten soldiers we limped into the wooden hut, constructed as simply as those in the Alps.

In one of the two rooms a small iron stove was glowing with heat. All of us rushed towards it, not caring if we found a seat on the benches which ran around the walls, or had to sit on the dirty floor, as long as it was near enough to the reviving warmth. We were slowly thawing when *Babaciğim* discovered that I had left the bundle with his hat in the *kamion*. His despair made my heart ache with remorse and I got up to fetch the treasure. But with an imperious gesture he held me back—no one but he himself was going to rescue it. He brought it in underneath his dripping coat and placed it near the fire to dry it. One of the men made as if to throw it into the flames whereupon *Babaciğim* spat at him like a cat and quoted solemnly one of the Prophet's sayings : " The honour of him who jests

much diminishes and his gravity departs." The man looked taken aback and left him in peace.

We had hardly eaten anything during the whole day, and when two large tin-plates with fried eggs were brought in, most of us swarmed around the table, sniffing excitedly. We had no spoons and used bits of bread to pick up the eggs. They were swimming in pure butter, and the fat ran over our fingers and trickled down from our chins. We demanded a second portion, and after finishing that I drank half a pint of cream out of another, smaller tin-plate.

The three *hocas* took no part in the feast. They had stripped their shoes off and were kneeling on the benches, their faces turned in the direction of Mecca—how could they be sure of it, by the way? Completely unaware of the eating crowd, they said their prayers, and with every movement of their frail bodies their shadows swayed behind them, thrown against the wall by the light of the smouldering petrol-lamp.

The men had meanwhile become very noisy. Taking it in turns, they were telling jokes, breaking out into short volleys of laughter in which two of the *hocas* joined as soon as they had fulfilled their pious duty. Sitting on their crossed legs, they rocked forward and backward in hearty amusement as they had done before in prayer. The only persons not taking part in the general merriment were the third *hoca* who as usual was humming and reading in his Arabian book, and I, who did not understand the jokes. But perhaps that was just as well.

Soon the owner of the hut brought us a pile of rugs, pillows and mattresses, and somehow or other we arranged ourselves on the quadrangle of benches. A short while after most of the men were asleep, snoring contentedly in rising and falling chords. The rain was still drumming on the roof, the wind howled with increasing fury, but the crackling wood in the iron stove gave comfort and warmth. From time to time the coolie, like a sleep-walker, got up and stuffed another log into the fire or turned down the petrol-lamp. After spitting with

full force on the floor, he slipped down on the bench, burying his shaven head underneath his left arm. The smell of fried eggs, cheap tobacco, a smouldering wick, resinous wood, smoke and sweating humanity hung around all of us in thick clouds. It was no good moving restlessly about, there was no chance of getting away from it. So at last I, too, fell asleep.

Before the sun had risen, at four o'clock, we were all sitting on the *kamion* again. Nuri was trying to make up some of the lost time, but soon he had to admit that instead of gaining an hour or two, he would lose many more. We were still high up in the clouds. To our left was an abyss, many hundreds of feet deep, but we could only see masses of white surging steam. In the grey light of the morning the drive seemed even more dangerous than the night before, yet Nuri sang continuously or mockingly imitated the noise of the engine and the creaking of the overloaded car. After about two hours we began slowly to climb down. Whenever Nuri was changing gear, he banged it against my leg. We were now four in front—Yusuf and the coolie had joined us. I could no longer shiver with cold, I was squeezed in too closely, and it was impossible to move.

We were driving through woods of high fir-trees which only with difficulty wriggled out of the clasp of the clouds. Sometimes we passed a hamlet with huts in the Swiss style, and at each I implored Nuri to stop for a few minutes so that we could get something to eat. Each of us had only had one of the little glasses of tea before we left. Nuri merely laughed: "You won't get anything to eat here. The peasants have nothing for themselves. They are so poor that they disappear into the mountains when the tax-collector comes near them. What can he do? When he asks the women where their men are, they say working, and he can't wait forever."

I think Nuri exaggerated their poverty. I had heard the same story of the peasants in another district where it seemed much more likely. Here they would at least have a few cows and hens.

Towards ten o'clock the clouds rose, and I could see the round heads of the mountains, one chain behind the other, like a photograph of a school, the tallest children in the centre at the back, the smaller ones to the sides and in front. The *kamion* went round so many narrow bends that my stomach began to revolt and I was greatly relieved when at last we were out of the wood and I could see the clear colours of green and brown fields, upturned red earth, and the yellow zigzags of the road below us. Everything shone as if washed and full of delight I joined in Nuri's song.

Towards noon we stopped at a mountain-*han* for a short lunch, an exact repetition of last night's supper. The *hocas* quickly ran off to wash themselves and pray, but Nuri was merciless enough to drive on as soon as we had finished our meal without giving them a chance to get a bite. "Needn't have wasted all their time," he said maliciously. The punishment for his wicked behaviour came soon enough. Allah let the tyre go flat again. The *hocas* in their innocence did not understand that this was a sign from Heaven, and *Babaciğim*, who was by now quite an expert in repairing and changing tyres, kindly offered his help. He even urged the stone-*hoca* to forego his sleep and become his apprentice at the job.

It was quite obvious that we were merely limping forward from one breakdown to the next. The best we could hope for was that the brakes would prove strong enough to prevent us skidding backwards over the precipice.

I climbed up to a large rock and cowered down in front of it so that I was protected from the wind. Wood-covered mountains were around me as far as I could see, the highest still wrapped in clouds. Rushing streamlets and waterfalls furrowed their way down to the river which wound through the valley deep below. When the sun came out, it turned its yellow water into gleaming gold. Two soldiers chased along the road, followed by a train of silver dust, and I watched them passing out of sight like the clouds above. I was happy

and grateful for the rest. It was many years since I had lain like this and felt at peace with the world. As far as I was concerned, the journey need never end.

I changed my mind, however, when we had to stop again after another seven miles. Nuri clenched his teeth together in an effort to control himself. The men were all tired out and slowly beginning to wonder if they would ever reach their destination. In groups of two and three they marched off to the next village or farther on where the *kamion* would pick them up. Only the coolie, heavily spitting, and the two jolly *bocas* stayed with Nuri to help him. Nuri himself sat on the dashboard, his elbows resting on his knees, and brooded sullenly. When he saw me standing near him, he pulled himself together and grinned. "If we had only wings," he said, flapping his heavy arms to illustrate his words.

"What's the town over there?" I asked him, pointing across a lower mountain at a mass of houses in a distant valley.

"Artvin."

"Well, I shall walk to Artvin."

"You won't do anything of the kind. It would take you five hours."

"Oh, I could cut across."

"No, stay here."

He was not prepared to let me out of his sight again. Was I still under official supervision? But that seemed ridiculous because there was nothing dangerous I could do. I quarrelled with him until he allowed me to walk to a *han* nearby.

It stood at the wayside in a creek from where the road led off almost parallel in both directions. From a large balcony at the back one looked straight down on the tree-tops and a waterfall. A little boy came to keep me company, carrying a struggling black lamb in his arms. With a generous gesture he placed it in my lap where after a while it settled down and fell asleep. A hen brought her chickens and excitedly they all scratched the wooden floor. It was not much good—there were no

crumbs lying about. I should have gladly fed them, but all I could get to eat was a bowl of yoghurt.

Everything was green—the trees, and the grass, and the mountains further away. A blackbird was singing in a fir-tree. The melancholy crows which had accompanied me through the whole east, had at last remained behind, and I had not even noticed it. It seemed unimaginable now that only two days had passed since we left Ardahan. To spend a whole week in that miserable bareness whilst sixty miles away I could have sat on this balcony—no, I refused to think of it.

Every now and then people passed the hut, a man holding his wife before him on horseback, an old peasant swaying along on a donkey, a gendarme, a tramp. They all greeted us as they rode or walked on by touching their forehead with the palm of their right hand as a polite sign of respect, and I saluted them in the same way. At last a man came riding on a donkey, leading another one behind him. He laughed when he saw me: "Are you from the *kamion*?"

"Yes. How are they getting on? Are they ready?"

He pulled up his donkey: "Ready? Tomorrow morning."

"*Vah, vah* (too bad)," I said, wagging my head as I had seen the men do it. "What now? I can't sleep in the woods, and there is no bed here."

He looked at me full of sympathy. Suddenly he slapped his thigh so that the donkey jumped. He pointed at the animal behind him: "Would you like to ride to Artvin on that? A nice hotel there."

That was an idea! I had always wanted to ride on a donkey. It could not be so difficult. I remembered having sat on one as a child when a man had led me along the beach at Warnemünde. To ride a horse was difficult. It was a special art. But I could easily manage a donkey.

"Well, come along," the man urged kindly, believing that I hesitated because I was afraid. "I want to be home before dark."

So the two of us rode off together, to the delight of the little boy who was struggling again with the black lamb. I could hear him shout "*Allaha ismarladik*" until we turned round the bend. The man rode in front of me, and I thought that if I just imitated the way he was sitting, I would be all right. But there was no bridle and the primitive saddle kept turning round under me. I slid from one side to the other, touching the ground with my left foot or my right, whilst the man in front enjoying the advantage of a broad bottom and short legs, seemed very comfortable.

My donkey was a kind little animal, and I am sure it would have struggled bravely on if at last I had not taken pity on it. When we were turning round the twentieth bend and my left foot touched the pebbles again, I pulled the right leg over and slid off, swaying like one who had just disembarked from a wind-tossed boat. The donkey halted to give me another chance. But I only patted its back and slapped its haunch so that it walked on. And without the man noticing it, I ran back as fast as my aching body allowed and hid behind some trees.

Nuri, who had been told that I had ridden off to Artvin, was a little surprised when he saw me waving for the *kamion*. I told him that I had changed my mind a few yards away from the *han* and had walked instead. He seemed somewhat doubtful, but only looked at me with his usual grin and repeated his previous remark about the advantage of wings. I nodded emphatically—I quite agreed.

Through the fading light we drove down towards Artvin. Often the car had to back twice to turn round the acute angles of the bends. When we reached the bridge over the river, it was night. A long procession of oxen-carts was blocking the road. They were laden with the sawn-up trunks of walnut trees and the drivers ran behind with old-fashioned lamps in their upraised hands, shouting and trying to get the loads off the carts. From here onward the Çoruk was navigable, and

the wood was to be sent down to the coast by barge. Nuri decided to get rid of the butter-chests in the same way, and whilst he and the men worked feverishly, the *hocas* ran off again to wash and say their prayers which had long been due.

In a burst of miraculous energy, Nuri decided to proceed with the nearly empty car to Borçka instead of spending the night at Artvin. Borçka was another thirty miles northward, but it would be a trifle without the constant nightmare of bursting tyres. Most of the passengers had disappeared, only three workers, Yusuf, the *hocas*, and I remained. I sat at Nuri's side. He was so tired that he could only keep awake by singing loudly and talking to himself or shouting unintelligible words into the air. The *kamion* was now as easy to handle as a perambulator, and he raced madly up the mountain-side and round the sharp curves, hardly reducing the speed when he had to back.

We were climbing the whole time. Suddenly the car became stuck in a brook which ran across the road, and the front wheels began to spin. Nuri pulled up the brakes, too exhausted to leave his place. He leaned forward, and within a moment he was asleep. The coolie jumped down and wedged stones and brushwood underneath the tyres, Nuri awoke, jerked the *kamion* forward and raced on again. The headlights dashed over the rocks and the black sky. I had folded my hands in resignation, hoping I would be killed right away and not merely crippled for the rest of my life.

Behind us the men rolled and bumped about like a handful of carrots, but Nuri went on until a fearful howl pierced the night. He slowed down and shouted back: "What has happened, what's the matter?" And the men answered in a loud chorus: "The *hoca* has lost his hat—the *hoca* has lost his hat!" The air trembled with their laughter, and Nuri, too, howled with delight. He was suddenly wide awake again and would have driven right through to Hopa if the men had not protested.

At Borçka the *hoca* climbed down from the *kamion*, a broken man. Beyond himself, he murmured the word which hitherto had been a term of worship and now was uttered in a tone of accusation : " Allah, Allah, Allah——"

" Hah, *Babaciğim*," said Nuri, slapping him on the shoulder, " there you see at last what your Allah does for you. Well, don't worry, he who has been drenched, need no longer be afraid of the rain."

The hotel was very small and could only accommodate a few of us. I was ushered into the best room where the two most comfortable beds of the house stood, one behind the other. " *Siz burada, şoför burada* " (you here, chauffeur there), explained the *otelci* in a simplified Turkish, pointing at the two beds. I did not protest. After yawning a short " *pek eyi* " (very well) I dropped on my bed, already half asleep. I saw Nuri taking a large pistol and a lot of money out of his breast-pocket and pushing them underneath his pillow, then he turned off the light, and two minutes later we both were breathing peacefully.

I did not hear him get up. The sun was shining through the curtainless window when I awoke. I washed myself hurriedly in a little lavatory where the water ran in a thin stream out of an empty petrol-tin hanging on the wall, and ordered five *simits*, two eggs, and three glasses of tea for breakfast. Nuri was at the river to make inquiries about his freight, and I went out to look for him. I had not gone far when a tall, broad-shouldered man came running towards me. He was hatless and dressed in white trousers and a white sleeveless vest, and his face and arms and neck had under the influence of the sun assumed the colour and shine of brown leather. " Guten Morgen," he said, " Willkommen in Borçka." He shook my hand so hard that my arm nearly dropped off.

He soon explained. The Ministry of Public Works was building a bridge over the Çoruk and he and another Czech engineer were in charge of the construction which they carried

out for the Skoda-works. It was a first-class piece of engineering—a single unsupported span of about 370 feet in length stretched from one bank to the other, beautiful in the simplicity of its bold line. The men were now busily painting it with red lead, in a few weeks the work would be completed after altogether nine months.

The engineers were rough men and used rough language. "At the beginning of May I thought the whole bloody thing would be carried piecemeal down to the sea," one of them said, wiping his heavily sweating brow—the climate was different here from that at Ardahan. "The Çoruk was flooding everything around, the water thundered down from the mountains, it made you dizzy to look at it, and that cowardly dog, the ferry-man, refused to take me over to the other side where I had to do some emergency repairs—none of my men, of course, were prepared to go."

He tried to get a boat, but the owner was afraid that it might be smashed in the course of the dangerous crossing and demanded fifteen liras in advance. The engineer cursed like the devil, but he had no choice other than to pay the money out of his own pocket and to fight all by himself against the raging elements. It did not surprise me that he had no very high opinion of the people in the town. "It was high time the Government kicked them in the pants. Perhaps it'll teach them how to behave."

He and his colleague, however, were full of praise for the peasants whom they described as desperately poor, but honest and hospitable. They were full of all kinds of stories about them and promised to tell me all they knew if I stayed on after they finished work in the evening. I could proceed by one of the company's lorries the following day. As soon as I had accepted, I felt regret, and when I saw Nuri waving at me from the opposite bank, I knew that I had to go on with the men on the *kamion* until we had reached the end of the journey. They had not demanded this loyalty and would not miss me if I

stayed behind. And yet I belonged to them, though I would never be able to explain why, least of all to the engineers. They were much too sober-headed and European to understand.

I took my seat at Nuri's side, praying that neither of the engineers would discover our departure, but we had hardly rolled on a few hundred yards when the one I had met first came running after us, shouting at Nuri to stop. Nuri, who must have guessed what was in my mind, told the engineer that he had orders to take me straight to Hopa.

"Nonsense," said the engineer contemptuously. They argued for a while in angry Turkish. When the engineer began to call Nuri names, I thought it time to intervene and explain that I was not abducted, but had rather stick to the men. Whilst the engineer stood staring at me, for the first time speechless, I nudged Nuri to drive on. There was nothing else I could do. I was ashamed, but only like a schoolgirl deceiving a kind teacher. An overwhelming feeling of happiness and freedom swept everything else away. It was one of those rare moments when you believe that it is in your power to fly merely by spreading out your arms. If you resist the temptation, it is because you are too sure of your ability to be in haste, and too enchanted to feel any desire for a new experience which might distract you from your present joy.

Nuri drove as fast as he could, anxious to reach Hopa before noon. The road, twenty-five miles long, had been completed in 1933 by the Ministry of Public Works. It was a simple metalled road, but after the experience of the previous days it seemed to me as smooth as a parquet floor. We were climbing down, the *kamion* rolling on by its own weight. Bend followed bend, precipices opened on all sides, waiting to swallow us up, but they had long lost all terror for me.

Slowly our party was breaking up. The peasants dropped off one after the other, Yusuf was suddenly gone, *Babaciğim* and the stone-*hoca* collected their bundles and climbed down.

They disputed wildly with Nuri who demanded a special baksheesh, which in the end they paid with wry faces, picking the piastres one by one out of their large shabby purses. I wanted to talk to them, to tell them that I would always remain their friend, that I felt with *Babaciğim* in his great sorrow about the loss of his hat and that I hoped the stone-*hoca* would one day find a softer pillow, but they turned quickly away and walked up a mountain-path, and I had only time to shout after them : " *Allaha ismarladik, Babaciğim—Allaha ismarladik, hoca effendi !* " And from behind the rocks came the answer : " *Güle, Güle !* " (smile, smile !)

I was no longer drunk with happiness. Gradually the intoxication evaporated, and I began to realize that the moment was near when I would be alone again. These men had only been companions for a short journey. In the long run, my place was not at their side, but at that of the engineers. I belonged to Europe, Nuri and the *hocas* to Eastern Anatolia. There was no pride or consolation in the thought.

All of a sudden, Nuri pointed ahead and shouted, his voice ringing with triumph : " Deniz—Kara Deniz ! " Without waiting for an answer, he broke into a tumultuous song. A dark blue strip stretched across the end of the valley—we had reached the Black Sea.

PART II

CHAPTER I

Forward to Civilization

I SHALL not describe the charm of Hopa—its white houses on the beach before the background of the wooded mountain-ranges, its fat gay minaret and quiet bazaars, the market-square with its pigeons and the sea-gulls flying low over the onrolling waves, the golden sunsets and the moonlight in the misty valleys, the rustling trees in front of the hotel, right at the edge of the water, and the sailing boats drifting towards the horizon.

I want to keep it all to myself because one day, when I am old, I shall retire to Hopa, content to sit in my little room at the *Palas Oteli*, the same little room which I inhabited last year. It is like a glass box with its three large windows, one framing the sea, the other the beach and the third opening out to the mountains. I could live cheaply, too. Half a crown a day would be more than enough. But I am afraid to say another word lest I might find ten thousand bungalows, a dozen cinemas, and all other modern conveniences on my return.

Trembling with poetic feelings, I set out that first night for a walk after supper. The *muezzin's* voice rang out behind me: "*Tanri uludur, Tanri uludur . . .*" fading away as he walked slowly around the platform of the minaret. Frogs croaked in a little pond, bewitched by the moon, glow-worms glittered on the grass, the branches of the trees moved softly, and the waves quieted down, tired after a playful day. I took off my shoes and waded through the shallow

water, chosing a large rock to sit down, dreaming myself to be a mermaid and looking longingly at the lights of Batum, far, far in the distance.

Heaven knows what masterpiece of poetry I might have composed had I not been rudely interrupted. A gendarme came along the beach, his polished buttons on his white jacket shining in the moonlight. He climbed on to the rock next to mine, an insignificant, conceited man who did not fit in the least into my romantic mood. Soon he asked me the old question, why at my age I was not yet married, and after I had snapped an answer, he praised Turkish husbands in general and the men of Hopa in particular. My muttered assent encouraged him sufficiently to propose to me : " I never beat you—I give you kind words like honey."

To state the horrible truth—he was drunk. I could smell it now, and his following suggestion destroyed all possible doubt : he wanted me at least to bathe with him.

" *Bana bak* " (Look at me, listen), I said, rising to my full dignity, " I bathe not, I marry not. You go away at once." But the gendarme was obstinate. " Very well, I shall go," I shouted at him. " And don't you follow me or may a scorpion gnaw at your throat." It was the only curse I knew and sounded most terrifying to me. I picked up my shoes and ran off. There was a loud splash behind me—the gendarme had slipped into the sea.

Panting I reached the *konak*. On the ground floor was the prison cell. Through a barred French window a group of silent men stared at me, their faces ghostly in the white moonlight. One of them stretched his hand through the bars, I started and stepped back ; but he had only tried to catch a glow-worm flying past. Carefully I took one from a bush and held it on my palm towards the motionless men when I heard the steps of the gendarme behind me. I ran away, the glow-worm still on my palm, sixteen eyes following me until I had disappeared behind the trees.

A man was waiting for me at the hotel, the "captain" of a small motor-boat sailing the following day for Rize. He was drunk, too, and I turned him out. One proposal was enough. Under my pillow I found a loaded pistol, either forgotten by someone who had slept in the bed before me, or placed there by the attentive *otelci*. I blew out the petrol-lamp and went to bed. The room was full of moonlight and the low sound of waves, it was all very beautiful, but I had given up the idea of writing a poem.

The motor-boat left at ten o'clock, three hours later than announced. I embarked with a large basket full of provisions. The boat had no tyres but it could break down just the same, and I wanted to be prepared for the worst. The captain, looking like one of the pirates in *Peter Pan*, wore a white linen bonnet, neatly embroidered in purple and yellow. His wife had obviously copied a model from the *Nursery Pattern Book*. Before we set out, he knelt down to pray, joined now and later by only one of the passengers, an equally old man.

The boat was as crowded as the *kamion*, though the freight —wicker-chairs, huge clay jugs, and empty petrol tins—was lighter. Among the passengers was a gendarme with his veiled wife and sick little boy whom they were taking to the hospital at Rize. The woman kept nagging at the gendarme but he obeyed her orders patiently. My drunken admirer had been right—Turks were good husbands.

This whole region is known for its heavy and frequent rainfalls, but June and July are dry months, and we had chosen the most perfect summer morning. Slowly we passed along the shore, bay after bay opening in wide or narrow curves, hemmed in by the steep walls of the mountains. The highest peaks with their snow- and cloud-caps were clearly reflected in the gently stirring sea. We stopped at many villages, white houses stretching along the sandy beach, overtowered by poplars and minarets. When we left again with a

few more passengers, naked boys jumped into the water and swam after us, shouting and laughing. Once the gendarme shot three times into the air to show his joy and authority, but his wife scolded him so bitterly for disturbing the fever-ridden baby that he sat meekly down and did not move again until we reached Rize.

The little town was friendly and clean. The houses were neatly painted in bright contrasting colours and riddled with windows, the shops brimful with all the fruits of Eden—cherries, lemons, oranges, olives, and fresh cucumbers, arranged in patterns on large green leaves. I gazed at them, wondering dumbly why they shone with such intensity. Then I discovered that the bazaars were lit by electric light. I walked hurriedly back to my hotel. There was a switch, I turned it on, and it worked—the room was illuminated.

It was quite a shock. So I was really back in civilization. I was not very eager to return. Perhaps never again would I be so carefree and young as in those weeks which had just passed. Electricity—that meant a step nearer to Europe, to chaotic politics, to a respectable life. What prospects! Blast the electricity! I switched it off and undressed in the dark.

The night was long enough to make me change my mood. A steamer was lying off shore, and I felt an irresistible impulse to sail away in her, even if she should move towards civilization. But she was waiting until the following day, and I had suddenly no time to lose. A lorry-driver offered to take me to Trabzon, and I accepted in spite of his warning that the road would be a little rough. He did not know that I had travelled through the east.

I sent a telegram to Nejat, the little engineer whom I had met on the boat to Samsun. When we turned into the market-place at Trabzon, he stood there waiting and waving his hat as soon as he recognized me. He was as happy to see me again as if I were his oldest friend. I felt quite ashamed because I had never thought of him until

that morning. After he had calmed down a little he told me that he had been ordered to leave that evening for Sivas via Samsun, and implored me to go with him at least part of the way. I had intended to spend a few days in Trabzon, but how could I refuse the only wish of my new old friend?

In a quiet coffee-house we worked out a plan how I could best see the town in the three hours left before sailing. I told Nejat that I should like to see whatever still existed of ancient Trabezos, legendary capital of the Pontic Empire. I remembered stories of beautiful princesses for whose favour kings and heroes had fought in gorgeous tournaments, of camel-caravans laden with the treasures of the Orient, and of sailing ships from all over the world, piercing the sky with their tall masts.

"You love that?" He was full of contempt and indignation. "You are just like American tourists. They creep here, nose in the sand, look for past. I tell you, past is dead. We had war. All dark. Then came sun—Atatürk. Sun pushed away all dark. Sun made new Turkey—*Cümhuriyet* (Republic). Now we follow Atatürk—*Ileri, ileri, daima ileri!*" (Forward, forward, always forward.)

He was quoting from one of the President's famous speeches. His brown eyes glowed with excitement. He scolded me for having wasted so much time in the backward east. "You go with me, I show you new Turkey. Then you write Turkey makes great progress."

Amazed, I looked at him. Was this the same young man who two months ago had told me timidly of his first love? It seemed impossible to believe it, and yet there he sat in his old brown suit, stammering in the same broken English. I had not often felt motherly towards anyone, but how else could I describe this protective emotion which wanted to preserve his youthful eagerness?

How easy it is, I thought, to be enthusiastic in a country where progress can still be measured by new bridges and

so-and-so many miles of road. He went on speaking and explaining. Only a stone could have remained unmoved. In other circumstances such unrestrained patriotism and the deification of the head of the state would have annoyed and repelled me. I have always considered nationalism more a vice than a virtue. But I understood that in the case of Turkey it had a necessary function. It was needed to unite a primitive peasant population which for so long had been held together by the person of the Sultan who was both successor of Osman, and Caliph or " Shadow of Allah on Earth ".

Any kind of unification can only be carried out by drawing a firm line against outside groups. Nationalism needs an adversary. Turkey, however, has no exterior enemy whom she wants to fight. The task has been conferred upon her own past which is painted as a time of ignorance, disease, poverty, endless wars, and general misery. Against these hostile forces the battle is waged by the Turkish youth and all progressive elements, with Atatürk in the position of Commander-in-Chief. It is no mere sinecure, he is the real leader of the country. The enthusiastic devotion which his followers offer him is justified by more than wild appeals to die for the glory of the nation.

Trabzon seemed just like another Rize, with thirty instead of fifteen thousand inhabitants. If I had visited the remains of the past, it would have taken little time. One or two mosques and churches and a few unsightly ruins were all that was left. Nejat hardly allowed me to glance at them. He led me straight to a newly laid-out little park in the centre of the town, in the evening illuminated by coloured electric bulbs on strings between the trees. A loud-speaker cheered the leisurely promenading crowd with western marches and dances and an occasional aria from an Italian opera. " *La donna è mobile* . . ." sang an oily tenor as we walked out of the gate.

During the following hours I visited the public library and reading-room—where I was presented with copies of French and English newspapers, the first I had seen since leaving Istanbul—a modern cinema which advertised a film of Norma Shearer's, the beginnings of a new thoroughfare, the tennis-courts of the local club, and the club-house still under construction.

" You did not think we play tennis ? " Nejat asked proudly. " And cinema, and theatre-league. Oh, everything is new."

About twenty lycée students came on board with us, waving wildly as the steamer slid past their school. They were going on an excursion to the tobacco factories of Samsun and entertained the passengers with songs and country dances. I asked some of them what they wanted to do after leaving school. Their answers were polite and self-assured. Most of them planned to go to the university, and medicine and modern science were the favourite faculties. When I asked them if they were prepared later to work in Anatolia, they said : " Of course, we'll go wherever we are needed." Nejat had overheard the conversation and smiled proudly at me.

It grew so hot during the following morning that I felt an irresistible longing to dive into the blue water. We halted off a village to take in hens, and eggs, and butter, and I changed into my bathing-suit, put my coat on top and slipped down to the lower deck. The kitchen gangway was half-lowered, only a few of the crew were about, and I stepped out and plunged from a height of about ten feet.

I do not think I emerged very gracefully. Splashing, spitting, fighting for breath, my hair sticking to my head and hanging over my face, I came back to the surface. When I was able to look up at the steamer towering above me I got such a shock that I quickly dived again—at least three hundred people were staring at me, the third and deck class passengers, the crew, the students, part of the first and second class travellers, and the captain. It took a while until they

realized that I did not want to drown, but merely to cool myself.

A young negro steward let the gangway down for me and hauled me back on board. Swaying and shivering and leaving a trail of little ponds behind me, I marched back to my cabin. Everybody was very nice when at last I came out, the boys congratulated me, two women in *charshafs* threw back their veils and kissed me on the cheeks, and Nejat looked as proud as if I had just won the Olympian championship.

Soon after midday we cast anchor off Giresun. It was the first of July, the day which the Turkish ports celebrate as the "*Kabotaj-Bayrami*". Our steamer, the biggest boat lying off-shore, was dressed overall, the other boats were decorated with pennants and the fishermen's barges with garlands of flowers. Large red flags waved everywhere above the town and along the shore, showing the crescent and star or the six white arrows of the People's Party. The houses clustered in a narrow valley and climbed from there up to a steep rocky hill on the left where the white *konak* held the place of honour, balanced on the right side of the beach by a large yellow mosque.

Nejat and I went ashore to visit his cousin Galib, a civil servant, only three years his senior, but quite a man. He had apparently made it a habit to accompany even his slightest remark by a cynical smile. Nejat had told me a little about him, and Galib, with complete frankness, gave me further details. For eight years he had been living abroad, mainly in France, to study law. Now he was a junior town clerk with a monthly salary of fifty Turkish liras (about eight to nine pounds sterling). He could earn another fifty liras by outside work as legal advisor and petition-writer. But even that was not enough to keep himself, his wife and three children in a decent way, and he had therefore sent his family to live at his father-in-law's, somewhere in the interior.

"I don't complain. Turkey is a poor country. Things will be better in a few years' time."

"Don't you feel lonely without your family?"

He shrugged his shoulders and put on his cynical expression. "A man is never lonely. He has his consolations —oh, I am not speaking of women. You can't get them here without marrying them—unless you care for prostitutes, and they are scarce, too—and one wife is quite enough for me even if I were still allowed to have four. No, I am speaking of *raki*. Everybody drinks here. Life is so dull, we couldn't bear it otherwise. On Sundays we start at three o'clock in the afternoon, on ordinary days at six—that is the only difference."

I was glad that Nejat could not understand French. He would have been too shocked—in his opinion everybody had to live for ideals. Galib had to do some work at the law-courts and got permission for the two of us to attend the afternoon session. We were introduced to the judge who had been educated abroad, and the two official assessors, both graduates of the Istanbul university. One of them was a young woman, tall, slender, with a pale and serious face, her short curly hair brushed back from her high forehead. She wore her robe with great dignity. It had a stiff upstanding collar braided with gold, and very wide sleeves.

When the court entered, the waiting crowd—about twenty men and four women in *charshafs*—rose respectfully. Nobody spoke or coughed. The room was extremely simple, with rickety benches and old-fashioned tables, and bare of all decoration except the obligatory picture of Kamâl Atatürk. In one of the corners stood an iron stove, now useless and dead.

The defendants were brought in in turn, accompanied by two gendarmes, who were dressed in a kind of khaki uniform. The relation between them and the handcuffed men did not reveal the unbridgeable gulf which usually exists between

criminals and appointed authority or the respectable citizen. In a country with wide-spread poverty and primitive conditions the lines cannot be so sharply drawn. The gendarmes, belonging to the same class, did not feel themselves superior and only pushed the accused men gently forward.

Many of the prisoners were Lazes, members of a wild mountain tribe who for hundreds of years had resisted all attempts to tame them. They lived in independent communities, often in almost inaccessible valleys or hidden in the mountains, proud and hot-headed, all armed, in spite of heavy penalties, and upholding the law of vendetta. Now the Government had taken up the challenge and was trying its utmost to make them submit to a higher order.

The first prisoner brought in was a young man with very black hair. He was only fifteen, as I found out later. Standing, he listened attentively to the words of the clerk who read out the accusation. The judge, an elderly man with black spectacles and a high black cap, spoke quietly, followed by the public prosecutor who was sitting on the left. Sentence was one year's imprisonment for shooting at a neighbour when surprised stealing an axe.

The next man was condemned to four years' imprisonment for a similar offence. His brother had come to stand by him. They were both young peasants, very dirty and unshaven, the accused small and black-haired, and the brother taller and fair. He remained in the court-room when the prisoner was led away, neither speaking nor looking at him, and remained until the end of the session, sitting motionless in a corner.

The trial of an elderly man in a white and much patched serge jacket was adjourned. He was ill and was sent to hospital for examination. His skin was yellow, and his long black moustache quivered miserably. The next defendant was acquitted of the charge of stealing money from a fellow-worker. He leaned forward in order to understand and left

the court without showing any emotion on his Jewish-looking face.

And so the procession went on, all the men patient and submissive and quietly accepting their fate. The clerk spoke so low that the accused men could hardly understand him. It did not seem to matter very much. They had no imagination and knew little to be afraid of.

But then one prisoner was led in, and at once I saw that with him things were different. His name was Ali. He was a thick-set, slouching man of twenty-five, married and father of four children. (" They all marry at sixteen," Galib whispered contemptuously.) Ali had murdered a man whom he owed a large amount of money. He had shot him in the back when the man was on his way home from an auction of Ali's land. Since then Ali had spent two years in prison, and though the Turkish criminal law knows no solitary confinement, his nerves had obviously suffered badly. He had already been condemned to death, but since in such circumstances an appeal is compulsory, the case was heard a second time. The finding was the same.

Galib told me that one hope remained—Atatürk could pardon him. But he had never yet made use of his right. Ali was as good as dead. In about two months he would be hanged, soon after sunrise, in the open market place, and would remain there for two or three hours as a warning example to other men. At this time of the day few women and no children would be about, and the men would be none the worse for the warning. For them law was only an encroachment of an outside force which, if not menacing enough, could be swept away or made impracticable by their escape into the mountains.

Until the foundation of the Republic, judicial power had rested more or less with the religious authorities. But in 1926 the Government had carried out sweeping reforms, adopted the Italian criminal code, the Swiss civil law, and a

commercial code based on German and Italian ideas. It was an extraordinary change, and sitting in this little court-room in Giresun, I could not yet say how it worked.

All I knew was that the man in the dark suit was a murderer, the first murderer I had ever seen. In Germany I had fought for years for the abolition of capital punishment. Seeing this simple Turk in front of me, I felt more than ever justified. His arms, his shoulders were hanging down, blind fear paralysed him, he stood there waiting, a mere shadow of the man who had been, already feeling the rope around his neck. When he was sent back to his cell, he went like an animal, gently led by the gendarme.

The session ended on a more cheerful note. Two men were accused of abducting a woman from her husband's home and assaulting her in the woods, a rather frequent offence, especially in these parts of Turkey. The indignant husband was sitting in the corner of the court-room, frequently interrupting the proceedings. One of the defendants was a broad, fair-haired fellow who grinned like an imbecile and kept on chuckling to himself. After being remanded, he said laughingly: "*Pekeyi, efendim!*" (Very good, sir!) He seemed to think the three or five years' imprisonment which were waiting for him, a pleasant interruption in his monotonous life. His companion, however, was less delighted.

Galib suggested that we should have some ice-cream before we returned on board. We were slowly walking down to the coffee-house when we met a well-dressed elderly gentleman whom he greeted with extreme politeness. Turning to us, he said:

"Let me introduce you to Emin Bey, the director of our Agricultural Bank, and the greatest living expert on hazel-nuts. Ask him what you like, he knows everything about them."

Emin Bey, as I soon discovered, was not only a hazel-nut expert, but a hazel-nut enthusiast. When he described

the different sorts to me—never had I dreamt there were so many—he closed his eyes like a connoisseur tasting wine. Standing on the kerb of the pavement, with a stream of people, arabas, and carts passing behind him in both directions and a dozen workers busy with building a new house, he answered my questions with as much precision and concentration as if he were sitting in his study with his reference books at hand. Since he had compiled most of them himself and had just finished a short monograph of the hazel-nut, there was little need for him to consult them. Under the spell of his enthusiasm, the nuts seemed to grow in size and importance until at last the whole world fitted like a kernel into an ordinary shell.

I asked Emin Bey tentatively if Giresun had suffered by the emigration of the Greeks who had been very prominent in the hazel-nut cultivation and trade and were now slowly beginning to build up a competitive trade in Greece. Emin Bey laughed, greatly amused.

"Hazel-nuts from Giresun are hazel-nuts from Giresun—nothing can equal them. It's the sun and the rain and the soil that make them. Already the nuts in Ordu and Trabzon are different. Our nut, the Giresun nut, has an especially thin shell, a fine perfume, and a high degree of oil. It is the most expensive nut in the world, a nut for the connoisseur, not for those whose palates and tongues are like leather and who are content to swallow anything."

He was just on his way to a meeting of the Peasants' Credit Co-operative which had been founded a few years ago and of which he, as director of the Giresun branch of the state-owned Agricultural Bank, was the official supervisor. The Government was doing a good deal to assist the peasants not only by encouraging every effort of co-operation, but also by advising the hazel-nut growers with the help of pamphlets, posters, and lectures about improved methods of cultivation. And a week previously Emin Bey had received

CHAPTER II

Samsun Tobacco

OUR next port of call was Samsun. This time I had reached it from the east and thus completed the tour of Turkey's Black Sea coast as well as the circular journey of the north-east. Both Nejat and I disembarked, I to spend a few days on the previously postponed exploration of the town, and Nejat to arrange some official matters and get further instructions before he went to Sivas where he had to take up his new job.

Samsun, the most important and the biggest of the Black Sea towns, boasted a five-storied apartment house and some large warehouses on its sea-front. The streets were wide and clean and planted with trees which threw their trembling shadows on the cobbles and against the white façades of old-fashioned stone houses. There was a pleasant holiday air about the whole town. Little girls in short gaily coloured skirts skipped merrily through the streets, white-clad men sang *Dondurma, dondurma* (Ices, ices), drawling out the *a* in a nasal voice, flowers blossomed in window-boxes and little gardens, and the tendrils of wisteria and vine hung over walls and doorways.

In a cool modern chemist's shop where I bought some cold-cream to celebrate my return to civilization, the pharmacist told me that the new mayor of Samsun had for three years served as an officer with the German army. I made straight for the town hall where without formality I was admitted into the mayor's room and very cordially received. The mayor's

German was excellent. He was even able to imitate the clipped way of speaking characteristic of a dashing Prussian officer.

I told him a little about my journey, and he discussed the question of *kamions* with an eagerness which revealed at once that I had touched one of his pet subjects. I had not long to wait until he informed me, only with difficulty suppressing a too obvious ring of pride, that he had just succeeded in making the *vali* of Samsun forbid the simultaneous transport of passengers and goods and issue an official list of fares and freights.

"The people's interests come first, I said. Their comfort is more important than the profit of some unscrupulous individual."

Whilst we went on talking about Samsun and its problems, people kept coming into the room without so much as knocking at the door, and the mayor attended to them and their documents—how many documents there were about!—and turned back to me with an apology.

"Does everything in this town pass through your hands?"

Instead of answering, he reached for an old volume on his desk and began to read aloud and translate:

> "His door shall be always open, and consultation with him should be easy. It has been said: If any person to whom a single affair of the believers is entrusted, shut his door so that the oppressed and needy cannot reach him, to that man the Gate of Mercy shall be closed in the time of his great need, and he will be deprived of the universal compassion and perfect kindness of the Exalted and Lofty Allah."

"This is a quotation from an old book on Ottoman statecraft. Our Republic is secular, but these old principles are still valid—though, of course, my secretary protects me from the worst. If you ever go to Ankara—and you ought to—you will find the doors equally open there."

It was a real pleasure to talk to him. He spoke with great frankness and an exact knowledge of everything that concerned

the town. As in Giresun, so I asked here what effect the emigration of the Greeks had had on the affairs of Samsun. In the Ottoman Empire, trade and commerce had been dominated by Greeks and Armenians whilst the Turks had occupied themselves with agriculture or served their country as soldiers or civil servants. After the War of Independence Turkey had found herself suddenly deprived of the most experienced merchants and a large and influential part of the middle class.

The mayor admitted that Samsun had been badly hit. "But," he added, "we no longer miss them. Turks have taken over their jobs, and then the Americans came eleven years ago—the Gary Tobacco Company. They employ about fifteen hundred women here in the sorting and preparation of tobacco and send the raw tobacco directly to America. The Greeks, by the way, made themselves rich, but they did nothing for the town. Life was very primitive—no water supply, no electricity. Now, since 1928, we have both. And in 1930 we began to pave the main roads. And we have radio—about a hundred sets in the town."

"And the world-crisis? Have you not suffered from it here?"

His optimism remained unperturbed. "Of course we have. But things have begun to improve. Our income from the port is rapidly rising again, and our pockets are not quite so empty. We can continue with improving the town." He pulled open the drawers of his desk and piled up maps and ground-plans. "We are going to build a covered market, a modern slaughter-house with cold storage, and a new sewage system. Our present one is fifty years old and merely leads the refuse into the sea. The Government have been talking for quite a while about the construction of a proper harbour. If they don't start soon, we'll build a new pier on our own. But don't think we are taking all this in hand higgeldy-piggeldy. Samsun is one of the Turkish towns which have worked out a five-year plan

STATUE OF ATATÜRK, SAMSUN.

OLD STREET, SAMSUN.

TURKISH GIRLS, SAMSUN.

TOBACCO WORKERS, SAMSUN.

of their own, and I have also asked Ankara to send us a foreign expert on town-planning."

He looked up at me with an expression of triumphant satisfaction, and I had no doubt that he was the man to carry out his plans. When I asked him for an introduction to the director of the Government tobacco factory, he said whilst signing the hundredth document : " We're not so grand here. You just go and ask him. I'll give you a man to show you the way. You must also see the People's House before you leave. And if you want anything else, you can always find me here."

I went over the factory from top to bottom and even inspected the lavatories. The building was forty years old, but very well kept, bright and well aired. The director, an old ailing man, insisted on taking me round himself. He had given his life's work to this factory and cherished its four hundred workers with a truly paternal love. Most of them were women and girls from fourteen years onward, wearing grey linen overalls and dust-caps. They looked neat and business-like, not so very different from the girls I had once watched at Wills' tobacco factory at Bristol. When I told him that, he beamed like a child who had received a school-prize. He had a very high opinion of the English efficiency.

" My girls are good and steady workers, and I can trust every single one of them. Every year two million kilos of tobacco pass through their hands. What do they earn ? Well, most of them are on piecework and make seventy-five to eighty piastres a day. The Americans at Gary's pay them approximately the same. It's not much, but enough to keep them—you must allow twenty-five piastres for a proper meal in a restaurant."

What a difference between these agile girls and the dumb, timid women of the east ! I remembered their illiteracy and turned to the director : " Can all of these girls read and write ? "

He called the girl standing next to him away from the big

American cigarette machine and gave her a piece of paper and a pencil, explaining something in Turkish. She was about eighteen, with raven-black bobbed hair and a comely figure. Not in the least shy, she wrote slowly in large Latin letters: Hadiye Yildiz. "That's her name. Yildiz is her new surname, meaning star. We all have to have surnames since last spring." And then she asked politely for my name and wrote it letter after letter as I spelt it.

"Thank you, Hadiye, that's enough." He beckoned an elderly woman and she too wrote down her and my names. "We always organize obligatory courses in reading, writing and general knowledge during the winter months. They have five lessons a week, half an hour during working time and half an hour during their own free time. Two girls who joined us as illiterates are now employed in our offices. Come and have a word with them."

Before I left he led me into a little garden near the entrance gates, overflowing with carnations, roses, and sunflowers. "I had the garden laid out here so that the girls should have something nice to look at when they come and go." He presented me with a large bunch of red carnations, and one of the office girls came rushing out with a cheap camera and asked permission to take my photograph. I am afraid I forgot to close my mouth. I was too deeply surprised.

After supper Nejat took me for a walk. He was leaving the following morning, and it was our last evening together. He had been detailed to the "Simeryol", the company carrying out the construction of the new railway line between Sivas and Malatya. I would follow him in a few days to make a tour of the line and later begin my long railway journey through the western half of Turkey.

The streets lay quiet in the clear moonlight, full of the scent of blooming acacia trees, and of honeysuckle and roses which grew in the little gardens. From over a grey stone wall came the sound of a high-pitched woman's voice, accompanied by the

typical instruments—a reed playing the short repetitive melody in a harsh and fragile way, and a tambourine with castanets, thudding and tinkling in a strong rhythm of its own. Suddenly the music broke off on a high note, followed by the clapping of hands and excited shouts of " brava, brava ". I looked at Nejat.

" Oh, it's only one of those old-fashioned concert-gardens."

" Can we go in? "

" If you like. No good, Arabian, desert. It makes people lazy and content with primitive life. Government wants music from Europe, away from the east."

" Ah, do come in, just for a little while . . ."

We pushed our way into the garden which was lit by the glaring light of high arc-lamps. The gravel gnashed under our feet, we stumbled over outstretched legs and knocked against chairs and tables, but no one paid any attention to us. Eager not to miss a sound, men and women were listening to the famous Eftalya, the " Daughter of the Sea."

Eftalya stood on the stage of a small pavilion which had the form of an enormous shell. Its inside was papered with silver stars on a blue background. A picture of Atatürk hung behind her. He looked serious, almost a little grim, as if he were frowning at her performance and the enthusiasm of the crowd. The singer was neither beautiful nor young. She was of Greek origin and had risen to fame before the Great War when any Moslem woman who had dared to appear on the stage would have been stoned to death. Yet, in the opinion of her audience, no one could sing the old Turkish love-songs as beautifully as Eftalya. For them she had no age, for them she looked more glamorously attractive than any pretty girl of sixteen.

She was wearing a pale pink evening dress, covered with coloured glass studs which also shone abundantly in a diadem around her bleached yellow hair. Whenever she moved her body or head—and she did not remain motionless for a second

—they glittered so vividly that it hurt to look at her, and distracted the gazing eyes from her waxen face which was covered with white powder and rouge, and from her strained neck which more than anything else revealed her real age. Wringing her glittering hands in front of her bosom, she sang :

" You have fled into the mountains, my little fair-haired dove——"

And stretching out her arms in an all-imploring gesture, she went on :

" Shall I never see your white teeth again, smiling between your blood-red lips ? "

A man in a light grey suit stepped behind her when she began her next song. He was playing a violin to accompany her in a slower, but carefully observed rhythm. The instrument in his hands shrieked and yelled, and her drawn-out voice, rising straight out of her throat, trembled high in the air, love-sick and forlorn :

" Ah, Süheyla, ah, Süheyla,
You rose in the wreath of my happiness . . ."

The tambourine player took up the rhythm and rattled his instrument, and the men in the garden sharply tapped their feet : " Tom-tomtom-tara, tom-tomtom-tara——" until the song broke off suddenly. Slowly I, too, began to understand that Eftalya was as ageless as a voice on the edge of the desert, a last lonely voice from the Turkey that has passed to the shadows.

Close to us stood a table with six officers around it. The oldest, a colonel of about fifty, had pushed his cap back, and I could see the grey bristles on his shaven head. He had a plump, very dark face and listened with a serious and absorbed expression. On his right sat a young lieutenant, hardly more than twenty-five. The brown uniform, the belt, the leather strap across his right shoulder—all fitted him to perfection as if he had taken a special pride in choosing it. His eyes were dark

and soft and shone with delight. He smiled and looked at the colonel. I turned to Nejat.

" What are they talking about ? "

Bit by bit Nejat translated that he was speaking about the gramophone in the mess-room. They had records of Eftalya's songs, but the one she was singing just now was not among them. He had never seen her before. He thought her very beautiful. And in a contemptuous tone Nejat added :

" The fool—has he not eyes ? "

Suddenly, in the middle of the third verse, as if he could not bear to wait until the end, the young officer pushed his chair back and jumped to his feet, and in his loudest voice he shouted : " Long live the Daughter of the Sea ! " He laid his left hand on the colonel's shoulder and lifted his glass in his right. The colonel, though still solemn, responded to the toast : " Long live the Daughter of the Sea ! "

Near the stage a man rose heavily from the group of his quietly drinking friends and came over with swaying steps to the officers' table, bringing his glass of *raki* with him. He clinked it against the officer's beer-glass, and then passed on to another table. " *Merhaba !* " he said, an Arabian word which means Hello ! still used by villagers, and looked wistfully into the stranger's face, who answered politely with the customary formula : " May the peace of Allah be on you ! " Thus encouraged, the drunken man steadied himself and asked wonderingly : " You are my dear brother, aren't you ? "

The other man nodded without opening his mouth. " Well, then come over to our table and let me offer you a drink." But the man, not ashamed to accept, did not want to leave his friends. " Oh, bring them along." When he saw that his new brother was still hesitating, he began to beseech him : " Do come and have a drink. I kiss your eyes, my brother. I shall be your humblest slave for ever after. I kiss your feet. Don't let me die in misery. Do come ! "

No one could have resisted these fervent entreaties. The

man, after an apologetic remark to his friends, got up and walked away with his triumphant relative.

And still Eftalya sang. But I was tired now. I had finished eating my cherries. The block of ice on which they had been brought to me, had melted away, and the gravel around me was strewn with the stones which I had spat on the ground, following the example of the other cherry-eaters. I looked at Nejat. "Shall we go?" he asked at once. I nodded. It was nice to be understood without words.

Outside in the street the moon was still shining, blotting the pavement with the irregular shadows of the trees. We walked slowly on. My thoughts were drifting away on a stream of friendliness. "You are my brother, aren't you?" And I still heard the Daughter of the Sea: "Ah, Süheyla, ah, Süheyla, you rose in the wreath of my happiness . . ." Nejat was silent. His face looked determined and serious. Did he dream of the great things he would do for his country?

When we turned round a street corner, the faint sound of a small orchestra could be heard, and after a while we reached the house in which they played—a white villa with a large, illuminated picture of Atatürk over the brightly lit entrance-gate and a notice board: *Samsun Halk Evi*—People's House. In a room on the ground floor a girl was hammering the piano. The other members of the little orchestra, about half a dozen girls and young men, were sitting rigidly on their chairs in a semi-circle behind her, moving up and down the bows of their violins and cellos.

The conductor, a slender young man, was beating time with a pencil, and through the open window his voice could be heard counting the bars of the music—the allegro of Schubert's Trout Quintet: "*In einem Bächlein helle* . . ." The unskilled hands of the players hesitated frequently, but he kept urging them on: "*Bir, iki, üç*"—one, two, three—and after some repetition they gained confidence, and the purling melody

rang out merrily into the night. Poor old Eftalya—there was really no longer any room left for her.

"You need not grin so maliciously, Nejat—she has given great happiness to thousands of your beloved countrymen."

"Eftalya croaks like a peacock. She is a dangerous woman. She makes people cry for yesterday."

"When we are older, we all cry for yesterday. But you can be happy, Nejat. You are very young."

"We both are young," he said with his usual gravity, but his eyes glittered as he looked at me.

NOTE TO CHAPTER II

Samsun is the most important Turkish port on the Black Sea. Owing to the emigration of the Greeks its pre-war population of 45,000 people was reduced to less than 28,000, but has meanwhile again risen to 34,000. In 1933 the railway-line Samsun–Sivas–Ankara was completed. Trade has only partly profited by it. The export from the state-owned sugar refinery at Turhal, for instance, for Persia and other countries no longer goes via Samsun, but directly southward by rail or to the port of Mersin. Samsun lives by the export of cereals, eggs, and —before all—the famous Samsun and Bafra tobacco cultivated in the vilayet.

Almost a third of the whole Turkish export trade consists in tobacco. There are three tobacco-producing regions in Turkey: Samsun and the Black Sea coast, Izmir (Smyrna) and the Ægean region, and the Marmara-Basin. The best quality grows around Samsun, but the tobacco of Izmir is more important in quantity. The three regions produce between them an average of 45,000 tons.

In 1925 the state took over the tobacco monopoly which until then had been exploited by a French company. It controls the manufacture and sale of tobacco in the country. Cultivation and exportation are free under the control and registration of the monopoly. It has an average annual net profit of 30 Mill. ltq. which constitutes one of the chief sources of income for the state.

The monopoly owns four factories and four workshops for the manufacture of cigarettes and of smoking tobacco in which 3,000 workers are employed. At the Samsun factory they have an eight-hour day. The week-end begins on Saturdays at 11.30 a.m. Most of the workers are on piece-work and earn on an average 75 piastres a day. The factory has organized a special sick

benefit fund to which the workers contribute two per cent of their wages and the factory one per cent. During the first month of illness the fund pays half the wages, and during the second and fourth a quarter. A woman who gives birth to a child is entitled to a month's rest with full pay and can take three more months off with half her wages. There is no crèche attached to the factory. The women prefer leaving their children at home.

CHAPTER III

Halk Evi

It is amazing how much life can pour forth from a few people and a small house. Three men and one young woman had succeeded in turning the dozen little rooms of the Halk Evi into the cultural centre of the whole town. There was hardly one among Samsun's inhabitants whose life was not touched in one way or another by the Halk Evi's activities, though only about every fortieth person was an inscribed member.

It does not matter—the People's Houses all over the country are open to everyone. No age-limit is fixed, no distinctions are made between men and women, cobblers and pharmacists, factory girls and idle ladies, and the illiterate is as welcome as the head master from the local lycée—with the difference that the illiterate can join or not just as he likes, whilst the head master is as good as obliged to take an active part. Because behind the Halk Evi stands the Republican People's Party which, as the only political party in existence, has a tremendous influence and cannot easily be defied by those higher up the social scale.

After the Trout Quintet it needed no further encouragement to make me return the next afternoon. It was easy to find the house again, Atatürk's head was a large enough sign even without illumination. The door was wide open, and the first person I met was the young music-master. I paid him a compliment on the thoroughness with which he tackled his job, and on the eagerness of his pupils. He blushed a little. They

had just begun practising for their autumn concert. But that was only one evening class. They had a proper orchestra with flutes and saxophones, a military band, and a big choir.

"Are you conducting them all?"

"Well, I am really a schoolmaster, but conducting and music-lessons are my spare-time hobby. I am just about to give a violin lesson to our youngest member, the Halk Evi child. He is only eight years old. Would you like to meet him?"

The boy was waiting in the music-room. He was rather tall, with a mass of thick black hair, tidily cut and brushed, a high, energetic forehead and bushy eyebrows. Appraisingly he looked at me out of his deep-set eyes.

"What is your name?" I asked him in Turkish.

He buried his hands in the pockets of his short trousers. "Ömer. And youts?"

I told him, and he proceeded with the interview:

"Where do you come from? What are you doing here? Where are your parents?"

"My father died a little while ago."

At once he changed his tone and became extremely polite.

"I share your grief. May he rest in light. I have no parents. The Halk Evi took me. You might find somebody, too."

Ömer was the pride of the Samsun Halk Evi. Last term he had been first in his form. If he went on like this, they would send him to a secondary school and later to the university. For many years to come Turkey will suffer from a lack of doctors, teachers, lawyers. To be trained for the job one is best suited for, in the certainty of finding a place waiting—it sounded like a fairy-tale to me. The little boy looked up at me, his hands still in his pockets. With such a future before him, he could well be confident.

He was not the only child under the care of the Halk Evi, though the only properly adopted one. They had a special

RECRUITING POSTER

TURKISH AIRWAYS POSTER

GIRL ORATOR.

SPORTS GROUP.

committee to assist poor children, which gave their parents or wardens legal, financial, educational advice, especially if they were victims of the War of Independence.

For a few days I spent a great deal of my time in the little villa to watch the work that was done. Whenever he could spare a few minutes, I sat in the president's office, talking to him whilst a large picture of Atatürk looked down on me and a bust of him watched me sideways from the desk. The president was a lawyer by profession and like most of the committee members could only come to the Halk Evi in the evenings. All work was voluntary and unpaid.

From five o'clock onwards every room in the house was occupied. I copied the week's time-table, which shows exactly what was going on.

Monday : Women's needle-work class.
Football club meeting.
Drama group.
Reading and writing class for adults.
Free legal advice.

Tuesday : Turkish history group.
Choir practising.
Party members meeting.
Book-binding and handicrafts class.

Wednesday : Various committee meetings.
Women's dressmaking class.
Chamber music class.
Turkish language and art group.

Thursday : Military band practice.
Reading and writing class.
Girl's gymnasium group.
Museum and exhibition committee.

Friday : Orchestra practice.
Free medical advice.
Village group meeting.

Saturday : Sports clubs.
Language classes (English, French, German).
Sunday : Lectures, concerts, conferences.

The meeting which interested me most was that of the village group. The members were not peasants, as I first thought, but men and women—some of them still under twenty—who worked for and with the villagers. Four of them had just come back from a few days' tour into the southern part of the *vilayet*, and were discussing and criticizing their experiences. They were, like nearly all Turks, extremely unemotional and not very ready to feel or reveal enthusiasm, and it took a good deal of questioning to get their short sentences out of them. It was fortunate that in this case I could leave the coaxing to the chairman. A foreigner who shows too much curiosity is often viewed with suspicion and in the end finds out less than if he had left the people alone. You have to use your eyes a great deal more than your ears, and the fact that you do not master the language is less important than you fear when you set out.

The four who reported were a lycée student, a lanky boy of about seventeen, the most eloquent of the lot ; a middle-aged woman, teacher at an elementary school, very neatly dressed in a black suit, with dark, smooth hair and an insignificant face ; a young dentist who was working with his father and had begged a few days' leave from him ; and lastly an old man of no particular profession who was rich enough to own the old Citroën in which they had travelled about.

This last tour was not an isolated one. They had been doing the same kind of work for years now, even before the People's House had actually been founded. The members went out on these little tours in turn, arranging them in accordance with their varying holidays. Thus the reports did not refer to the work of the four people alone, but took up the threads which had been spun before.

Gazimiz diyor ki:

"Cümhuriyet halkın kendi kendini idare etmesidir. Cümhuriyet devrinde halk ne isterse o olur.,,

İSTANBUL HALKEVİ KÖYCÜLÜK KOMİTESİ TARAFINDAN ÇIKARILIR.

KÖYLÜLERE PARASIZ DAĞITILIR

KÖY

Yaşasın Cümhuriyet

Ağustos, Eylûl Birinciteşrin ayları bizim için en büyük, hatırası unutulmaz aylardır. Ağustosun son günlerinde bizi ölümden kurtaran Büyük Zafer oldu. O zaman Başkumandan Gazi Mustafa Kemaldi.

Kahraman askerlerine: "Hedefiniz Akdenizdir,, dedi.

Bu emri alan Türk Milleti bir an içinde Yanardağ gibi coştu 9 Eylûlde İzmire, 11 Eylûlde Bursaya girdi. Nihayet düşmanların çizmesi altında inliyen İstanbul ve civarı da 6 Teşrinievvelde esirlikten kurtuldu.

Bu günleri unutmamalıyız. Acıyı bilmiyen güzel günün tadını anlıyamaz. O acı günleri hatırladıkça güzel, şen yurdumuzun kıymetini daha iyi biliriz.

Bu ayın 29 unda Cümhuriyetimizin 11 inci Yıldönümü var. Geçen sene Onuncu Yılı üç gün üç gece kutluladık. Bu sene de öyle yapacağız. Bayram edeceğiz. Bu bizim hakkımızdır. Çünkü vatan kurtulmaseydi, Cümhuriyet olmaseydi ayağımızda kalın zincirler, ciğeri iki para etmez düşmanların çizmeleri altında dünya âleme rezil olacaktık.

Cümhuriyeti biz kanımız pahasına aldık. O bizim namusumuzdur. Onunla göğsümüzü kabartırız.

Şimdi bugünlerin yıldönümünde başımız gökte, alnımız açık gezerken içten gelen bir sevgi ile bağırmalıyız:

-- Yaşasın Cümhuriyet.. Yaşasın Gazi.. Yaşasın bizi kurtaranlar!..

KÖY KANUNU

Madde 13 – Köylünün yapmıya mecbur olduğu işler şunlardı:

– Köy korusunu muhafaza etmek.

– Köy halkından askerde bulunanların bakacağı olmıyan öksüzlerin tarlalarını, bağ ve bahçelerini imece yolu ile sürüp ekmek, harmanlarını kaldırmak.

– Köyde nalbant, bakkal, arabacı dükkânları yaptırmak.

– Köy hayvanlarında salgın ve bulaşık bir hastalık görülürse o gün bir adam yollıyarak hükûmete haber vermek.

En fena şey: bit

Bitten korkunuz! Çünki o en kötü, en pis hayvanlardan biridir. Bitten kaçınız, çünki bir defa yakalandınız mı, ondan kurtulmak hayli vaktinizi alır. Bitli insanlara yaklaşmayınız, çünki onlar hastalıklı pis insanlardır, sonra size de bit geçirirler.

Eğer bitlenirseniz bundan kurtulmak için hemen saçlarınızın diplerine lâmbanıza koyduğunuz gazyağından sürüp başınızı bir çevre ile sıkı sıkı bağlayın. Yarım saat sonra bol sıcak su ve sabun ile başınızı güzelce yıkarken saçlarınızı sıkı bir tarakla tarayın!

Bitli insan böyle pis ve hastadır, ondan herkes ürker, bitli olmamak için her zaman temiz olun! Yağlı ellerinizi üstünüze, başınıza sürmeyin!

Memlek fabr

Hey gidi hey.. Eski [illegible] kadar Avrupa ma[illegible] gördüğümüz pahaç bile[illegible] yüz bizim malımızdı. [illegible] satardık. Avrupalılar [illegible] pahalı satarlardı. Ar[illegible] ederdik. Halbuki şimdi [illegible] onun bizim olan şeyler[illegible] bağlamış var.. Başımızda

Geçen ay için[illegible] her, cam, kibrit, [illegible] İsmet Paşa kend[illegible] lağını koydu. A[illegible] kadar kullanacağ[illegible] ile bugünün farkı

Ağustosta [illegible] ye Mektep 100 üncü yılı[illegible] lulandı.

Padişahların önünde m[illegible] kete ilim ve[illegible] ve kahraman[illegible] lât yetiştiren yuva Cüm[illegible] riyet devr[illegible] memleketi[illegible] ileri bir ocağ[illegible] beri ne büy[illegible] Pilevne Kum[illegible] dan tutunuz[illegible] Paşalara nih[illegible] lara kadar [illegible] Nihayet Türk[illegible] Gazi Mustaf[illegible] mektepten

Köylü kardeş! ***Halkev[illegible] uğraş[illegible]***

Istanbula indiğin zaman bir işin[illegible] uğra. Orada senin derdini dinliyec[illegible]

PLATE XIX.

DUVAR GAZETESİ

No 1
BİRİNCİ TEŞRİN
1934

Gazimiz diyor ki:

"Memleketin Efendisi köylüdür. Köylü de memleketin Efend'si olduğunu ispat için geceli gündüzlü çalışmalıdır.,,

Dil Kurultayı

Bütün dillerin anahtarı, üstünü, güzeli olan Türk dili zaman geçtikçe kendi kalıbından sıyrılarak yabancı kalıplara girmiş, dilimiz iyi okur yazarlarımızın bile çetin anlıyacakları bir biçim almıştı.

Büyük Gazi, dilimizdeki yabancı kelimeleri ayıklamayı, dillerin üstünü, anahtarı olan dilimizi kendi kalıbına sokmayı düşündü, her büyük işte olduğu gibi bu savaşta da Başkumandan olarak önümüze geçti, iki yıl önce Dolmabahçe sarayında Türk Dili Kurultayını açtı. İki yıl önce başlıyan bu iş iki yılda hayli hız aldı. Bütün Türk okulları, yazganları, bütün bir millet elele vererek bu işi başarmak yolunda durmadan çalıştılar. Bu resim Büyük Gaziyi —eskiden padişahların eğlence yerleri olan bizim yalnız rüyalarımızda gördüğümüz — Dolmabahçe sarayında, yüzlerce halk arasında dil işlerini dinlerken gösteriyor.

İki yıl içinde dilimizdeki birçok yabancı kelimeler ayıklanmış, yerlerine öz Türkçeleri bulunmuştur. Halk ağzından toplanan sözlerin sayısı (6) binden fazladır. Yine Büyük Gazinin Başkumandanlığı altında başlıyan bu savaşın da zaferimizle nihayet bulacağı gün çok yakındır.

...n dörtbir köşesi ...ile doluyor

...n ortasında iğneden ipliğe, tepeden tırnağa giydiğimiz gömlek ayağımıza ...dir. Pamuğu biz yetiştiriyoruz, ipliği, ...yorsa biz hâlâ eski usul dokumalar, basmalar için pahalı ...ıyoruz. O zaman padişahlar bizi idare ...sonra bizi idare ediyorlar. Elbette kendi ...ı yapacağız. Ahlarımız var, fabrikamız var, ...ı yetiştirecek adamlar da var.

...ükümetin dörtbir köşesinde şe... fabrikaları açıldı. Hükümetimiz ...yıl ile bu fabrikaların temel ...ından iğneden ipliğe, tepeden tırnağa ...dar hepsi bizim malımızdır, işte dün

KAHRAMANLAR YUVASI
HARBİYE
100 YAŞINDA!

Bu ocaktan 100 yıldan beri kahramanlar yetişti. Onları Gazi Osman Paşa, Kerim Paşalara, Ethem gibi en büyük kumandanlar bu yuvadan ışık aldı. Vatanı düşmandan kurtaran Büyük Atatürk ile arkadaşları bu ocaktan ışığı bütün Türk dünyasına saçtılar ve padişahların zulmü içinde kapkaranlık kalan yurdumuza Cümhuriyet ışığı saçtılar. Bugün eli silâh tutan her Türk muhakkak bu mektebin bilgisinden istifade etmiştir; öyle olmasaydı ordumuz harpte nasıl döğüşürdü. Yaşasın Kahramanlar Yuvası. Yaşasın ondan ışık alan ve bize saçan öz Türk evlâtları!

Türk halkının evidir. Bu evde senin için ve çalışanların bir de şubesi vardır. İşerse (Halkevi Köycüler Komitesi) ne ve işine yardım edecek arkadaş bulursun.

Çocuğu nasıl giydirmeli?

Bizde hâlâ sürüp giden bir âdet vardır: Çocuk, üşüyüp sancılanmasın, hasta olmasın diye böyle üstüste giydirilir, çocuk doğduğu gündenberi cendereye konur, onun hava alması gözetilmez. Analar, gözlerinizi açın! Çocuğu üst üste giydirmek ona düşmanlıktır, çünkü üstüste zıbınalar, mintanlar, öteberi giyen çocuk vücudu hava alamaz. Hava alamıyan vücutlar da olgun olarak büyüyemez.

Çocuğumuz sağlam güzelleşsin, gürbüz olgun olarak büyüsün istiyorsanız, onun vücudunun her zaman havasız kalmamasını göz önünde tutunuz! Üstüste mintanlar, elbiseler giydirilmiyen, vücudu her zaman hava alan, güneş gören çocuklar hiç böyle gider, sizde de onlar gibi sağlam olurlar.

DISPLAY IN A TURKISH VILLAGE.

The teacher, Bayan Sabiha, was the first to speak. She talked quietly, often reading out of notes from a black copy-book. The best collaborators were the village teachers. They were chiefly young and energetic people, and it was one of the important tasks of the Halk Evi to keep in touch with them and supply them with new ideas and material. In five villages, where for various reasons no schools existed, these teachers had voluntarily given classes for illiterates. In the course of the last winter alone they had taught about six hundred people—men, women and children—to read and write.

Sabiha brought the good news that they were very pleased with the last wall newspapers. Of course, they still paid more attention to the pictures than to the explanatory articles. The photographs of the new cotton factory in Kayseri and that of Çoban Mehmet, the wrestling champion and national hero, had greatly impressed them, not to speak of the agricultural illustrations, but nothing had caused so much discussion as the two posters on the air-warfare of the future—one showing the Turkish peasant and his family helplessly slaughtered by the bombs of the enemy, and the other showing him looking up from his work in the fields and waving happily to the Turkish aeroplanes which circle reassuringly over his head. They had never seen an aeroplane in all their lives, many not even heard of it, and Bayan Sabiha had arranged little meetings and told them as much as she knew herself, especially about the Government's efforts to increase their at present negligible air force.

After her, Talat, the *lycée* student, spoke, assuming a very business-like manner and tapping the table with his chewed pencil-stump. He, too, had made notes. It had been his duty to inform the peasants about the existence of institutions which were ready to help them in all walks of life—hospitals, law courts, schools, the various committees of the People's Party, and the People's Houses.

He reported in detail about a number of cases—in three villages they had held special mothers' conferences, telling them about free medical treatment for themselves and their children ; in Havza they had witnessed an accident in which a little girl had her leg broken and had taken her straight to hospital ; in an out-of-the-way village he had come across a man suffering from venereal disease who had defied the previous orders of the visiting doctor and had not gone to hospital for regular treatment. Talat had warned him that he would be fetched by a gendarme if he did not turn up within the next week, and had told the *muhtar* (village headman) and the teacher to keep an eye on him.

Talat had also been charged with carrying on the work of registration, especially of all those who had been born under the old regime which had never bothered to take down particulars or carry out a regular census, and with making sure that they all were adopting a family name. Talat began to chuckle when he spoke of this part of his work.

" Vallahi, we had a funny experience. I had told the *muhtar* of Sariköy to call the villagers with their birth certificates to the village hall. Well, there were about two hundred people in all, and we went straight ahead, it didn't take us more than half an hour to deal with most of them. Among the last in the room was an old peasant, I guessed him to be about eighty. He came up and salaamed and gave me his document, and I was just going to thank him and dismiss him again when I saw the date of his birth put down somewhere about 1890.

" *Bana bak, babaciğim,*" I said to him. " There must be something wrong. With how many years have you been blessed ? "

" How can I know ? " he asked in a miserable voice and scratched his head. And from the way he behaved I gathered that he didn't tell me the whole truth. And really after a while he confessed that he had given his son's certificate. I argued with him for a long time, but he just couldn't understand that he was not allowed to do such a thing, and he asked

me at last in anger : " What does it matter ? There's no difference. Aren't they all given out by the Government ? "

They all laughed, unable to understand the bewilderment of a poor old man who had found himself suddenly caught by the wheels of a mysterious machine. And yet it was not so long since they themselves had learnt how to handle it.

There wasn't really much else to report, said the dentist and the old man. " Not much else " meant that they had carried on the efforts of the Government to improve methods of cultivation. By lectures, pamphlets, posters, and mouth-to-mouth advice the peasants should be taught to tackle the jobs more systematically and scientifically and not to leave their fields as hitherto to the mercy and care of Allah. The Government had given special credits and helped the peasants to pay their debts to the tobacco merchants who often owned the harvest three years in advance. The People's Party and the voluntary workers of the Halk Evi kept watch that things should not slip back to that unhealthy state.

Cotton, sunflowers, trees were planted with their help and following their advice. Poultry farms were modernized and the peasants told to specialize in Rhode Islands and Leghorns. All this manifold work had been pushed a little further during the last few days, but in the opinion of the two men, the old and the young, it was not worth talking about.

This meeting was " just an ordinary one," and the chairman apologized for having failed to show or tell me anything of greater interest. " In a fortnight another group is going on tour. If you are still here and it doesn't bore you, you could go with them." But by that time I was already looking over the Halk Evi at Malatya. During the following months I saw a good dozen of them. They all work on the same lines. In a few years' time no town will exist without one.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

Halk Evi : In 1932, the thirteen odd centres of the Türk Ocağı (Turkish Hearth) founded after the Revolution of 1908 for the promotion of national culture, were taken over by the Cümhuriyet Halk Firkasi (Republican People's Party) and called Halk Evi (People's House). Until March 1936 their number had risen to 140. Their purpose is to educate the population in general and to propagate the ideas of the People's Party.

The Republican People's Party was founded by Atatürk himself in 1923. It stands under his direct leadership and is the only political party in existence. In 1930 Atatürk encouraged the foundation of a small controlled opposition party, but the experiment led to serious disturbances and was quickly abandoned. Yet the constitution and the programme of the People's Party are based on certain democratic principles. The ensign of the party is six arrows, spreading like sunrays. Each arrow symbolizes one chief point of the Party programme (see Appendix). All members of the Government, all deputies, valis, and other people in influential positions are members of the Party. In summer 1936 an even closer union between State and Party was brought about by appointing the Minister of the Interior, Sükrü Kaya, general secretary and by making the valis automatically presidents of the provincial sections of the Party instead of allowing the provincial committees to chose their own presidents. One of the deputies pointed to this procedure as another step towards the realization of the totalitarian character of Kemalism.

CHAPTER IV

The Iron Road

I RETURNED to Sivas, but I did not meet Nejat again. He had arranged for me to see the "Simeryol" (an abbreviation from Sivas-Malatya-Erzurum railway-line), and three hours after my arrival I left the town in the company of three engineers who were making a tour of inspection. The pantaloon had again been detailed to me and grinned delightedly when he saw me. He was wearing the same old garments which looked only a little shabbier.

We travelled in a comparatively new Ford, moving in a southern direction. Not far out of the town we crossed the *Kizil Irmak* (Red River), the biggest stream in Asia Minor, which like most Anatolian rivers is nowhere navigable. Later we proceeded straight across the country, on a track cut by the heavy wheels of the Simeryol lorries which for many months had been passing to and fro, carrying building material and food supplies from Sivas to the different camps.

The line under construction was between Sivas and Malatya, a town about 150 miles away, not far from the confluence of the two Euphrates. To speed up, work had been started from both sides.

During this short trip I got an idea of the tremendous difficulties which have to be overcome for the realization of such a plan. Bare unpopulated mountains, wild gorges, unregulated rivers raging in spring and almost running dry in summer were only a few of the enemies which had to be conquered. Other equally severe problems were set by the fact that at times more

than ten thousand men were working simultaneously. Most of these men were simple peasants or odd workers from all over the country, who were suddenly herded together for the execution of an extremely difficult technical task. It is only through the reports on the Abyssinian war that we have slowly begun to understand what it means to organize such vast groups of men and to provide the means for their sustenance in a primitive country.

Near Sivas everything still looked comparatively simple. The plateau stretched for miles and miles as flat as a table. The only rising ground near us were the low regular banks over which the single-way rails would run a few years hence. Hundreds of workers and peasants had shovelled them during the past few months, bringing noise and unrest into the so long deserted landscape. Now they had moved farther on, and peace reigned once again.

The sun was shining hot on the short yellow grass, and no shadow offered protection. We moved small and lost across the plateau, gazing at the grey mountains which closed the horizon. With a sigh of relief we arrived at Ulaş, a village 4,800 feet high at the foot of the first rising hills. The small flat-roofed houses clustered around the dust-covered road. Between them I could see the silver shine of a salt lake, glittering in the sun. A procession of geese crossed the road, hardly hastening its speed at the approach of the car. A group of men were sitting in front of the coffee-house in short-worded conversation, a few children played about, but no woman was to be seen. The whole village seemed to belong to a world where time did not count and where one day was as important or unimportant as the next.

We pulled up outside the house of the *muhtar* (village headman). It was the only house made of stone and erected on a low hill so that it stood out from the rest, keeping the watchful eyes of its windows open to the slopes of the mountain and the plateau. Thus the *muhtar* had long since seen our car and stood now on the steps to receive us.

He was a small man with brown ruffled hair and short legs, almost dwarfed by one of the three gendarmes standing behind him. They hurried down the steps to greet us, and each in turn, except the tall gendarme, returned our smiles. He had the sharply-cut features of a Tartar, a thick black moustache, and a brown skin so smooth that it caught the light of the sun and reflected it as if it were its own. He wore a sports suit with tight-fitting breeches which closely resembled a uniform, and his leather belt was hung with dull-shining cartridges. Halting a step above the *muhtar*, he leaned motionless on his rifle, a monument of primitive and courageous manhood.

One of the peasants, an old man with a white beard and a brown woollen cap—the nearest thing to a fez that he was allowed to wear—invited us to have a meal in his house. It was a simple building like all the others, but it had a proper door made out of a few rough wooden planks, and as the height of luxury a glass pane to close the square window-holes high up in the wall.

The furniture consisted of the usual low bench running round the room, handwoven rugs, a pile of sheepskins, and two small mattresses. At night they were spread on the floor to form the sleeping accommodation for him and his widowed son. On a small shelf stood a few cups and pots, underneath it on the floor a charcoal brazier, used for cooking and heating the room in winter. No wardrobe was needed—they carried all their clothes on them.

We ate and talked whilst the son went round the table to serve us, refusing to touch anything before his father's guests had finished. The old man was amazed at the fact that a woman was allowed and dared to travel in a foreign country all by herself. He had heard that things were different nowadays, but hitherto the only change in his life had been brought about by unintelligible laws, imposed on him from above.

The hat-law, for instance, which forbade him to wear the fez. At first he had tried to disobey it but the *muhtar*, the bastard of

a pig, had fined him. Then he had stayed indoors for a week or two. But he could not gaze at the walls for ever, so he had ordered his son to buy him a cap in the Sivas market. When he got it, he had looked at it with contempt and not touched it for many days. At last his peasant avarice had gained the upper hand. He had paid for it, so he might just as well wear it. He found that all the villagers had covered their heads with similar headgear, and his opposition slowly died. After all, what did it matter ? Allah could not blame him for submitting to force. If the arrow of Providence be sped by the bow of fate, there is no shield against it save resignation. One day, *inshallah* (as God will), the wicked Government would be swept away, and for the moment he kept his fez carefully hidden.

But the law was now ten years old, and the Government was stronger than ever. They were even building something which they called *demiryolu*, the road of iron, and Ulaş would have a little station all of its own. In spite of many explanations the old man could not understand what it really was, and in any case he would never make use of it. His little donkey was still strong enough to carry him. Or would they force him again to change his habits ? Allah, Allah, what the world had come to ! But he uttered his complaints with a slight philosophical twinkling in his eyes. Nothing was really important enough to break one's heart.

We visited a few families in the village. The women were shy and tried to run away and hide, but were persuaded by their menfolk to come and greet us. None of them was veiled. They were all quiet people with a pleasant sense of humour and seemed to treat each other very kindly. Some of the women giggled when they saw me, but they all came to shake hands with me. None of them knew where Germany or England was, though the men remembered their alliance with the Germans some twenty years ago. Stretching their two forefingers out side by side, they said laughingly : " *Beraber !* " (Together !)

"Why don't you stay with us for a few months?" they asked me at last. "You could teach us, and we would give you to eat and a little room all to yourself." I told them that I had to move on because I wanted to see the whole country. "What a pity! It would have been fun for all of us. Well, perhaps next year!"

We returned to the house of the *muhtar*. The news of our arrival had meanwhile made the round of the village, and all the children were standing in the road, gaping and balancing their younger brothers and sisters on their arms, and the men whom we had not yet met came one after the other with some pretext to see the *muhtar*. The Tartar escorted us on horseback. After a few miles he remained behind, saluting us, his face as serious as ever. No smile had crossed his face.

The ground began to rise, in front of us the mountains towered their naked rocks against the sky. The car swayed at a slow speed over the stony road. Large iridescent birds dashed away with forceful movements of their long wings, a small herd of sheep scattered to the right and left. Nobody spoke. The breathless rattling of the engine was the only sound.

It was chilly between the rocks. The road was narrow and steep, winding up on the shadowy side of the valley which receded farther and farther into the depth. Across, we could see every stone on the grey slopes. Above them the rocks rose straight against the sky, covered by a few patches of grass which were doomed to disappear at the next stone-slide. A gigantic landscape without any trace of life.

In the evening we reached the pass. Only the highest summits were still clearly standing out in pale purple. The half-moon was rising, leaning on its back. Across the valley I could faintly distinguish a number of large white tents and a few wooden huts some hundred feet above them—the railway camp. We should be there in less than an hour's time.

The car rolled down to the river. We had to get out and proceed on foot. Balancing over a chain of rocks, we crossed

the shallow water. It was quite dark when after a stiff climb we opened the door of the engineers' hut where we were to spend the night.

They had been expecting us for some hours and were now glad to settle down to supper. Though they treated me with great courtesy, I could feel that I was an intruder in a world only meant for men, and that by my mere arrival I had brought unrest to their minds. I was therefore grateful for a chance to leave them for a while when the youngest of them asked me if I would care to go for a walk. He seemed a simple sober-headed fellow, incapable of any nonsense. Relieved at my departure, the other men were settling down to a game of cards.

The pantaloon rose to accompany me, but the young man told him to stay behind. Smiling he laid a sheepskin jacket around my shoulders. "You will need it. The winter returns to us every night." He spoke French which he had learnt whilst he was studying abroad.

In a short while my eyes had become accustomed to the dim light which seemed to radiate from the rocks and the sky. Our breath hung like small clouds around us. A large sheepdog came to sniff at our legs, but retreated quietly into the darkness when it recognized the engineer. Not a sound was to be heard, only the faint purling of the river at our feet, running in the beds of a dozen shallow brooks, silver tinted ribbons in an interwoven pattern. We jumped across, landing on wet pebbles or swampy cushions of grass.

"I know a track up that ledge of rocks. We could get there in half an hour. Would you like to try it?"

"Why not? If you are sure of the way."

"You can rely on me. I know every stone around here. Mountaineering is our only sport in the camp, and riding, of course, though there isn't much time for either. We work every blasted day, Sundays included, from morning till night."

"You have no holidays?"

"I haven't had a day off for thirteen months. But in another fortnight I am going on leave. My head begins to swim when I think of it. I shall go to Istanbul and have a different woman every night."

He helped me forward, climbing in front of me with the suppleness of a cat. I could feel the strength of his arms when he pulled me up. But I did not like the brutal grip of his hands.

Suddenly I slipped, and I would probably have rolled down at least fifteen feet if he had not caught hold of me at once. My heart beat violently, and I fought for breath. Fear began to rush through me as if a sluice had been opened, terrified I listened to the dull clicking of the rolling stones. After a long while silence fell again around us, an inhuman silence. The mountains seemed to be waiting in ambush like wild animals. I turned to the engineer: "I want to go back."

"Nonsense, there is no danger."

"But I want to go back. Please help me down."

He was standing above me, still holding my hand. Now he bent his face over mine. "Let us stay out here—the night is so beautiful."

"Are you crazy? Lead me down at once, or I'll cry for help."

He laughed: "Nobody is near enough to hear you. But don't be afraid—I won't murder you."

I was determined to return at all cost, freed myself and began to climb down, my hands holding on to the sharp rocks. At last he began to follow and help me. But no sooner had we reached level ground than he seized my shoulders. It would be futile to try and fight with him. He was ten times as strong as I. Should I smack him? But that might only infuriate him and make things worse. Besides, it was partly my fault. Why had I gone out with him? How stupid to think that an educated man's conduct would in all circumstances be ruled by good manners.

I pushed him back. "I am sorry. I should have insisted on the policeman going with us. You have waited thirteen months. It's hardly worth while losing your head a fortnight before you are free."

"Oh, but I love you——"

"Don't be silly. By the way, what is your name?"

"Bilal. Believe me——"

I interrupted him, still trembling and out of breath. "I think we had better sit down for a moment. I feel a bit shaky after that climb."

"I am sorry——"

"You have every reason to be. You are making a complete fool of yourself. I would laugh at you if I didn't pity you. This loneliness among the mountains is enough to drive anyone mad."

"So you understand?"

"Of course. But that doesn't mean that I allow you to kiss me."

"Do you think me disgusting? I assure you I can be very nice."

"I don't doubt it. Are you married?"

"How could I be? I haven't money enough. And it wouldn't help me either. The chief engineer had his wife with him for a few weeks, but life here is terribly primitive. And he didn't like to leave her all day with nobody but the male cook to look after her. Some of our workers are very rough men, nobody can guarantee their behaviour. In the end he had to send her back to Adana. It was better for the rest of us, too."

He seemed now quite sensible again, and it soon became obvious that he was as anxious to talk to a woman as to make love to her. Without bothering about a long introduction, he unburdened his heart to me. Like all his countrymen, he was by no means unaware of the other sex. He had had some affairs abroad and had become accustomed to a free and easy life.

But when he had returned to Turkey after the completion of his studies, he had found himself confronted by so contradictory a situation that he had adopted a slightly cynical attitude to disguise his bewilderment.

"You see," he said, making a wry face, "our country has changed almost over night. The women enjoy now the same rights as men, but they stick to the old moral code. You can only get them if you marry them. Once they have captured a husband and presented him with their virginity, they feel more kindly towards other men as well."

"You mean they have flirtations?"

"You might politely call it so," he replied with a grin. "But unfortunately many girls—and they are often the nicest of the lot—don't want to marry at all. They have good jobs, an interesting career of their own, and it is all so new to them and more exciting than a selfish brute of a husband."

He looked now really worried, and I felt honestly sorry for him. It seemed all so complicated and it was no consolation that thousands of other young men were in the same predicament. I thought of Nejat who had lost his girl because the Government had sent him from one place to the other, and of his cousin Galib who had a family and could not keep it and had therefore taken to drink.

And as if Bilal had guessed my thoughts, he said: "One of my best friends has just had a nervous breakdown. He is a nice simple fellow and was madly in love with a girl who studied medicine at the Istanbul university. Now she has gone for a year to Italy. She would think him frightfully dull if she should ever return to him."

"Well, if the Turkish girls who study abroad dislike the men at home, and if the young men don't get on with simple Turkish girls—why don't they fetch their husbands or wives from abroad?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Some have done it, but the result wasn't too encouraging. It is difficult for these

foreigners to settle down here. Besides, our Government doesn't look at it with too favourable eyes either. It is an unwritten law that those who want careers as high officials and politicians, have to be married to Turks. It makes you think twice if you don't want to risk your future chances."

"The Government should forbid the young people to study abroad," I said with a smile. But he took my suggestion seriously.

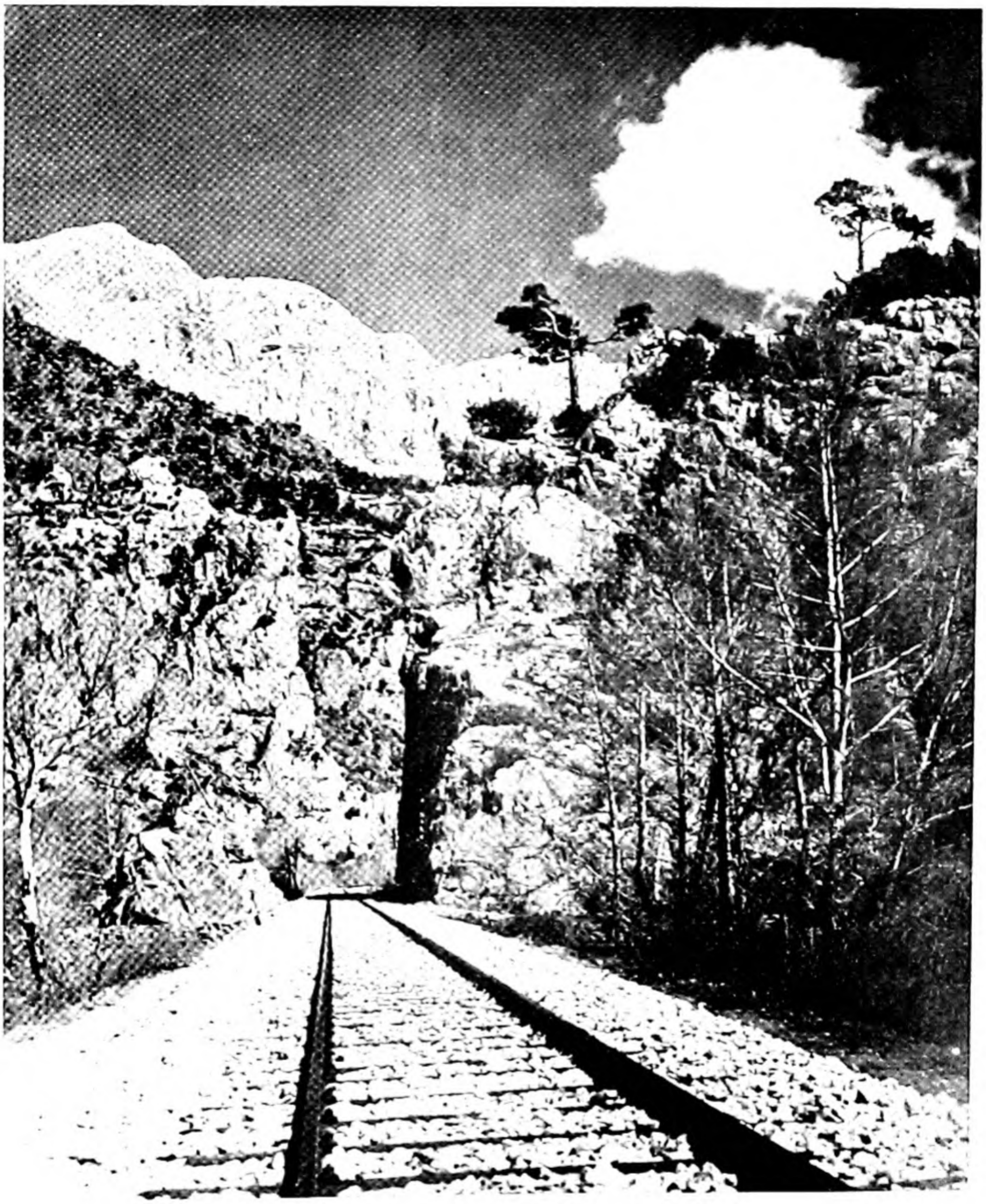
"They can't do that. Our own universities don't yet suffice. And even if they did, it wouldn't help. Only time can put things right. And until then we'll just have to try to make the best of things."

He sounded more cheerful now, and his young face had lost its pained expression. I rose. "I think we had better go back now. I feel chilly—in spite of your jacket."

We returned through the valley, jumping over the brooks and wetting our feet, the mountains around us frozen in nocturnal silence. Bilal was quite sober again. Yet I was relieved when the pantaloon appeared like a ghost out of the darkness, throwing the beam of his flashlight in our direction. The men in the hut grinned at us. They had drawn their own conclusions.

I do not remember through how many tunnels I crept the next day. Some were short and light, others endless and as dark as coal-mines. Once I went in high above one valley and after twenty minutes' awkward groping through the mountain came out in another. I might not have noticed it if I had not been told. The mountains were just as wild on both sides, here and there only covered by thin blades of grass and crippled underwood, the river did not carry more water, the eyes were overwhelmed by the same aspect of barrenness.

It was incredible that man should be able to alter the face of this gigantic desolation. There was a wickedness expressed in its features which made it seem likely that the mountains allowed man to toil for years until he would proudly prepare himself to celebrate the completed task, when they would tear



IN CENTRA ANATOLIA

open one night and swallow up his feeble works, so that in the morning everything looked as if man had never been.

So far the mountains had only given a slight warning. One tunnel, more than half a mile long, had been nearly finished when the earth at one end suddenly gave way. Subterranean springs and brooklets had undermined the comparatively soft stone, and with great labour they had to be diverted and the tunnel carried on a good deal farther than originally planned. This tunnel was one of the few places where a foreigner, an Austrian engineer, was still in charge of the work.

The Austrian, Herr Gugler, and Bilal took me with them that day. They asked me what I wanted to see, and a little rashly I said: "Everything." So the two vowed that they would carry out my request to the very letter and not spare me a single ditch. I crossed through the tunnels, most of them still incomplete and filled with the roaring of dynamite explosions and pneumatic drills, their total length reaching something like two miles and a half. For the large tunnel alone about twenty tons of dynamite had been used. I watched the workers dragging out the little wagons laden with rocks cut out of the bowels of the mountains. The men looked like those whom I had met in towns and villages, with baggy trousers and broad red belts, faded in the sun and covered with a thick layer of dust.

At some places the construction of a proper tunnel could be avoided by cutting an open gallery out of the mountain-slope, and the men stood in the blazing sunlight and swung their picks against the blue sky and then with a clattering rhythm into the yellow rocks. A little away from them peasants sat at the roadside, breaking stones for gravel to lay underneath and between the sleepers on the railway banks.

The wives of some of them were employed as well to load the stones on the backs of little donkeys whom they kicked to and fro over the rough tracks. Out of the women's wide coloured skirts and puffed trousers poured forth waves of heat, but their

naked feet moved with great agility over the sharp stones of the road, and their faces, framed by kerchiefs and crowned by a kind of stiffly wound turbans, looked patient and resigned.

A good many bridges were under construction ; some of iron, some of stone, and some of concrete. At one place, at a length of a little more than a mile, eight of them stretched over dangerous gorges. Their total number was countless, and the engineers insisted maliciously that I should inspect every single one of them. They made me climb over pillars and balance over planks, whilst I gazed terrified at the river-bed and the boulders fifty and more feet below me.

I kept a brave smile on my face, but under my breath I cursed them with the wildest curses I could invent. Though they must have guessed my feelings, they did not leave me in peace after we had crossed the last bridge, but invited me to attend an operation in the little field-hospital on a man who had broken his leg. " All right," I said defiantly, with a growing sickness in my stomach.

I was more excited than the worker whose mask-like brown head lay motionless on the white pillow, his eyes gazing at the ceiling. Yet he and I survived the operation better than we thought, he without dying and I without fainting, and I was so relieved that I did not mind in the least following Herr Gugler and Bilal on a visit to the tents—military tents, some of German origin—in which the men slept and spent their few idle hours and where they stored their ragged quilts and other belongings.

" How many of them live in one tent ? "

" It depends. Ten to fifteen."

" Good heavens ! They must lie in three layers."

" They don't mind it. It's easier to keep warm."

" Tell me frankly, Herr Gugler," I said when Bilal was away for a moment. " What do you think of them—as workers ? "

" They are all right, industrious, obedient, careful with the dynamite. Occasionally one of them grows wild and thrusts

his knife into somebody else's belly. But as a rule, after ten hours' work, they don't feel up to a great deal of nonsense. We keep men from different regions as much as possible in separate tents. They come from nearly all over Turkey—heaven knows how they find their way here."

"You haven't answered my question. How do they compare with European workers?"

"Oh, well—of course, they aren't up to European standard. They are good enough at learning, but they haven't got the same strength and pep, and always need someone to drive them on. What can you expect from those poor devils! They live only on rice or bread and a handful of dried olives."

"But aren't they paid decent wages?"

"Certainly—at least eighty piastres per day" (about two shillings and eightpence), "and the dynamite workers earn up to a hundred and thirty" (about four shillings). "But they don't spend the tenth part on themselves. They save every piastre they can, and when they have enough to pay their taxes and buy a new suit for themselves and sugar and a few knick-knacks for their family, they say goodbye to us and go home again to their villages and fields."

When Bilal returned, he suggested that we should drive before nightfall to one of the villages of the *Kizilbaş*. The way in which he pronounced the word made me believe that he was speaking either of crazy monkeys or wild dogs. But when we were sitting in the car, I learnt from Gugler that the *Kizilbaş* were probably direct descendants of the early inhabitants of Asia Minor who were prevented by their religion—a mixture of pagan, Christian and Moslem elements—from mixing with the invaders. The mysterious word meant simply "Red Heads", a name given to them by the Turks in reference to the colour of their headgear and dating back to the time when the Turks themselves were still wearing caps of the holy colour, green.

Resisting all attempts at modernization, they had preserved

their ancient rites and customs. Bilal told me, half shuddering, half amused, that they celebrated a kind of holy night when men and women met in the dark, and after getting drunk on wine, a terrible sin for a Moslem, they slept with whomever they could get hold of. The sons conceived in this night were called Ali—after Muhammed's son-in-law, whom the *Kizilbaş* considered their special prophet—and treated with great veneration.

"Don't tell her those silly fairy-tales, Bilal. You mustn't believe a word he says. They probably met in the dark because they were afraid of spies."

"Spies? They lived in villages all by themselves, high up in the mountains. No stranger could ever get near them. No, no, it is as I told you. Why else should the Government have forbidden them now?"

"Your Government is doing many things for which I don't know the reason.—That's a *Kizilbaş*, that man on the donkey!"

"How do you know?"

"Look at his beard—they never cut their beards or hair."

The old man with the long white beard gazed sternly at me as we drove past. He was of small and sturdy build with a proud expression on his wrinkled face. The village with its flat-roofed huts did not differ from any I had seen before. On a small square a group of men and women were beating corn with ancient flails—clop-pop-clop, clop-pop-clop. They did not look up from their work when we slowly passed them. I tried to take a photograph, but Bilal hastily seized the camera.

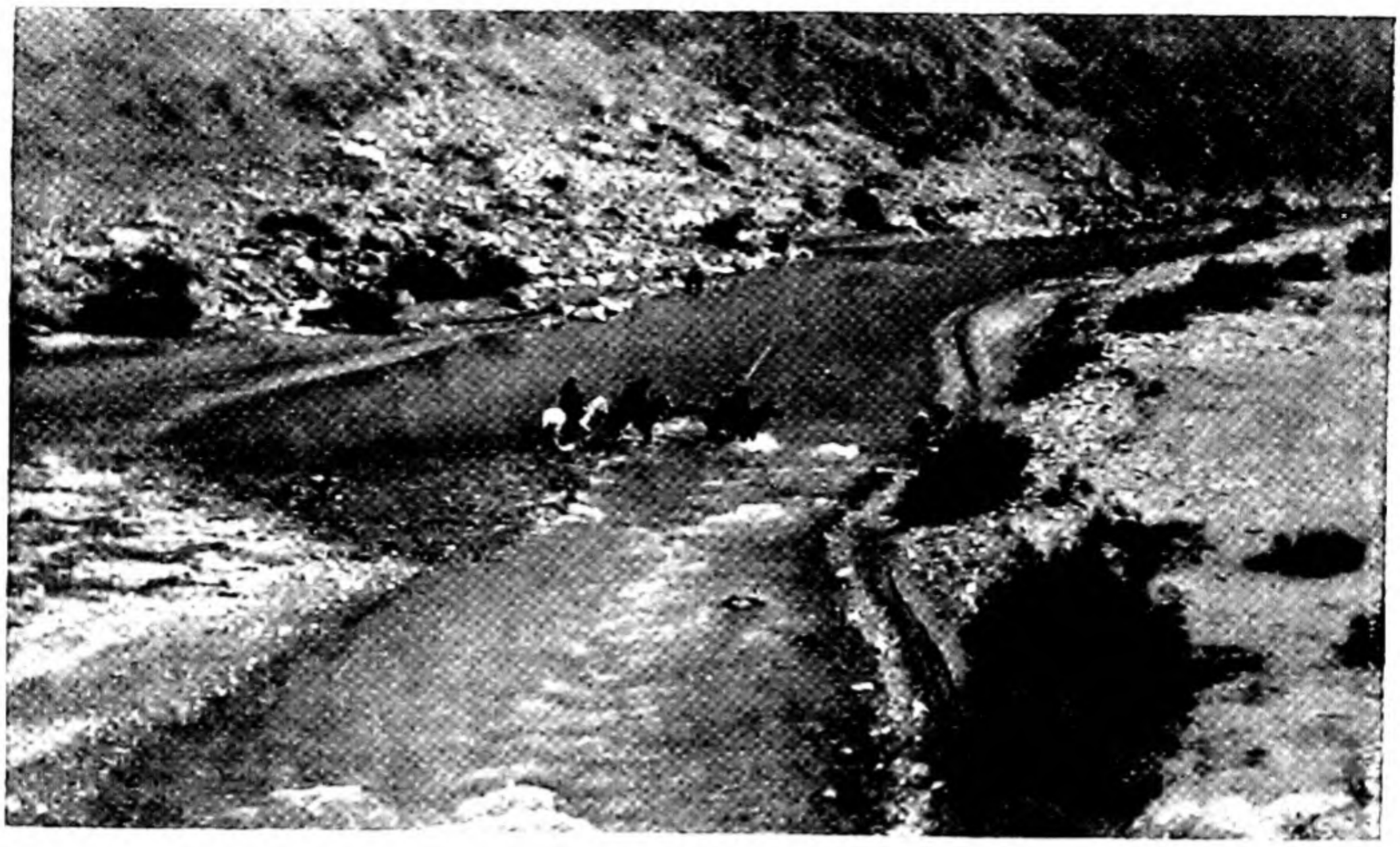
"For heaven's sake—they would stone you to death. It's bad enough that you look at them with your 'Evil Eye'."

"What do you mean?"

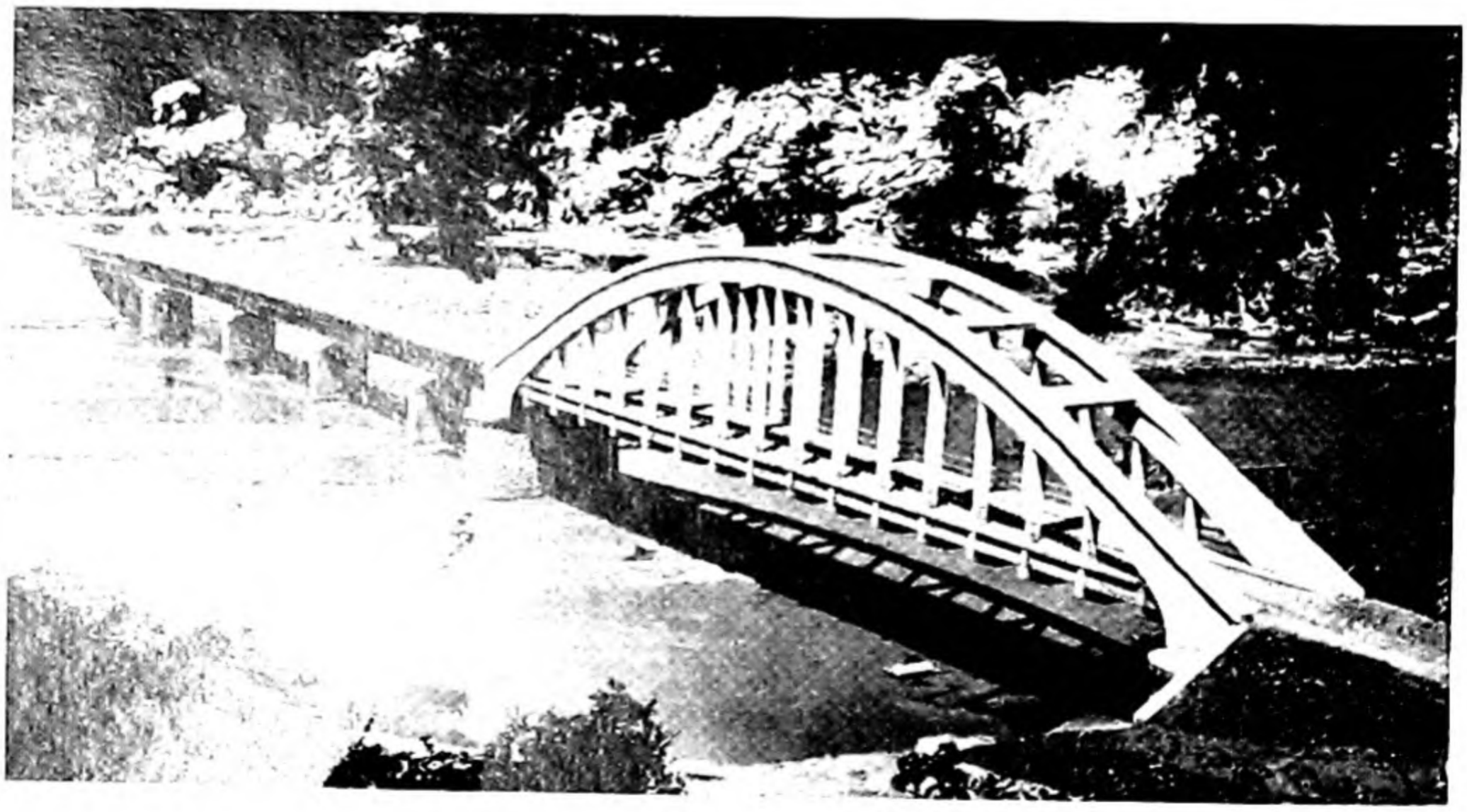
"Blue eyes are evil eyes. Didn't you see blue beads around the necks of the children and animals? Well, that's to protect them against the Evil Eye. So you had better be careful wherever you go."

"Tut-tut-tut," said Herr Gugler, wagging his head.

IN THE COUNTRY EAST OF SIVAS



THE OLD WAY



AND THE NEW A MODERN TURKISH BRIDGE.

"This young man is trying to frighten you. They are as kind as puppies and would share their last crumb with any honest stranger. But, of course, Bilal would put on superior airs, and they can't stand that."

The two men began to quarrel and kept the argument going even during supper, Bilal reciting proof after proof of the *Kizilbaş*' wickedness, and Herr Gugler repeating "Nonsense." I was getting tired of it and announced that I would go to bed. But Herr Gugler said: "You haven't seen everything yet. Come along to the office. Bilal and I will show you the maps and statistics."

The walls of the office were hung with small-scale maps and plans, and plans were also spread on the sloping desks. Bilal pointed to the largest map on the wall and began to recite in the manner of a museum-guide.

"Here you see all the railways, the old and the new ones. The great aim of our Government is to open up those parts of Anatolia which were completely neglected under the Sultans. We want to give an equal chance to all parts of the country. The Black Sea and theMediterranean have already been linked. The work in the western provinces is nearly completed. Now the great drive is directed eastward. Our line forms part of this work and will be an important link between the two main lines."

He went on in his normal voice. "By 1940 the chief towns of Anatolia will be connected with each other, the main net will be finished—two west-eastern and two north-southern lines will stretch across the country. It will bring about a complete economic and cultural revolution. You need only think of one fact to have an illustration: until quite recently the lack of communication with the interior forced us to import foreign grain to feed the population of our ports. Now we are not only able to supply them from the granaries of Central Anatolia, but we can even export wheat and other cereals ourselves.—Now here is a special map of our line—there is Sivas,

there Malatya, and there are we, just at this cross. That's our hut."

"Oh," I murmured respectfully. Maps always impress me, and there is also magic for me in figures and statistics. But at the same time I thought how much nicer Bilal was now than the night before. His mocking tone could not hide the fact that he sincerely believed in the future of his country and that he was happy to take part in the work of construction in spite of the sacrifices it demanded from him.

NOTE TO CHAPTER IV

Anatolian Railways : Under the Ottoman Empire railways were constructed and run by foreign companies. Political motives played an important part. Diplomatic incidents were frequent.

In 1923, at the foundation of the Republic, about 2,540 miles (4,060 km.) of railway-lines existed in Anatolia, slowly repurchased and nationalized with the exception of the Syrian frontier line Fevsipaşa–Nuseybin, about 313 miles (500 km.).

Up to the end of 1935 newly constructed by the Republican Government, with national capital, 1,643 miles (2,628 km.). Average total construction annually about 137 miles (200 km.), compared to 30 miles (50 km.) at the time of the Empire.

Total expense up to the end of 1935 for construction, upkeep, and rolling material on new lines 282 Mill. ltq. (about 46 Mill. £), i.e., an annual average of 35·5 Mill. ltq. (about 3·85 Mill. £). This amount does not include payments to foreign companies for repurchase of lines.

The construction of railway-lines holds the foremost place on the list of urgent national enterprises, and it was here more than anywhere else that foreign collaboration was only temporarily suffered. At first German, Swedish, and other foreign companies were responsible for the construction of important lines, but recently a purely Turkish company, the "Simeryol," took charge of the work in the east, and only a few foreign engineers are left now as individual employés and will soon also be replaced by Turks.

The "Simeryol" is a private company paid by the Government to construct the north-southern railway-line between Sivas and Malatya and a branch eastward to Erzurum, in all 430 miles. The work was begun in 1933 and will be completed in 1938 or 1939. The line Sivas–Malatya will link the two already existing west-eastern lines, the branch to Erzurum will join there the narrow-gauge railway to Kars and the Russian frontier.

Railway construction by the Turkish Republic:

Total length at the end of each year.

1924.	0	miles
1925.	125	,,
1926.	157	,,
1927.	200	,,
1928.	375	,,
1929.	480	,,
1930.	783	,,
1931.	870	,,
1932.	1,056	,,
1933.	1,223	,,
1934.	1,294	,,
1935.	1,643	,,

CHAPTER V

Malatya, Pearl of the Euphrates

"I MUST have a plan," I said to myself after I had taken a room at the Yeni Şirket Emniyet Oteli in Malatya. The French window, half barred by iron lattices, opened out on the market square, and above the noise of the merchants and peasants and their carts and cattle, sounded the singing voice of the ice-cream man—"*Dondurmá, dondurmá.*" "I must have a plan," I repeated with less concentration. "I am drifting through this country like an autumnal leaf. There is the map. Now if I follow the railway-line westwards, first to Adana—oh, curse the *dondurmaci*. But he is right. It's frightfully hot. I had better go out and buy an ice-cream."

It was the purchase of this ice-cream which made me suddenly think of my money. Since I was making plans now, I had better see first how much money I still possessed. Some fifteen pounds sterling, I supposed. Life had been very cheap so far—fifty piastres a night for the room at Hopa and Rize, seventy-five at Ardahan, twenty-five piastres for a meal (about tenpence), and the *kamion*-journey from Sivas to Hopa eighteen liras in all (about three pounds sterling). The scoundrels, if I had paid them what they demanded, it might well have been twice that amount. They seemed to think that only a millionairess could be crazy enough to travel around with them.

Adding it all up, I found that I had not fifteen, but only eleven pounds left—eleven pounds, or sixty-eight Turkish

liras. I swayed a little on my feet and wished I had saved the ice-cream until now to cool me down. Squatting on my bed, in the old Turkish fashion, I stared gloomily at the worn-out pair of leathern slippers, part of the furniture of every Anatolian hotel-bedroom. This was a real tragedy. The towns in the west would be much more expensive; I would need with modest living two liras a day, if not two and a half. And what about the railway fares?

I had the return ticket from Istanbul to London, but I was determined not to make use of it yet. I would never forgive providence if I were forced to leave Turkey before I had seen the most interesting towns and *vilayets*. I must see Adana, and Kayseri, and Izmir, and Ankara, of course, which I felt sitting in the centre like a large spider in its web, reaching out with a hundred threads to all parts of the country and trying to draw me towards it, too. But I would avoid it carefully until the very end, I wanted to form my own opinion before I heard what Ankara's planners and revolutionaries had to say. It would take me at least another month.

How, then, should I proceed? The *Berkminster News* had commissioned two articles, but even if I wrote them straight away, I should not get the money before the end of August, and they would not pay much. I had to think of something else. Would Turkish papers be interested in "Impressions of a foreign Bayan visiting our town"? I could try. And I might find some other work. On the cotton plantations in Adana, for instance. And in any case I should have to save every piastre. No more ice-creams or meals in restaurants. *Simits* (rings of bread) and fruit and tea would have to do. And perhaps I could find hospitality and generally endeavour to get something out of the well-to-do. It was not nice, but I had no choice.

Fortified by the clarity of mind which is the reward of those who have faced their accounts, I strode into the branch

office of the Banque Ottomane. It occupied three rooms in a former *han* (caravanserai). They were all built after the same pattern: a square open courtyard with the stables arranged on the ground floor and a narrow staircase up to a gallery from which the doors led directly into the separate little rooms. Fortune was smiling at me. My pound-notes were handed to the director himself, a slender man of thirty-five in a smart riding-suit. He had travelled a great deal and spoke French fluently. It would be a pleasure for him to assist me in any way he could. If I cared to return at four o'clock, he would show me the surroundings of the town. I found it difficult to conceal my triumphant delight.

"Would you like a horse? There is a good stable here where you can hire one."

Hire a horse, indeed! Obviously I did not yet look very down-at-heel. At four o'clock I was back. We drove off in an open black *araba*, gaily rolling behind the two trotting horses, left the town, and clattered along among green gardens and fields to old Malatya, some few miles away. It had been a busy town until a hundred years ago the Turkish armies had made it their headquarters during and after the war in Northern Syria, and one by one the inhabitants had sneaked away to their summer residences and settled down there, developing the place into the present Malatya and leaving the old one to destruction by the soldiers and other wild elements.

"This is the place," said Bay Nebi, pointing at the ruins of the Seljuk town and the primitive mud-huts built on the ancient foundations. Loose stones had been piled up to grey walls like those around Derbyshire fields. Minarets, deprived of their galleries and tops, stood straight like chimneys from which never again the lively flag of smoke would wave.

But the ruins seemed only incidental among the new life that had sprung up between them, and the heart which might have felt desolate was filled with the tender con-

solation of blooming acacia trees and a wind rustling softly in the branches of the poplars. Mulberry trees spread their arms across the corners of decayed courtyards, green bushes had climbed up to the crest of broken walls, tufts of grass grew out of every crack between the stones. Here and there the peasants had rooted out the weeds and planted fields of white poppies—opium was an important produce of this region.

Children ran around, chasing trespassing goats away, and small short-legged cows pushed forward along the fences, bewildered by their shouts. Overhead, in the clear air, storks flapped their wide wings against the background of the sky, their shadows sweeping over ruins and trees. We walked slowly around and looked at the remains of the blue-tiled walls and arcades. Whenever we passed a woman, she turned her head away, and quickly hid her face behind her veil or even fled into a dark doorway, shy and graceful like a bird. In the square stood a charabanc, waiting to take a group of women and children back to town. They came but hesitatingly, trying to delay the moment of departure until the sun had sunk a little lower.

"I have always wanted to write a poem about old Malatya," said Bay Nebi. "I know every stone, by day and moonlight, in sunshine and rain. But for five years now I have been trying in vain to describe it in words. Somehow this beauty is intangible, it slips away like those women. Yet I shall never cease to ponder it. Perhaps, one day, I shall succeed. There is no hurry.—But you must see the old *türbe* before we return."

We stood in front of a mausoleum, built for a local saint with an artlessly constructed dome and simple wrought iron-work in the paneless windows. Inside it was very dark and smelt of dampness and mould. Four children, none of them older than seven years, were looking at us with grave, expectant eyes, and the little boy, dressed in the worn-out

coat of a man, poked his hand through a convenient hole in the sleeve and pointed at the screen around the tomb.

Hundreds of faded ribbons were tied to it, some of silk and others of ordinary cotton, each representing some wish of a piously superstitious person. Now the boy wanted me to add another, but I shook my head. "Thank you—I have all I want." I am sure it would be no good to ask the saint for a hundred liras. He was only a humble local saint and had probably never heard of so much money, neither in his lifetime nor after his death.

But the children were eager to earn a tip by letting me share in the blessings of the holy place. Two of the girls took a small stone each, which had once formed part of the tomb, and began to rub it round and round on my back. Then the boy seized an old felt hat from the top-end of the tomb, asked me to bend forward, and placed the hat three times ceremoniously on my head. After that I hurriedly bought myself off with a few piastres lest they might demand next that I should lie down on the tomb to get in even closer touch with the saint.

"Don't be mistaken," Bay Nebi said on the way back. "This kind of thing is quickly dying out. I am sure most of the ribbons have been tied to the screen more than five years ago. The children, those mischievous imps, are merely keeping up the show to get some money for sweets. There have been tremendous changes in the past few years, not only outwardly, but in the minds and hearts of the people. It was only ten years ago that people threw stones through the windows of a house in which a woman was playing a lute because only loose women played worldly instruments. And they attacked others who dared to walk through the streets unveiled. Today my wife and the wives of our officers and teachers and hundreds of others show their faces quite openly whenever they go out, and nobody would dream of molesting them—though of course, many of the simple women

are still deeply veiled. The real progress in the *vilayet* started after the old *vali* had been recalled."

"Recalled? Why?"

"Well, it was never really made public. But they say that he and the vilayet police inspector were overwhelmed and robbed by bandits when they were travelling overland. The new *vali*, Ibrahim Akinci, is one of the Gazi's men. He fought with him in the War of Independence and is renowned for his courage and energy. Before he came, no one from Malatya dared to go unaccompanied or unarmed into a village. There are thousands of wild Kurds around here. He acted with great firmness and had two of the most reckless men hanged as a warning example. Now everything is perfectly safe.

"Things have improved, too, in the adjoining eastern *vilayets*. They belong to the militarized zone where the army is in supreme command. Some years ago two gendarmes were killed in a certain village, and the army commander gave orders to destroy the whole place. There wasn't much of it—you know those simple huts—yet it worked wonders in that region."

"Were you here at the time of the great Kurdish revolts in 1925 and 1929?"

"No. But I think it was very necessary that the Government began to teach them law and order. These men simply cannot settle down. The best thing would be to sweep them all out of their mountain-nests and give them some land to cultivate in the plain. Nowhere else can they become really civilized. It's a great set-back for us that our country is so mountainous."

In the evening a reporter from the daily two-page newspaper came to see me. My heart sank into my boots. It meant an interview instead of an article and all I would get for it would be a free copy of the next issue. The young man knew no foreign languages, so I told him my

life story as prepared for the peasants, and added a few polite remarks about my admiration for the new Turkey and "All the best wishes," feeling rather green in the face.

My next hope was the *vali*. He might be able to do something for me. I found him very busy. He had just returned from a fortnight's tour during which he had inspected the main roads of the *vilayet*, travelling some 700 miles, the greater part on horseback. I was ushered into his room whilst he was dictating letters to his man secretary. I could just understand that he was ordering all *muhtars* to link their village by a proper carriage-way with the next main-road.

He looked energetic enough, but more in the way of an estate owner than a former soldier, nearer to the planted earth than to the devastated field of battle. On a broad-shouldered, heavy figure sat a round, tanned head, with bristly grey hair, and the cunning humorous eyes of a peasant. But I knew there was a great deal more behind this man than his simple exterior suggested. Yet I had no illusions about my chances of hearing much about his past out of his own mouth. To an old-fashioned Turk it appears indecent to talk about himself.

Should I get anything else out of him? He was polite, speaking to me in a very slow, circumstantial Turkish of which I only understood the gist. How could I explain what I wanted? When he mentioned that he would be away the next day on a visit to the orchard valley, I bravely seized hold of the chance and asked him if I could go with him. He reflected for a moment before he said: "*Pek eyi*—very well. I shall send the car to fetch you."

Malatya lies about thirty-five miles to the west of the Euphrates. Its valley is here extremely broad, irrigated by countless small tributaries, and one of the most fertile regions of Turkey. The rivers and brooks never run dry. They come from the mountains where the snow melts little by little, the last only disappearing when the new one is already

falling again. For more than twenty-five miles stretches the green and yellow belt of orchards and fields of maize, wheat and melons, and only the flat-ridged, red mountains glow barren in the sun.

It was a great change for me to drive through this garden-land. The peasants I had met up to now—with the exception of those on the Black Sea—had earned their livelihood as cattle- and sheep-breeders. Everything they needed had been given to them by these animals—meat, cheese and milk to eat and drink, wool and goat-hair for their suits and carpets, dried manure to warm their huts and cook their food in the woodless plain or high in the mountains, and a little cash by the sale of calves and lambs. It was a hard and meagre life, without any chance of cultural development.

But now I was riding through a land of plenty. The peasants were already busy picking the first plums and apricots, in another month apples, pears and figs would be ripe, the nuts would drop to the ground and the grapes would hang heavy on the vines, whilst mulberry and cherry-trees had given their fruits a long time ago and were now resting until the next year. Brooks and narrow-grooved canals watered the roots and went purling ahead over stones and fallen branches. In some places the trees grew so densely that we could not see the sky, and drove on through a golden-green haze, pierced occasionally by the sound of a gay voice from above a laden tree.

Every bit of watered soil was cultivated, even the steep, lower mountain-slopes carried vineyards. I had never seen such fertility, and my eyes wandered round in dumb amaze-ment. The *vali* watched me, half proud, half amused, and told me that in 1934 the harvest had been so rich that the apricots alone, sent off dried or fresh, had brought 200,000 ltq. into the *vilayet*.

"The peasants here are very wealthy, though their methods are still extremely primitive. We are trying now to bring

some order into the cultivation. So far we have had about twenty different kinds of apricots. In future we want to concentrate on the best. Our apples are delicious. They smell of honey and sun, our pears are big and often as heavy as a pound, our peaches are famous because of their hairless skin. And the grapes—well, you think I am boasting, but they are so juicy that they split their skins if you touch them."

He had taken his secretary with him who spoke a little French, and the young man translated roughly what the *vali* said. He told me that until quite recently the Agricultural Bank—practically owned by the State—had lent altogether 400,000 ltq., chiefly to orchard-farmers and opium-producers, at the rate of nine per cent.

"Nine per cent!" I gasped.

"Oh, that's cheap money. The Banque Ottomane charges twelve per cent. That was fixed by the Government as maximum two years ago. Before that the interest was often up to twenty per cent."

I no longer wondered why the peasants hated the Armenians and the Greeks who had been the chief money lenders.

We stopped for a few minutes to look over a small electricity works, constructed in 1928 by German engineers and fitted with Siemens turbines. There were rumours current in the town that something technical was wrong with it. I had grave doubts. Siemens were no bunglers. They knew their job. At the bottom of this rumour lay probably the fact that Malatya had developed so fast—from 21,000 inhabitants in 1927 it had grown to 27,000 in 1935—that the electricity works no longer proved large enough. Plans were under consideration to erect a new one higher up the river for which Krupp had just handed in a tender.

We rested for lunch in the commune of *Gündüzbey*, a large village of about four hundred houses, with twenty-five smaller villages and hamlets attached to it. The *muhtar* came

to greet us whilst we were eating—stuffed tomatoes and egg-plants fried in oil, dry *pilav* (rice), and heaps of fresh fruit and pistachio nuts. He had been re-elected a week ago after a successful four years' term by nearly fifty per cent of the electorate, each man and woman over eighteen possessing a vote. Of his five councillors two were new, and he came to present them to the *vali* and to hand him the draft of next year's budget for his approval.

The *vali* was pleased with the low rates. The revenue of the communal property—fields, a large orchard, and a grocery-shop—were nearly enough to provide all the necessary funds. They had just spent a thousand liras on a field a little out of the village where they wanted to lay out a model nursery of especially chosen fruit-trees which later on would be distributed free of charge. The *muhtar* would be responsible for it, and the *vali* promised that the *vilayet* director of agriculture would keep in close touch with him and give him careful advice. We parted after friendly salutations.

Later we halted at a larger commune called after the Prime Minister, Ismet Pasha who was born at Malatya and often spent his holidays in this pleasant mountain village, nearly a little town with its eight thousand inhabitants. A group of men were hard at work at a stone bridge across the river. The *vali* explained proudly that the commune was building it on its own initiative and with no financial or other help from outside. We went slowly on foot, the peasants greeting the *vali*, some humbly, some self-assured, and the *muhtar* came running out of breath to pay his respects. Whilst they were talking I slipped away to the bazaars. They were full of the products of simple crafts—hand-knitted woollen stockings with little embroideries, hand-woven cloth, carved wooden spoons, and leather knapsacks.

From a hut across the street came a strange clinking sound, and I went in to discover what it was. In a very small dusky room six men were sitting, the lower part of their bodies

buried in little holes cut out of the earthen floor. Simple hand-looms were standing before them, and mechanically, half asleep, they were weaving pieces of rough white cotton-cloth. When I entered they turned their colourless faces up to me without speaking. The scene was a strange contrast to the exuberant life outside and as sad and depressing as if the men were weaving their own shrouds. It took them twelve hours to produce a piece of cloth ten or eleven yards in length and to earn a net sum of sixty piastres—something like two shillings. Three hundred of these weaving looms were still in existence at Ismet Pasha.

Not for much longer, however. During the course of 1936 the foundation stone will be laid at Malatya for a huge state-owned cotton-factory, large enough to produce about a quarter of the total Turkish consumption. And the men who, today, slave in dark holes from morning till night, will a few years hence be turned into factory-workers, earning a minimum wage of sixty piastres in piece work during an eight-hour day. How will these peasant craftsmen react to the change? Whatever their feelings, they cannot alter the course of development. "*Atilan ok geri dönmez*—the arrow set flying cannot return."

NOTE TO CHAPTER V

Under the Empire, the *vilayet* of Malatya was completely neglected, apart from the silver mines which were exploited simply by robbing the mines, and exhausted some fifty years ago. They swallowed the greater part of the timber trees and left the mountains around naked. Today one has to go at least fifty miles to find some larger woods of oak and bushes.

The Government, either through the Ministry of Agriculture in Ankara or through the *vilayet* authorities, was hard at work to improve conditions. The first endeavour was to increase the cultivated surface of the *vilayet* from one-third to one-half. With the second half nothing could ever be done because it consisted of rugged mountains. Land was given away free on the only condition that it had to be planted within the next three years. The production of cotton was encouraged, articles about it written in the *vilayet* papers, free seeds distributed by the Government.

Tobacco, once cultivated and later dropped because of the low prices, was now slowly reintroduced. The poppy-fields were increasing in extent from year to year since the state monopoly offered high prices. The harvest of the previous year had yielded twelve tons, and since the producers sell a kilo at seven to nine liras, it meant an income of nearly 100,000 ltq. (about £16,250). Here as in other parts of the country agricultural co-operatives had been founded in 1934, which gave credit to the peasants.

CHAPTER VI

Appeal to Youth

WHEN I returned to the hotel, I found the whole house upside down. Two Englishmen had arrived in a broken-down car, towed in by four horses. Their large trunks stood all over the place, and the *otelci* and his servants were madly running around shifting them out of one corner into another. Only two people seemed completely unconcerned by the general commotion—the Englishmen. They were sitting in the largest room of the house, sorting butterflies and plants.

" Hello," I said as I passed the open door.

" Hello," they answered, hardly looking up. They were both young, but went about their work with the ageless absorption of all scientists. Some institute, the Zoo or the British Museum, had sent them out to Asia Minor. They had already collected hundreds of specimens and were now eager to move eastward into the mountains, but so far the Ministry of National Defence had not given them permission to cross the Euphrates and enter the militarized zone. The Ministry was obviously suspicious. Two strong and healthy young men wanting to enter the Kurdish region in order to hop after butterflies and pluck bunches of flowers—ha-ha, they can't fool us ! Probably spies or *agents provocateurs*.

In vain the poor men protested their innocence and pointed out that a complete set of their collection would be given as a valuable present to the Turkish museum, whereby one could check their activities. It seemed incomprehensible to

the Turks that work of that kind could take up a man's whole day and interest. What practical advantage was there in such an occupation? No, no, it was just a cunning trick to get permission for the east, and to stir up trouble there.

But why, then, had I been admitted? Did they think little of me because I was only a woman and therefore stupid and harmless? Who can understand the decisions of a Defence Ministry? Perhaps they had really trusted me, though probably thinking me a little queer, whilst these young men had by chance been unfortunate. They rather envied me, and the butterfly-catcher asked in a bitter tone: "I suppose they even supplied you with a first-class railway ticket?"

"No, why should they?"

"Well, aren't you a journalist?"

"Could I call myself that with two articles for the *Berkminster News*?"

"Of course. We met a fellow in Adana who travelled for some obscure French magazine. He had a grand time, all for nothing. Why don't you write to Ankara? They are very nice to journalists."

He looked at me with wistful eyes. I had no time to pity him. Full of new hopes I rushed out of their room. Before I had taken out my pen, my mind was already busily composing a letter to Ankara. I wrote it in French, in my best French, and I hoped fervently that they would not mind the mistakes. The *Berkminster News* and its special correspondents were not so grand. Third class would be quite sufficient. It would take about a week to get an answer, but I did not mind waiting. It was worth it. Meanwhile I decided to have a good look at the town.

I could not discover much of interest. These towns looked all alike. A few of the new houses were built of concrete, with cement brought from Istanbul via the port of Mersin. It was a cheaper method of building than carrying the stones from the mountains. The bazaars were just the same as

elsewhere. The apparently obligatory new little park was pretty with blooming acacia-trees and a pavilion at the side of an ornamental pond, but someone told me that the pond and pavilion had cost the extraordinary amount of 60,000 ltq. (something like £10,000), and I did not admire them any longer.

The only existing cinema had been burnt down some time ago. Most appropriately it had caught fire during the showing of *Rome in Flames*. Heaven knew how long it would take to be rebuilt. The officers' wives sighed sadly when they passed the blackened ruins. There were so few amusements in the town, apart from listening to the radio—thirty sets were registered in Malatya—playing bridge, and going for a ride. Like most emancipated Turkish women they spent a good deal of their free time on horseback. But all that was no substitute for the " sinema."

I could not walk the streets forever or listen indefinitely to the playing of the fountain. The Englishmen were still sorting and classifying their booty, the bank director was lending out money at twelve per cent, his wife embroidering window-curtains. I, too, felt an urge to do something useful and went to see the *vali*. Perhaps he could help me again. He suggested that I should see the various public institutions, the schools and hospitals. The *vilayet* director of education would accompany me.

Bay Faruk was appointed directly by the Ministry of Public Instruction. His chief task was to see to it that the curricula and instructions given out by Ankara uniformly for the whole country, were properly applied and carried out in all the schools of the *vilayet* under his care. He was a well-educated man with gentle manners who went about his work in an eager, but quiet way. That he also worked methodically became clear when he handed me the plan of our tour of inspection : first a few village schools, then an elementary school, afterwards an *Orta Mektep*, a kind of middle or junior

high school, and finally the lycée. And whilst we moved about from one place to the next, he told me about his own youth.

His father, an orthodox Moslem, had sent him to a religious school where the children hardly ever saw any other book but the Koran on which all teaching was based. The Koran was written in Arabic, it took them years and years merely to learn to read and write it. How often had he cried when he had to learn endless passages by heart without understanding a single word.

As a recreation from studying Arabic, they wrestled with Persian. They never spoke Turkish. The old *hoca* beat him, and when he complained to his father, the father beat him too. Often he implored his father to send him to one of the foreign schools, but the old man nearly killed him with fury at the suggestion. His son to be taught by the unbelievers—he had rather see him in hell straight away. It was bad enough that his daughter had revolted and refused to marry the man he had chosen for her. But he could not stem the onrushing tide for ever, and at last he had allowed his son to enrol at one of the few new government schools where the lessons were more enlightened and held in Turkish.

"And what has become of your sister?"

Bay Faruk laughed. "A spinster, of course. My father refused to find another husband for her. She went to college after the war when she was already thirty-two and is now a teacher and town-councillor at Antalya. Might even become a deputy. We have seventeen women now in the Grand National Assembly."

The first village-school we visited was a white stone building with a red-tiled sloping roof and a shaded terrace where the children could sit and work on hot days. It had one large and bright class-room for the three forms—village-children have at present to attend school for three years only

—and a separate little room for the teacher, a hall, a cloak-room, and two privies at the back.

The school had been built two years ago, to plans supplied by the Ministry, which had compiled a whole book of architectural designs for various types and sizes of village schools, complete with estimates for execution in stone, wood, sundried bricks, concrete, or corrugated iron. The book had been sent to all the villages which had not yet a school or only a very primitive one. The designs looked very inspiring, the only drawback was that the villages themselves had to supply the labour and material and pay the teacher. But thanks to Bay Faruk's never flagging energy and persuasiveness, twenty new village schools had been opened in the *vilayet* in the course of a single year.

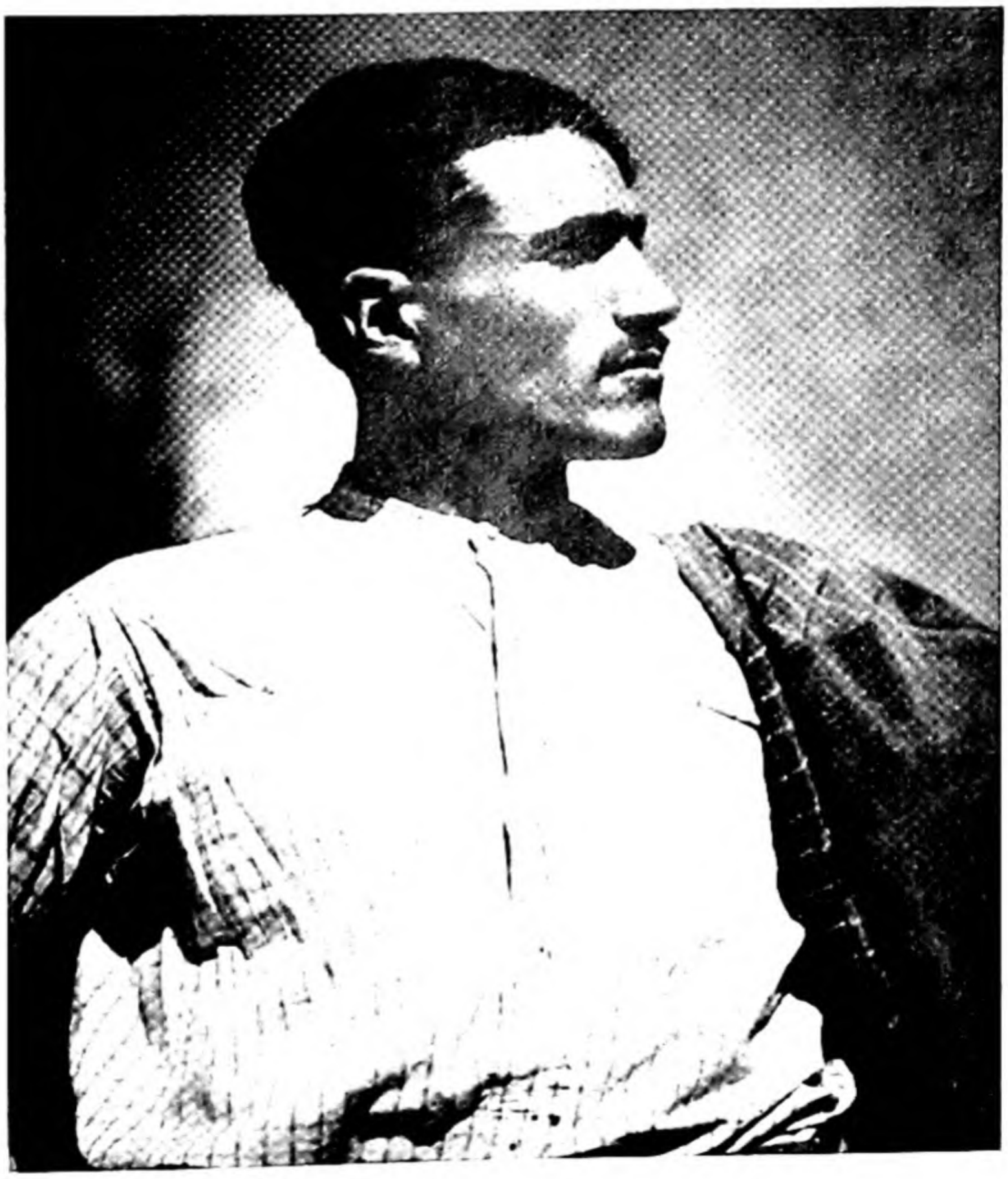
He was quite frank. To every 2,500 people in the *vilayet* there were two mosques, but only one school. Only about one-third of all Turkish children were yet receiving any regular instruction, and of the remaining two-thirds, nearly all were living in the country. Out of 44,000 villages, 80 per cent were still without schools, not because they were not anxious to carry out the Government's orders, but because they were too poor, too thinly populated, too far away from each other and the next town.

"If you start from nothing, you have a long way to go. Yet we are accelerating our pace from year to year. The more things improve in general, the more we can do for our children."

"And if the Government were to take over the building of all schools?"

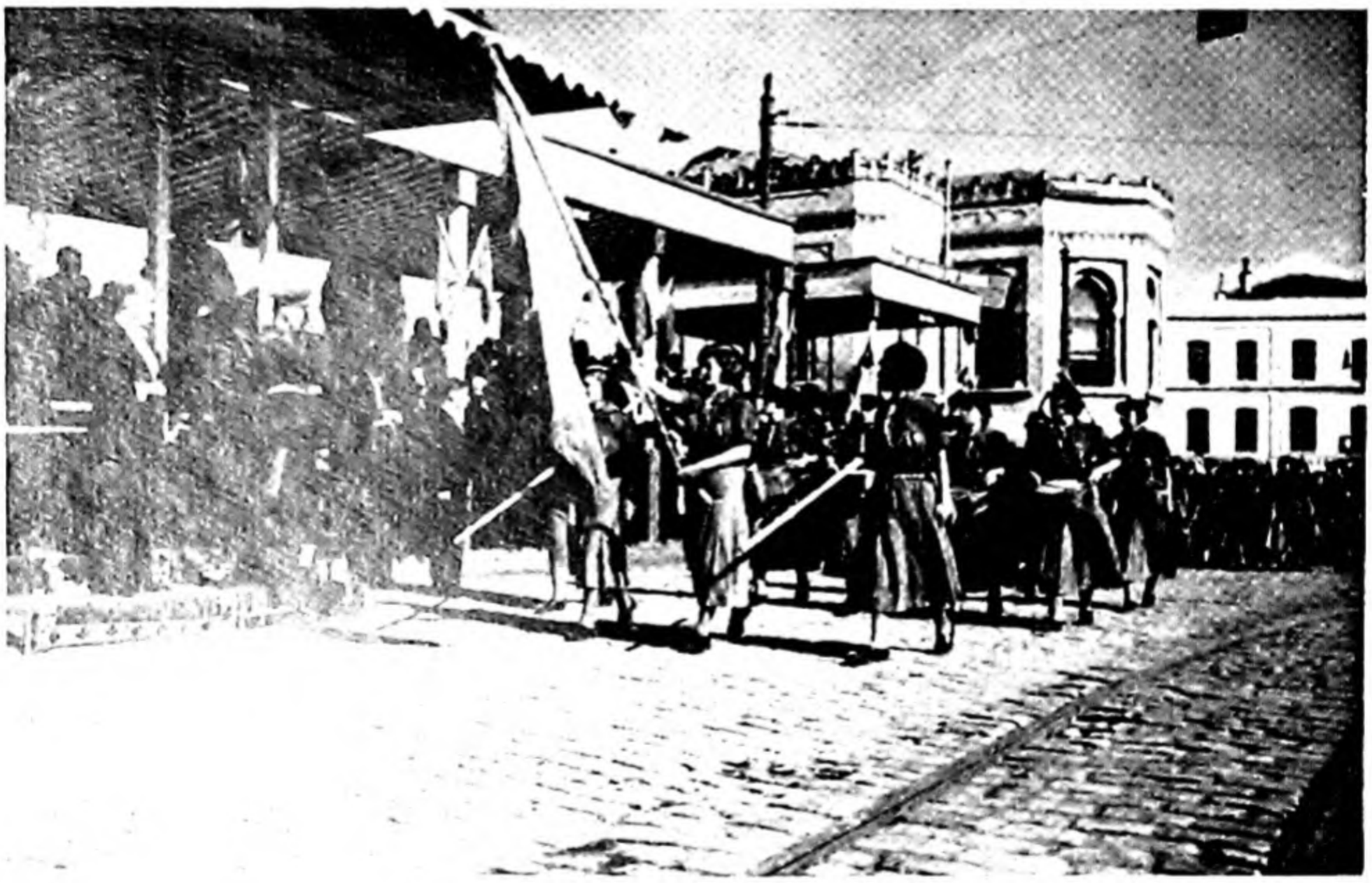
He looked at me with an indulgent smile. "Where could they get the money from? No, I think for some time to come we must leave it as it is: the Government build the secondary schools, the *vilayet* the primary schools, and the villages are responsible for the village schools. We need that willingness to do something for the communal benefit.

VILLAGE BETWEEN SIVAS AND MALATYA



A PEASANT FROM MALATYA.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.



GIRL GUIDE PARADE.

Too long has each peasant only thought of himself. Besides, the Government are now suggesting that, if necessary, several villages should set to work together and build a school, perhaps even a simple boarding-school, between them. A few years hence you won't be able to find a single child which cannot at least read and write. And you mustn't forget that the boys are being taught during their term of conscription. So even if they should escape us now, they'll be caught later."

"Pity that the girls haven't an equal chance."

"Who knows? We might call them to the colours, too, at least for a short while. It would only be the logical application of our principle that men and women are equals.—You must meet my daughter. She is drum-major in the girl guides. Have you ever seen them on parade? I assure you, they're not a whit less smart than the boys!"

But he was not only proud of his daughter, he was proud of every healthy, quick-witted child with whom his profession brought him in touch, and of every teacher who helped him to push things on. His eyes shone with unconcealed delight when he introduced me to Ikbal, the village teacher, a girl of twenty-five. She was not in the least pretty, her features were coarse, her bobbed hair was straight and dull, her nose as round as a button. But as soon as she talked to her pupils her face grew animated, her eyes assumed an eager and happy expression, and she was no longer the clumsy country girl.

Bay Faruk told me that she not only taught the sixty children, but also held evening classes for the adults and lectured on Sundays, helped the *muhtar* with his administrative work, and chased the idling men out of the coffee-house and back to their fields. And woe to the peasant who grew too intimate with the *raki*-bottle! No Salvation Army lass could be more persistent than Ikbal in her fight for the stray soul. Even the young men were afraid of her fierce preaching.

She was living with her widowed mother who helped her as much as possible. A year ago the Ministry wanted to transfer her to another school, but the peasants had sent a petition to Ankara, and she herself had declared that she had rather stay on because she did not want to leave the children. It was easy to see how deeply they were attached to her and how anxious they were to please her. Before we left, Bay Faruk promised to send her a box with coloured pencils for the children's drawing lesson. They lined up outside on the terrace and sang a little marching song, and when the car began to move, they clapped their hands and shouted that we should return, and soon.

As an example of a primary school he showed me the *Gazi Ilk Mektebi* which had only recently been completed after they had been building at it on and off for twenty-seven years. It might still stand without a roof if he and the *vali* had not used all their influence. The lessons had just begun when we arrived. From the top floor the shrill, tinny voices of very young children could be heard practising the March of the Republic. Behind the closed doors here and there a boy was reciting, a teacher explaining in slow, deliberately spoken words. The corridors were cool and peaceful and filled with the drowsiness of a shady summer morning.

Bay Faruk knocked at the door marked with a large five —the door leading to the class-room of the fifth and upper-most form. About forty boys and girls between twelve and thirteen crowded the benches, all dressed in grey overalls with little white collars. A girl with a long plait, an exception today even in a Turkish town, stood behind the teacher's desk. The teacher himself, a middle-aged man, had taken her seat at the back and was listening with the children. They were having an arithmetic lesson, and Bay Faruk told the little girl to continue.

She must have known who he was, or in any case guessed

that he was a person with authority, but she accepted his and my presence without showing either curiosity or fear and went on to teach the class, calling upon boys and girls to answer her questions or to come forward to the blackboard. The method of letting the pupils alternately take the place of the teacher had once been employed in the most progressive German schools, but it made me smile to think that my own had never risen to such new-fangled experiments and that Asia Minor was more advanced than East Berlin.

What a tremendous change from the two types of school Bay Faruk had described to me! The children were no longer beaten—all corporal punishment was strictly forbidden—nor trained like parrots. Instead they were taught to think and reason for themselves. The Turks, a soldier race like the Prussians, cherish discipline, but they have realized that a nation has no greater capital than the intelligence of its people, and reject the idea of turning it into a herd which settles down or rises at the barking of a shepherd's dog.

Of utmost importance for this development was the Bill for Secularization of Education which the Grand National Assembly passed early in 1924. It was not dictated by any hatred against the mosques, but by the desire to end the dualism of education and to do away with the retarding influence of the over-conservative and ignorant *hocas*. Nationalism and democracy were to supply the moral code which should take the place of the Koran, and the picture of the Gazi was meant to strengthen the heart which no longer believed in Allah.

There it hung, too, on the cream-coloured wall of the fifth form surrounded by photographs, posters, and picture post cards, with a large calendar as a strange counterpart on the opposite wall, an advertisement for Panflavine, a pharmaceutical product of a German firm. It showed a long-legged girl in a flimsy white dress with fair curls around

her rosy cheeks and an enormous bunch of flowers in her naked arms. The Turks seemed to like her. Her seductive portrait rivalled that of the austere Gazi in frequency. I had seen it in the huts of peasants who would never dream of using Panflavine.

The girl at the desk, hurt in her dignity as teacher, noticed that I paid no attention to the lesson, but stared instead full of curiosity at the wall. After a short conversation with the master she ordered Sadri, a boy on the front-bench, to get up and explain the meaning of all those pictures and posters. I understood only part of what he said, but it soon became clear that they had been put up there by the children to illustrate the story of Turkey's cultural development during the last ten or twelve years.

Sadri went slowly from one to the other, commenting on them in a serious and persuasive tone. He was very small for his age, with hands much too big for his frail body. But he showed no lack of vitality. From time to time he looked at me with serious, scrutinizing eyes to make sure that I followed him. I nodded, but dared not smile. It was obvious that he was now the master and that he was not going to let me off easily.

With a determined forefinger he poked at a photograph near the open window, a little faded by the sunlight. I could distinguish the Gazi, hatless, in simple morning dress, writing on a large blackboard underneath some shading trees with a crowd of people around him. The photograph dated from 1928 when he had ordered the introduction of the Latin alphabet to replace the complicated Arabic which less than ten per cent of the people knew how to master. He himself had worked out an adaptation of the Latin alphabet for the Turkish language which was to be spelt phonetically. Each man or woman, up to the age of forty-five, was obliged by law to learn it and thus help to pave the way for westernization and progress.

ESKİ YAZI ÇOK GÜÇTÜ

ز ذ ض ظ	ث س ص	ه ح خ	ج
— — ض ظ	ذ — ض	ه ح خ	ج
— — ض ظ	ث س ص	ه ح خ	ج
ز ذ ض ظ	ث س ص	ه ح خ	ج
Z	Ş	H	C

YENİ YAZI

Okuma ve Yazmayı Kolaylaştırdı

İNKILÂPTAN SONRA MEKTEPLER ÇOĞALDI

Millet Mektepleri açıldı:

İHTİYAR, GENÇ Herkes okuma öğreniyor.

C. H. F. 22

POSTER SHOWING THE OLD AND THE NEW WRITING.

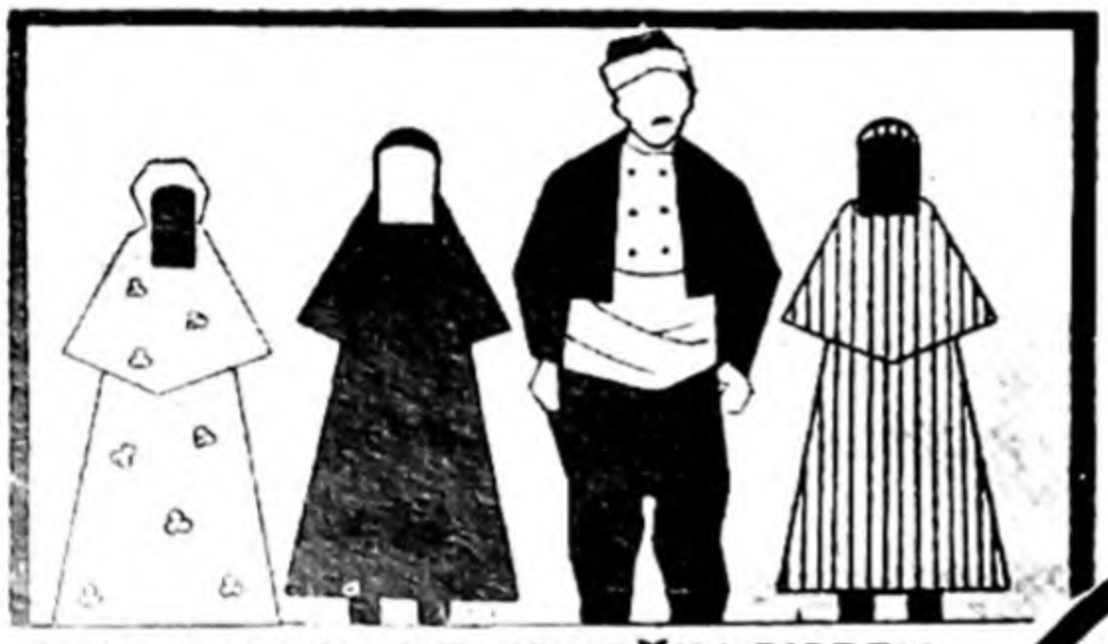
INKILAPTAN EVVELKI
KIYAFET.

İNKILAPTAN SONRAKI
KIYAFET.

KIYAFET

VE

EVLENME
DE



ESKI KANUN BIR ERKEĞIN BIRDEN
FAZLA EVLENMESINE MÜSADE EDERDI

YENİ KANUN.
C.H.F.

İNKILÂP

POSTER SHOWING THE OLD AND THE NEW DRESS.

Even hard-boiled foreigners who were living in Turkey at the time, found it difficult to describe adequately the wave of enthusiasm and democratic spirit which swept the country. In mosques, coffee-houses, tram-cars, on the kerb, people were bending over sheets of paper, trying to draw the new letters. The pencil in their hand turned into a spear with which they were bravely attacking the dragon of ignorance. Masters and servants, old and young, sat side by side on the school benches.

Sadri pointed to the next item: a carefully calligraphed excerpt from one of the Prime Minister Ismet Inönü's election addresses to his native Malatya. Some of the phrases were underlined in red ink. Bay Faruk translated:

"By teaching every member of the Turkish nation to read and write, we have undertaken a great task which will give glory to the coming generation. The Turkish nation needed a leader like the Gazi who goes from village to village to teach the new Turkish alphabet and lead the people away from their dark ignorant past. Our old mothers and women are happy now that the black scribbles on white paper which they never understood, start to talk to them with living tongues. The fight against ignorance is the first point of our programme—the programme of the Government and the People's Party and of all Turkish idealists. Today the whole country has been turned into a class-room, and the head teacher and the beloved treasure of this nation is its great son, the Gazi."

Sadri scratched his head when he heard us talking in a foreign language, and the moment Bay Faruk ceased speaking, he stepped hastily forward and began to read the same phrases again in Turkish, with a careful intonation as if he were reciting a poem. I think nearly every language slowly spoken sounds beautiful, but there was a special charm in Sadri's voice, an eagerness and pride which was twice moving in so young a child. Did he really understand what he was reading?

He went on to explain the posters, either printed or made by the children themselves. One compared the old and new alphabet and showed that formerly sixteen Arabic letters were needed to denote what could now be expressed by a simple

Latin *z*. Another was crowded with figures of marching boys and girls to picture the increase in primary school children—350,000 in 1923, 650,000 in 1935. In comparison the figures of the girls had grown faster than those of the boys.

Another drawing showed neat little houses—the primary schools: less than 5,000 when the Republic was founded, more than 7,000 today. Besides these posters there hung a map of the world, each country bearing a number to indicate the state of illiteracy in 1934. Sadri laid his finger on Turkey—55 per cent, and then moved it quickly across to Egypt—85 per cent. Apparently this comparison had been made so often that by now a dark smear connected the two countries. I could have no doubt that Sadri felt himself superior to any poor backward Egyptian.

As he began, so he concluded with the Gazi, the alpha and omega of modern Turkey. Written in golden letters on a dark green background were Atatürk's words addressed to the Turkish youth at the end of his great six-day speech in 1927. He appealed to them to guard and defend forever the national independence, the Turkish Republic, no matter how great and difficult this task might be.

"The strength you need for this end surges in the noble blood which flows in your veins."

"Thank you, Sadri," said the teacher, thinking this a befitting climax to an impressively recited story. But he had not counted with the children. "The post cards," they shouted; "he hasn't said anything about the post cards. And the foreign *bayan* should also see our museum, and the library." And that was the end of the arithmetic lesson.

A shy little girl was called upon to tell me that they had received these picture post cards from primary schoolchildren all over Turkey with whom they were in correspondence. One was from Adana, one from Erzurum, and the beautiful coloured one with the equestrian statue of the Gazi from

Samsun. They were delighted when they heard that I had been at Erzurum and Samsun, and I had to tell them all I had seen as best I could whilst they looked up on the map the route I had travelled.

These post cards were one of the means of making the children aware of the fact that they were members of a greater community than their own family, though the school kept in close touch with the parents, too, chiefly by the Children's Week. It begins each year on the twenty-third of April to commemorate the first meeting of the Grand National Assembly at Ankara in 1920 on that same day. Children's parades, concerts, theatrical performances, exhibitions, sports competitions are arranged all over the country and the adults are invited as spectators to judge the progress made during the past year.

The museum to which we and all the children trooped together, contained dozens of photographs taken at these occasions—hundreds of children lined up on a large sports field around the mast with the waving flag, doing Swedish exercises ; girl pupils playing at volley ball ; the great hand-work exhibition ; cooking demonstration of the fifth-form girls with a crowd of either fashionably dressed or veiled women looking on in admiration ; the children dressed up for the patriotic play, etc.

But there were many more things to be seen in the little museum. A large box held about sixty classified stones found in the *vilayet*, another butterflies, a third flowers and weeds, and on the shelves around the wall stood ancient pots and other relics which the peasants had dug out in the fields and which the children had handed to their teachers. Little by little they were gathering as much as they could of the past and would try to write a special history of Malatya.

Sadri seemed to think he had a special claim on me, and pushing the other children aside, he laid his hand in mine and dragged me around from one exhibit to the next, supply-

ing me with rapid explanations which even a Turk would have had difficulty in understanding. He wanted me to admire something which he had made himself, and he nearly cried when I could not make out at once what the wooden figure meant. It was a cubistic work of art, one man squeezing another under a heavy vice so hard that the victim had become as flat as a pancake. "*Köylü*," he said, pointing at the unfortunate creature, "*Köylü*" (peasant). But it required Bay Faruk's assistance to make me understand that the figures represented the imperial system of taxation and tithe by which the peasant had been nearly screwed to death. Sadri had also drawn a picture of the Gazi, but since it was executed in the same modern style, I was unable to appreciate it at its true worth.

Half the library door was covered by a hand-written wall newspaper to which the various forms contributed in turn—little stories, sketches, reports of their week's doings. Here as in other experiments and ideas the Russian influence could be strongly felt. The Turks are not diffident: they take good things wherever they can find them.

When I looked over the little library, I realized that the change of alphabets had not brought only advantages to Turkey. Three-quarters of the books on the shelves were printed in Arabic. The children around me would never be able to read them or anything printed up to 1928. In twenty years' time these pages would be nothing but dead paper, intelligible only to a few scholars. To teach a nation to read and write at the price of cutting it completely off from the rich resources of yesterday—what a tragic contradiction. Or is the Government pleased to start with a completely blank sheet?

About forty per cent of the primary school-children in Malatya enrolled afterwards at an Orta Mektep, a junior high school with three classes, which, though an independent unit, forms the first part of a lycée education. It is in these

two types of schools that the democratic principle becomes most evident.

"You see that boy over there with the scratch on his cheek?" Bay Faruk asked me during our visit to the Orta Mektep. "He is the *vali's* son. And the girl in front of him is the seventh child of an *imam* (Moslem priest), and that boy's father died in the revolt of 1929, and the girl over there is the only daughter of one of our best officers here in Malatya. No matter whether their parents are rich or poor, for the Government or against it—and there are still some such people, you know—each child can come here, and they are all treated alike. Education in Turkey is free of any charge, even in boarding schools only those pay for their keep whose parents can afford it, and they are not known to anyone but the head master."

This referred equally to lycées, other types of secondary schools, and the university—they are all free and co-educational, only certain professional schools and a few lycées are reserved for either boys and girls. In co-educational schools girls have their sewing or domestic science lesson whilst the boys work in the laboratory or, in the upper forms, go out with their special instructors for military exercises.

That should really have alarmed me. Militarism and a nationalist education, and one political party led by a deified man—why had I left Nazi Germany if I accepted these things here without protest? Because they had a different meaning and were done in a different spirit. Because Turkey wants to reach unity by education, where Germany upholds it by terrorizing force. Because Turkish nationalism widens the world for millions of people from a primitive village to a self-possessed country, German nationalism narrows it from an important part of the civilized world to a fanatically goose-stepping state. Because the Crescent and Star will never be carried in a hostile spirit beyond Turkey's frontiers whilst the

Swastika, if no one summons up the spirit to check it, will soon wave over a shell-holed Europe.

Thus in spite of certain resemblances with Hitlerism, I yet felt reminded of the German Republic, and my heart beat in sympathy when at the end of the school week the children lined up in the courtyard for the flag ceremony. On a high pole the red flag was hoisted by the master with the help of the oldest pupil, and whilst it unfolded in the slight breeze, boys and girls bowed solemnly forward to honour it. On a given sign their voices rang out in their national anthem, the March of the Republic :

" In ten years (the first ten years of the Republic) we gained honours in every struggle.
In ten years we gave youth to fifteen million people of all ages.
Our leader is the Gazi whom the whole world respects.
We have connected the four corners of our country by iron roads.
We are Turks, our breast is the bronze defence line of the Republic.
The Turk never stops. The Turk moves forward, to the front.
We existed before history was written, and we shall exist after history.
Tracing the map of the country with our blood,
We ended the struggle for independence.
The whole world learned to respect the Turks.
The new road we march is a model to all nations.
We are a mass welded together with neither privileges nor classes."

After that the school was dismissed until Monday morning when the same ceremony would be repeated. They marched off, slowly as long as the teachers' eyes were still on them, and starting to run and kick each other the moment they had turned around the corner. It's the same all over the world.

There was one very strange school which I visited and which I have not mentioned so far—the primary school for children and teachers suffering from trachome, the Egyptian eye disease. I followed Bay Faruk to that school with great apprehension, wincing at the thought of several hundred children staring at me with badly inflamed red eyes, but

I was immensely relieved when I found that most of them looked nearly normal. They followed the same curriculum as the children in the other schools so that they would fit in without difficulty after their return. Their treatment lasted from three months to a year. The doctor in charge told me that in the past women had suffered most because they were always sitting together, using the same handkerchiefs and towels, and hiding their unwashed faces behind their veils. But all that was quickly changing now, thank God. No—thanks to the Government.

When I had seen about twelve schools, Bay Faruk told me that he would show me no more. "We have another hundred in the *vilayet*, but they are all the same. Some of the schools which we took over from the Sultan's times badly need re-building. We shall first put up new ones, however, in places where none exist so far. I am not worried. We are on the right way. Just a little patience, and we shall succeed."

The next day his daughter Perihan, a very attractive girl of fifteen, came to call on me at the hotel. She brought a present from him—a copy of the text-book which the primary school children use for their lessons in citizenship. As a dedication he had written in it:

> We shall educate our children in a way which makes them capable of using their brains even in unaccustomed circumstances, of taking necessary decisions without waiting for orders from above, of developing a spirit of enterprise and a desire to overcome all difficulties which may block their way.

I turned over the pages until I reached the last containing the farewell message to the children after they have passed through the fifth form. I gave the book to Perihan, and in her deep voice she read aloud:

> "Young people, everything is yours hereafter; country, flag, and Republic are yours hereafter! Lift higher than all else our beloved Republic and our independence which we won at the price of the blood of hundreds of thousands of martyrs.

"Work always; work harder than anybody or any nation. There are people ahead of us who have started much earlier than we. You must run in order that our victorious flag which has been waving in the skies, may wave eternally.

"Never expect anything from the past; take only advice from the past. Expect everything from the future. Let your eye and soul always face forward. Let your life be filled with joys and happiness." [1]

I could not help being moved by that beautiful poem. Afraid of showing my feelings to this completely self-possessed girl, I did not dare to look at her. She was already a whole generation ahead of me, a generation not troubled with memories and sufferings of the war or the confusion of Europe on which she had turned her back. Nor had she anything in common with the women of her own country twenty years her elders. She was very clear-headed, independent, optimistic, and had very definite plans for building up a happy future not only for herself, but for the whole of Turkey. And though a heathen, I prayed that she might succeed where my friends and I in my country had failed.

[1] Translation taken from: H. E. Allen, *The Turkish Transformation*. Chicago. 1935.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI

Schools	1923–4	1933–4
Primary Schools (Ilk Mektep)	4,894	7,000
Pupils	336,061	591,169
Boys	273,107	385,247
Girls	62,954	205,922
Middle Schools (Orta Mektep)	72	102
Pupils	5,905	42,522
Boys	5,000	31,146
Girls	905	11,376
Lycées (Lise)	23	65
Pupils	1,241	9,876
Boys	1,000	7,555
Girls	241	2,321

Vilayet Malatya :

1927 { 294 mosques, 117 schools, i.e.
One mosque for every 1,200 inhabitants
One school for every 3,000 inhabitants

Turkey :

1927 : 28,705 mosques. 14,425 schools

At the end of 1931, 144 *cinemas* with 60,000 seats were counted in the whole of Turkey, 35 with nearly a third of the total seats in Istanbul, and 10 at Izmir (Smyrna). Meanwhile their number has probably increased to 200. Those in the provinces can, as a rule, show only silent films—French, and old American ones. The director of the Istanbul Municipal Theatre, a man with a profound knowledge and experience of the modern German, Austrian and Russian theatre, has recently begun to produce a few Turkish films. But since he and his " stars " are all stage-actors with permanent jobs, they can only give their short holidays to filming. There are no enterprising capitalists in Turkey, and the state is too poor to spend money on luxuries.

Trachome, the Egyptian eye disease, is contagious and if neglected can lead to blindness. From 1925 on the Government has carried on an organized fight against it in the region between Adana and Malatya, the most affected in Turkey. Year after year mass examinations take place—in 1932 alone more than a million people have received regular treatment in one of the six special dispensaries, fifteen thousand of those needing operations. Owing to these consistent efforts the disease has become less dangerous : no fresh cases of blindness have appeared for some time. All that work has been carried out free of charge for all but those who definitely had the means to pay—and they were a negligible minority.

CHAPTER VII

Journey through the Night

THE *otelci* himself brought me the letter from Ankara. I could hardly wait until he had left the room, and whilst my hand tore it open, I murmured between my teeth: "*Ene, mene, teke,*" as I had done as a child to conjure up the assistance of some good spirit, and to make doubly sure I added a breathless and imploring: "*Inshallah!*"

My heart nearly stopped when I discovered the yellow ticket, available for a month's unlimited travel first class on all state railways. After I had regained my composure, I looked at the letter. It was written in most beautiful German, in answer to my very faulty French. The Press Department of the Ministry of the Interior invited me to a long stay at Ankara and promised me all possible assistance.

So I was somebody, was I? But how could I go to Ankara? My clothes were getting shabbier from day to day. Before long I would have to throw my shoes away, they were really beyond repair. And my coat looked a blotted grey. If only I had not lost my nice felt hat! Well, I would have to impress them with my knowledge of the country. Another month's travelling would give me a good chance to increase it. I intended to use the ticket to the utmost and to arrive at Ankara the very day it expired.

The bank director and his wife saw me off. It was extremely kind of them and saved me the expense of an *araba*, at least a lira because the station lay nearly three miles out of the town. The story went that a former mayor wrote

protesting to Ismet Inönü, the deputy of Malatya, before the station was built, but in his ignorance he wrote that the station as planned was a kilometre—instead of an hour-away, and his complaint was rejected as unjustified. Whatever the truth, the new parts of the town will now be laid out along the road to the station whilst the old parts will be left to decay without wasting any of the scarce money on them. This procedure is also adopted in other towns where the old houses are very primitive. It might be a good idea to move London a little westward, too.

When we arrived at the station, I thought myself back at Sivas—stone for stone the same strikingly modern building. "You will find it a third time," Bay Nebi said when he saw my astonishment, "on your way to Izmir (Smyrna). They put it up at Manisa. Why not? If a thing serves its purpose and is even beautiful, by all means let copy it who wants to."

"How would you like to see another woman wearing a copy of my best dress?" asked his wife, realizing that the application of his principle might, in special instances, become unpleasant. She wore a chic little blouse.

"Well—my dear—if she looks as charming as you do!"

The train began slowly to move forward. Goodbye, everybody, goodbye, Malatya, Pearl of the Euphrates. Shall I ever see you again? Never mind, so long as there are other places to explore. It was afternoon now. Early next morning I would be 375 miles away at Adana, near the Levantine coast of the Mediterranean.

I had food and drink enough to last for a whole week. Bay Nebi had bought a large red clay jug for me which kept the water in it ice-cold, and his wife had given me a shoe-box full of little cakes and pasties, and half a dozen French magazines to while away the twelve hours of the journey. But I had not a moment to spare to look at them. Even at the landscape I cast only fleeting glances. With a

good hundred of interesting fellow-travellers I could not complain of boredom.

In the first class I should have found myself in splendid isolation. But I travelled half the way in the second and the rest in the third. Walking slowly along the corridor, I looked for a suitable compartment. When I saw the friendly eyes of a middle-aged man smiling at me through the window-pane, I knew that I should be in good company with him for the next few hours. He rose politely to help me arrange my suitcase, shoe-box, water-jug, and papers, and then fell back on his seat, a little out of breath.

He was a stout, pursy man with sparse brown hair and a Hitler moustache under a fleshy nose which would have filled every Nazi with anti-semitic horror. His skin was deeply tanned and so wrinkled around his eyes that he seemed to smile even when he was serious. I had no difficulty in finding out that he was an official in the Ministry of Public Works who had been a few days at Malatya for discussions with the Simeryol.

He told me that the line we were travelling on now, from the Euphrates to Fevzi-Pasha, about 180 miles, had recently been constructed by a Swedish-Danish company. It formed a branch of the Bagdad line which the Germans had built during the Great War. When he heard that I was a German, he nearly embraced me. The confession was followed by the usual awkward minutes. Was he delighted because I was a German, or did he think me a Nazi? But Bay Malik was not interested in politics. So far as he was concerned, Hitler might never have been born. All he cared about was technique, and as technicians the Germans were the first people in the world and all the others were—— He made a gesture indicating his utmost disdain.

I had not misjudged his character. No pressure was needed to make him tell me some Turkish jokes.

"Ever heard of Nasreddin Hoca? He lived about A.D. 1400."

"Oh, do tell me about him." I knew that a good story was waiting for me.

"Well," Bay Malik began, rubbing his hands in anticipation of a little fun and moistening his lips, "one night Nasreddin Hoca said to his wife: 'Tomorrow I'll take the donkey to the woods, gather a load of sticks, and sell them in town.' 'Say *Inshallah*,' nagged his wife, 'so God will.' But he grew annoyed with her and refused: 'I have done it a thousand times before, and I'll do it again, and nothing shall stop me.' The next morning he got up early and went to the woods in good time. But whilst he was gathering the dry branches, a thunderstorm came and drenched him to the skin and made the donkey bolt away in fear. It took him hours to find it again. When at last he reached the market, all the bargaining of the day had been done. So he threw the sticks away in anger and trotted home on his donkey's back with an empty stomach and empty pockets and a great fury in his heart. It was midnight by the time he stood in front of his house. His wife had locked the door, and after some tired knocking he could hear her voice from upstairs: 'Who's there, disturbing honest people in their sleep?' And Nasreddin Hoca replied: 'It's I—*inshallah!*'"

"There is another one," Bay Malik said when we had ceased laughing. "One day, walking through the village, he came across a gang of boys fighting with each other in the dust of the road. When they saw him, they interrupted their scuffle and begged him to be their arbitrator. 'And what are you quarrelling about?' Nasreddin Hoca asked them. 'We have found a bag of nuts and don't know how to divide them between us.' 'Shall I divide them as man or as Allah would do?' he asked, and desiring to please him they answered: 'As Allah, Hoca efendi.' Whereupon he gave a handful to one boy and three small nuts to another, none to the third, twenty-five to the fourth, and

so on. And when the boys complained, he said: 'What do you want, my sons? Didn't you ask me to divide them as Allah would do?' And he walked off with the remainder of the nuts in his pockets."

"But this is a blasphemous story," I said.

"Perhaps to a Christian, but not to us. We have a different attitude towards religion. More matter-of-fact, more *terre-à-terre*, if you understand what I mean. We can smile at things that hurt us. The Turkish peasant learnt it in centuries of misery and oppression. Patience and a little sense of humour have often saved us."

I was about to ask him for another story when I saw a man in the corridor staring at us who made me start with fear. He seemed more an enormous animal than a human being, heavy and broad-shouldered, with arms loosely hanging down, strong enough to crush whatever they embraced. Even more terrifying than his huge body was his face—a pursed forehead, piercing round eyes, a flat nose hardly interrupting the square block of his head, thick lips overshadowed by a little moustache, and a large chin which gave him an unbearably brutal expression.

He wore a pair of well tailored trousers and a bright blue silk shirt stretched tightly over his chest like a second skin. When at last, by an impatient gesture, I tried to rid myself from his spell, he turned slowly away.

Bay Malik smiled at me, greatly amused. "You needn't be afraid of him, Fräulein."

"Do you know him?"

"Of course. There isn't a child in Turkey who wouldn't recognize him at once—Mehmet Çoban, the wrestling champion of the Balkans. He was discovered ten years ago as a young shepherd somewhere in the north-west of Anatolia. That's what gave him his name—Çoban means shepherd. Would you like to meet him?"

"I don't think so."

SCHOOL CHILDREN, NEW STYLE.

CHILDREN, OLD STYLE.

A WOMAN JOURNALIST.

THE WRESTLER.

But not long after Mehmet and I were both standing in the corridor, not looking at one another, but gazing at the passing landscape—chains of hills with red-yellow sand and dark blots of bushes—dwarf oaks, weather-beaten cypresses, wild olives and chestnuts, and occasionally a larch or pine-tree. Suddenly the train crept into a long tunnel. I glanced at Mehmet. In the dim light of the electric lamps he looked more ferocious than ever. If I had met him at night in a dark street, I should have run away.

After a long while the train emerged again, and with surprise we looked at the sight before us. We had climbed a good deal and could now see across the hills to a high mountain far away, coloured rosy by the setting sun. The valley lay deep below us, the river which we had seen before on the other side as a purling brook, was now whirling as a broad stream over the rocks and rushing towards an unknown coast. I felt as if I were hovering over the earth like a bird, quietly spreading my wings in the motionless air.

Mehmet, I suppose, did not share my emotion because he turned to me and smiled. Taking heart, he asked me hesitatingly : " America ? " He had never been in America. He knew Russia and France, and Austria, and the Balkans, of course. And Berlin, yes. But he didn't like to think of it. He had been beaten there on points, the only time in his life he had ever met with defeat, probably because he was tired by a long journey and a hard match in Vienna. So I couldn't really be surprised that he didn't remember my native town with great sympathy, could I ?

He spoke slowly, joining the words in a simple unaffected way, with long intervals between the phrases, waiting for my next question with a slight smile around his thick lips. So he was human, after all. Perhaps he had always remained the simple shepherd in spite of all his travels and his still growing fame. When the train passed a herd of sheep grazing on the slopes, I pointed at them and smiled to show that

I knew his story. But I had made a mistake. They seemed to be taboo like Berlin. Shrugging his shoulders in contempt, he said : " Sheep—dirty animals. Villages—dirty. Nothing but dust and flies." Mehmet Çoban had gone a long way in ten years.

I kept looking out of the rolling train until somebody tapped me on the back. A bald-headed, negligently dressed man stood behind me with a large bottle in his hands. Without a word he uncorked it and sprinkled some badly smelling cheap eau-de-Cologne over me. Mistaking my hasty withdrawal for modesty, he seized my hands, poured the stuff over them as well, bowed politely, and left. Neither of us had uttered a sound.

I knew that it was an ancient custom of the orient to pour rose-water over the hands of a guest. But I was no one's guest, and the awful fluid no rose-water. Puzzled, I went back to my compartment where Bay Malik began to sniff disgustedly. I had hardly time to ask him the meaning of this mysterious incident when the man appeared again, this time with a smaller bottle which he presented to me. And behold, he spoke. Would the lady kindly mention in her *gazete* that on her journey through Turkey an amiable fellow-traveller had refreshed her by wetting her hands with the produce of the famous Istanbul firm XYZ ? And as an afterthought he added : " The lady can call me uncle."

How had he found out about the *Berkminster News* ? Did he really imagine its readers would order large quantities of his eau-de-Cologne from Istanbul ? My sympathy definitely changed to annoyance when after a few moments he again opened the door and asked me if I would like to try one of his firm's razor blades. Free of charge, of course. They could be used twenty times, by just turning them round every morning.

To escape him I walked off to the women's compartment in the third class, taking the shoe-box and the jug with

me. The seats at the window were occupied by two women wearing the *charshaf*, but since no man was about, they had taken off their veils.

They smiled at me when I began to eat and took politely the smallest of the cakes I offered them. The usual conversation was opened by the elder of the two, questions about my state of health and that of my family, followed by where from and why. They were going to visit their son and brother who had married into a family at Gazi-Ayintab. They would have to leave the train at one o'clock in the morning at Fevzi-Paşa and wait until noon for a *kamion* to take them the rest of the way. It was the first time they had ever travelled by rail.

The daughter had a newspaper lying on her lap. I thought she had used it to wrap up her food, but to my surprise she told me that she had been reading it. "They write here," she said, "that the *vali* of Adana forbade the *charshaf*. The women there are lucky. They need no longer be afraid of what their neighbours will say if they go without. You know," she went on whispering, "it's not only my mother, it's my husband."

"Is he jealous?" I asked, glad at last to find a suitable use for this word which someone jokingly had written into my notebook.

"Oh, no, it isn't that. But he doesn't want to buy me a nice coat and hat. You see, under the *charshaf* we can wear anything."

She pulled the black cloak apart and showed me her old blouse. Her mother paid no attention to our conversation. She was staring through the window. I bent forward to her: "What are you looking at? You can't see anything. It's night."

"But I can feel better how we move." And turning again towards the window, she murmured: "May Allah bless the Gazi who has given us all these wonderful things!"

She sat rigidly in her corner until we reached Fevzi-Paşa. Hastily she put on her shoes and let down her veil before she climbed out of the train. Her eyes enviously followed the new passengers who swarmed into the compartments, and then, drawing their *charshafs* more closely around them, mother and daughter disappeared in the dark.

Turning round again, I found every seat twice occupied by a crowd of women, wailing children, bundles, water-jugs, and two men squeezing themselves on the places next to the door. They had apparently overlooked the fact that this was a "*kadin kompartimani*," but since they belonged to the women, I thought it all right. I was very tired and leaned back in my corner, only blinking at the people around me through half-closed eyes when all of a sudden the door was pushed back with a terrific noise and a ticket-collector appeared.

Discovering the men, he ordered them to get out. They protested feebly and pointed at their womenfolk, who cried out in fear at losing their protectors. The children whimpered, I explained that I did not mind, but the official remained firm. A regulation was a regulation. Where would he end if he allowed only one to be broken? So out went the men, only to creep back furtively as soon as the collector had disappeared into the next carriage. An hour later, however, he made the round again and found how he and his regulations had been disobeyed. Infuriated and cursing so loudly that everyone in the whole carriage was awakened, he threw the two men out again.

The performance went on with shorter and shorter intervals. The ticket-collector cursed, the men obeyed without a word —and returned. But when they came back at half-past four, they held two razor-blades each in their hands. The commercial traveller was awake and on his round again. He had told them that each blade could be used thirty times.

In the grey light of the dawn we passed a sleepy little

lake. Farther on a peasant was mowing wheat with long strokes of the scythe. The sun was only just rising behind him. It looked as though he had been mowing all night, led through the darkness by an age-old instinct. The Gök Su, tributary of the Euphrates, ran over the stones in shallow streamlets with patches of sand between them, and herds of cattle were bending down to drink. The mountains receded, the plain grew marshy and wild, carpets of white and blue and sickly pink flowers glistened wet in the morning sun. Along a distant road a camel-caravan was slowly swaying eastward to the places which we had passed in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII

Bed and Breakfast

I SIMPLY had to take an *araba*. The station was again outside the town, and the air—though it was only half-past five—was already as hot as in an oven. But I was lucky—cab-drivers were wildly competing for the few passengers and one of them offered to take me for thirty-five piastres right to the centre of the town.

"All right," I said. "Drive me to a *han*."

"*Otel ?*" he asked doubtfully.

"*Hayir—han*."

He shrugged his shoulders. "*Pek eyi*." He thought it wiser not to contradict a crazy foreigner.

The tinkling of the bells on the horses' collars gave a Russian tinge to the little pinewood and the piece of waste land covered with yellow grass and young acacia trees. But I was soon in a different world—modern cube-shaped villas on both sides of a broad new road with electric light and telephone wires running overhead, the row of pylons interrupted by carefully protected trees. The moment we reached old Adana the picture changed again. I was back in a rich town of pre-war Turkey. But here, too, most of the houses had balconies and flat roofs with strange wooden frames on top—the bedsteads for the night.

The driver pulled up and pointed with his whip at a two-storied building half hidden behind some trees. "*Han !*" he said in a voice full of contempt, and then, drawing my attention to a modern building some hundred yards away,

he added persuasively, "*Otel!*" But I remained firm in my decision and got out.

The place was not at all bad, apart from the closet which was not unlike a pigsty, and the primitive lavatory which consisted of an empty petrol tin and a battered enamel basin in a corner of the gallery. My room was very small, with a french window opposite the door leading out to a communal balcony. It would be impossible to leave it open during the night and get some air. When I complained of the dirty sheets, the *hanci* informed me politely that so far only three people had used them since they had last been washed. He was not unreasonable, however, and gave orders to change them, probably transferring those I had rejected to the less fussy traveller next door.

After the awkward matter had been cleared out of the way, I felt as light-hearted and care-free as in those happy weeks in the east. But my contentment soon evaporated. Not knowing what to do with myself and hoping to come across some helpful chance, I set out on a walk through the town. By now the heat was so stifling that I hardly dared to breathe. It needed a coloured poster to lure me to the sunny side of the road. In large letters it admonished severely: "Speak Turkish!" But there was not a soul about to obey the patriotic appeal. The streets, miles and miles of glowing bricks and bone-dry timber, were deserted of all life but that of a million buzzing flies and blue-bottles and some mangy cats which dragged themselves closer towards the walls with the receding shade.

It suddenly dawned on me that it was Sunday, only the fourth or fifth ever celebrated in Turkey. Until the end of June, Friday, holy to the Moslems, had been the weekly holiday. But the Government were anxious to bring the country one step further in line with Europe and had ordered the change. I cannot say what the mass of the population thought of it, but I could see well enough that outwardly the law was strictly

obeyed. No shop was open, no hawkers were about. Miserably I walked on with a growing hatred against the whole of the town.

At last I returned to the *han*. The hours were endless. After I had eaten the last crumb in my shoe-box and for the fifth time stared at the pictures in the French magazines, I became so bored that I began to loathe myself. I went out into the streets again, and to my delight I found them now crowded with people and the air moved by a refreshing wind. The stream of pedestrians and *arabas* moved all in one direction. I was carried with it out of the town and to the stadium near the station. In a few minutes a series of wrestling matches would begin, crowned by a demonstration by Mehmet Çoban.

I pushed in with the shabbiest lot to the cheapest places, the standing room at the edge of the ground. The stadium was really nothing but a field with a wooden fence around it and a stand near the entrance gate where the notables were slowly gathering. I envied them the shading roof over their heads. Standing in the sun in the midst of the sweating crowd—day-labourers, artisans, peasants from surrounding villages, young soldiers, schoolboys, and a very few women—I felt the full weight of the heat.

Clouds of dust swept towards us from the wrestlers who rolled and lifted each other about some ten yards away. They were local men competing for the championship of Adana. It seemed that anyone could take part in the matches. They looked little exciting to me. But obviously the other spectators had a different opinion about their national sport. Again and again they had to be pushed back by the gendarmes who kept order with bayoneted rifles in their arms, a rather exaggerated precaution in view of the good-natured attitude of the crowd. Their blood could not be made to boil even by the urging rhythm of the two musicians, a drummer and a piper, who circled slowly around the competitors.

Half-way through the afternoon the gradually flagging interest flamed up again when Mehmet Çoban and shortly

afterwards the *vali* arrived and took their seats on the stand. Mehmet, acknowledging proudly the acclamations of the crowd, recognized me among them and was gracious enough to beckon me upstairs where he introduced me to the *vali*, a man who overawed me by his dignified appearance.

"You must come to the Government *konak* tomorrow morning. Where are you staying?"

I coughed a little before I stammered: "At the—oh, I've forgotten the name."

"Well, aren't you staying at the *Palas Oteli*?"

"No—they had no room free."

"I'll see to that. It's our best hotel. You'll be well looked after there."

I grew pale. "The heat——" I murmured, and dropped on the chair next to him. But I recovered sufficiently to watch Mehmet's demonstration. Four mattresses were put on the ground and a thick carpet spread over them. The drummer went to and fro, beating the long thin sticks against the thudding skin. Mehmet stepped forward, dressed in a kind of black bathing-suit with a white crescent and star on his breast. His feet apart, his arms hanging down, he placed himself motionless against the waves of applause.

The wrestler with whom he would demonstrate, now joined him. He was a younger man of somewhat slighter build, a tiger at the side of a lion. Stepping on the carpet, the two began the traditional introduction, walking round and round each other, bending and clapping their hands close to the ground as if they were demanding power from the earth. They shook hands and began the same ceremony again, accompanied by the hollow thumping of the drum. At last, under the breathless attention of the crowd, they seized each other by the shoulders—the fight began. The drum ceased beating too —nothing should disturb the men.

They were holding each other in a close embrace, and with a terrific effort, half going down on his knees, Mehmet heaved

the other man head over heels through the air and flung him on his back. Gripping his shoulders, he tried to press them down, but the man succeeded in freeing himself and landed on his right knee. The fight went on, each of the heavily sweating bodies revealing an amazing suppleness and strength. From time to time they rubbed their palms over the ground to cover them with dust and make them less slippery, and panting they rolled about again whilst the spectators moved closer towards them to learn their tricks.

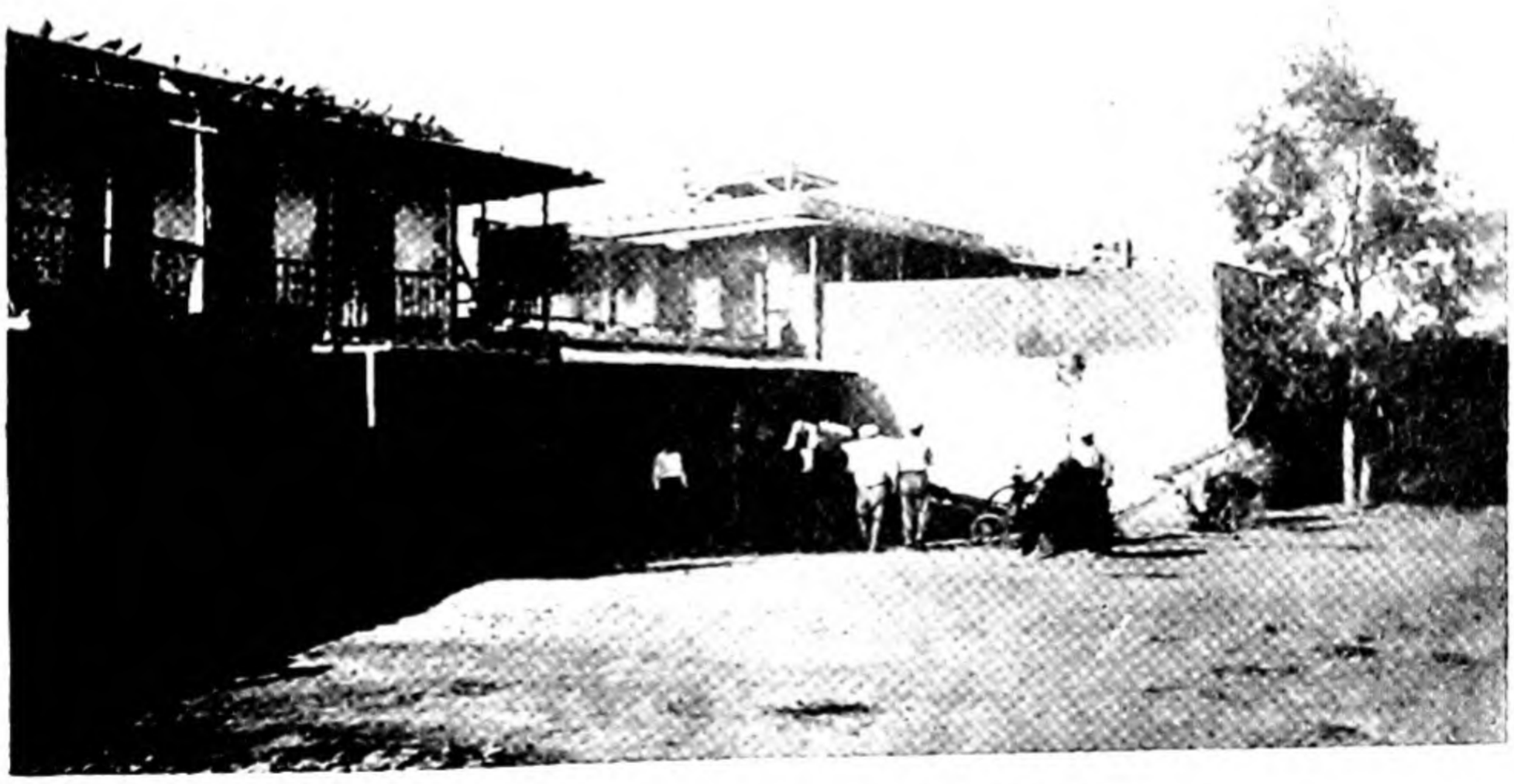
When it was all over, the crowd streamed out of the gate, driven on by kicks and blows by the gendarmes and knocked about to clear a way for the *vali*. He took me to his house from where he rang up the hotel asking for the owner himself and speaking to him in a determined voice. The poor man on the other side had not much chance to argue.

The *vali* turned to me with a smile : " They'll give you their best room. My chauffeur will drive you down and help you with the removal."

He obviously thought that I owned a dozen trunks. I thanked him with an appropriate air. The *hanci* seemed rather annoyed about my sudden departure, but refused proudly the payment I offered him. I wondered who now would profit by the clean sheets and use the water-jug which I left regretfully behind. It would not do to carry it in my arms on arrival across the road. The owner himself was waiting for me on the stairs and led me with many apologetic remarks to my room, asking me if the rest of my luggage should be fetched from the station.

As soon as I was alone, I sat down on the edge of the large bed. No doubt, it was a very nice room, spacious, clean, cool, and comfortably furnished in the European style. I had only one objection—the price was two liras. Lying back in a state of despair, I racked my brains for a means of getting out again. But no glimpse of hope was detectable. At last, completely exhausted, I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was night. There were

THE SEYHAN.



HOUSE OF A RICH COTTON FARMER.

COTTON WORKERS.

A[illegible]NOTHER

MORE COTTON WORKERS.

strange noises in the street, the clattering of horses, the rolling of wheels, the terror-stricken squeak of a rat in the teeth of a stray dog. And then, well after midnight, the sound of small bells and of many padded feet right underneath my window.

I slipped out on the balcony. A camel caravan was passing, eight heavily laden animals, silent like creations of a dream. In front and leading them stilted a little donkey, bearing the heaviest load of all—a fat man who hung fast asleep over it's neck. He had left the task of looking after the caravan to a little boy, hardly three feet high. Like a puppy he ran from one camel to the other, endeavouring to keep them in line and moving. Slowly they all disappeared, leaving the tinkling of little bells and the clicking sound of their feet behind them in the quiet night.

And then, in all that darkness, an idea fell on me like a flash. Somewhere someone had told me that a German company was running the electric works at Adana. Surely they would have a married employé who could put me up. Perhaps I could even earn a few liras as a typist. Comforted I went back to bed. I dreamt that the Germans arrested me as a spy, informed about my activities by Mehmet Çoban. I can still see him grinning at me with enormous yellow teeth. Blood was trickling from my right hand, and I put up a very bad show and cried.

The next morning, unperturbed, I made my way to the power plant, a modern building a little out of town on the bank of the Seyhan. The roaring of the turbines drowned my voice, but the moment I saw the mechanical engineer, I knew that he was a German—a tall, fine fellow in whom I recognized at once the former *Wandervogel*. I talked quite frankly to him. Had we not both tramped through Germany with a few marks in our pockets and slept on haystacks or out in the woods? If I could not call him a friend, to whom could I turn?

He pointed out the house nearby where most of the German staff were living. Their number had been reduced, Turks were slowly taking over the simpler jobs. The basement flat

was empty and used as guest rooms. But I had to ask the director who was at the central office in town. So back I crawled through the heat and dust. It was a little more difficult to explain my request to him, especially since I was much taller than he and had to talk down to him. But all went well, and the same evening I sat at a German supper-table eating *Knödel* and *Apfelstrudel mit Schlagsahne* and listening to Frau Bornemann's exclamations that nothing was really as it should be—just as my mother would have apologized to a sudden visitor for a most delicious meal.

It was all very homely. After supper Herr Bornemann and I, in true German fashion, began to philosophize about the world in general and the Turks in particular. "I am a Bavarian," Herr Bornemann said, " but I have lived five years among the Prussians and now three years with the Turks, and surprising though it may sound, the two have much in common."

" Perhaps that's why I am feeling a growing sympathy with them. But what do you really mean?"

" Well, all those groups and races which came together to form what we now call the Turks—the Turks proper, Turkomans, Circassians, and so on—have always been predominantly soldiers, and very good soldiers at that—courageous, enduring, disciplined, patient, and docile. These qualities are necessary to build a state, and they are the same on which the Prussians pride themselves. But the old Turks possessed something on top of that—a good sense of humour."

" Nobody could credit the Prussians with that. But what about the new Turks?"

" Where the zeal for reform enters through the door, the sense of humour disappears through the window."

" But don't you think they are great idealists?"

" The majority of those who are trying today to push things forward, perhaps. But the mass of the people, certainly not. All they care about is the furtherance of their immediate interests, and they suspect everybody else of doing the same."

"The Prussians are materialistic, too!"

"If you like. You must not forget that we in Bavaria have never had much sympathy for the *Sau-Preissen* (Sow Prussians)."

His wife looked up from her embroidery. "Thank God, Hitler has brought an end to that."

All the people belonging to the electric company were Nazis in a vague, idealistic way. Hitler had given Germany back her self-respect, that was the phrase they recited to me and believed in. The strange thing was that the unification which Hitler was said to have brought about inside the country, had not been achieved for the Germans abroad.

There were only about a dozen of them at Adana, but they formed at least three different groups. Frau Meyer had forgotten her proper place, that of the wife of the humblest employé, Frau Schmidt had tried to play the leading lady and boss the rest, and Herr Müller had only visited an elementary school and was, therefore, not quite up to the mark.

It took a good deal of manœuvring for me to keep on good terms with all of them. Since visitors were rare, they overwhelmed me with kindness and hospitality. In order not to offend them, I went round from house to house and had each meal at a different table like a parochial child, alternating between Bavarian *Knödel*, Hamburger steak, and Prussian *Sauerkraut*. But long live the woman who surprised me with my favourite dish—a bowlful of *Königsberger Klops*. I almost saw my mother looking at me and heard her asking: "*Schmeckt's?*"

NOTE TO CHAPTER VIII

Adana, with 76,000 inhabitants, is the fourth Turkish town. It lies about 35 miles north of the Levantine part of the Mediterranean, only 60 feet above sea-level, spreading over a large area on the right bank of the River Seyhan.

It is the commercial and industrial centre chiefly for cotton and cereals grown on the surrounding Cilician Plain, and was occupied by the French after the armistice of 1919, but returned to Turkish sovereignty by the agreement of 1921.

CHAPTER IX

Malaria

ADANA boasts of an Egyptian climate, relieved by refreshing winds. But I suppose in summer the winds are on vacation. I only met a very weak one every now and then which apparently had been left behind. I love heat. But it was an exaggeration that day and night kept at an even temperature. Frau Bornemann suggested that I should sleep on the roof. Formerly it was not done. Only peasants and poor townspeople thus escaped the dense stuffiness of their bedrooms. Richer men removed their household with bag and baggage northward to little chalets in the Taurus mountains. But for many reasons—the invention of the refrigerator is perhaps not the least important—the number of nomads dwindles from year to year. More people remain in the town, and the bed on the roof is no longer a signpost of poverty.

Most of the old houses have proper wooden bedsteads fixed to the roof on which the mosquito-net and curtains are hung at night. You see the frames standing out from the low buildings against the pale simmering sky wherever you go in this region. But the modern houses do not want to spoil their outlines by such odd constructions, and Herr Bornemann had to drag a camp-bed up to the flat roof. He fixed a mosquito-net around me which also served as a screen, and then he and his wife went to bed on a terrace just below me.

Through the grey haze of the net I could see the stars caught in its meshes. The sky was only a shade lighter than the black

silhouette of the power-station thirty yards to my left. Two rows of windows were dimly lit, a beam of light fell through the wide open door into the garden, a lantern hung motionless above the gate, behind me a dozen street-lamps trailed off towards the town which had got lost somewhere in the dark.

Night and day the purring of the dynamos made the heavy body of the power-station tremble. Now it seemed louder and more persistent than ever, but it did not disturb me. In its regularity it seemed to generate from the rotation of the earth itself and lulled me to sleep. Already submerged in dreams, I discerned suddenly in the distance a swishing, thundering, screaming, puffing noise, which came nearer and nearer until it was as loud and overwhelming as if the sky were crashing down on me. Terrified, I sat up. A train was passing with reduced speed at the height of my bed less than a hundred yards away from my feet. For a moment I saw the engine-driver and the stoker. Their bodies were half-naked and shining with sweat, assuming phantastic shapes in the play of the red and golden lights and sweeping shadows.

The dimly-lit carriages rumbled along, stuffed with people carelessly sitting and lying about like gigantic broken dolls. Then the roaring noise died down a little, only to start again with fresh fury as the train reached the iron railway bridge over the Seyhan. I stared. There were suddenly two shining monsters moving across to the left bank, one suspended in the air, and the other swimming through the tarry water. I watched them disappear and listened long into the night.

The noise of the train and the dynamos could not drown the thin buzzing of the mosquitoes, but their nocturnal visits did not disquiet me. I was doubly protected by the net and the quinine tablets which I had obediently swallowed according to instruction. At some earlier stage of the journey I had also consumed a great many nicely coloured pills against typhus. As for all the other diseases which might somewhere lie in ambush for me, I had to fall back on some panacea to deal with

their countless variety and decided in favour of Coué's method which demanded nothing but that I should frequently repeat : " I am feeling grand, my healthy constitution can withstand anything." Owing to all these precautions I never suffered from any complaint.

Looking back, I feel a little astonished about it. Large parts of Turkey through which I travelled, were infested with malaria, trachome, and venereal diseases. I could never be unaware of their existence because in all hospitals and government *konaks* hung a beautiful map on which coloured hatchings marked the " special areas " where the high percentage of the population affected had caused the Government to carry out an organized fight.

I had always wanted to learn more about these campaigns which belong to the most meritorious enterprises of the Republic, but so far I had had little occasion. Now I had the good fortune of meeting Dr. Fehmi, the president of the Adana anti-malaria service. He had the second largest malaria area under his direct control and the Government underlined the importance of his position by granting him the use of a motor-car, a very exceptional favour.

I joined Dr. Fehmi at the central office, an old wooden house whose inside was scrubbed to the very bones. I had to wait for him because he was just sending off his fortnightly report to the Ministry of Health. A young woman in a white overall, a muslin kerchief laid loosely around her face, brought me the cup of Turkish coffee. She watched me sipping it, her arms crossed over her chest, a timid smile hovering over her face. To entertain me she led me to the projecting window, the typical feature of all old houses, often completely covered by tendrils of vine and wisteria.

" Seyhan ! ", she said pointing down to the river which flowed lazily past. No boat stirred the unrippled surface. At first rushing through the wild Taurus Mountains, the Seyhan gets so laden with yellow earth that it grows shallow in the

plain and finally loses its way in the wide marshes which obstruct its entrance into the sea. In spring it floods the surrounding country like its brother Ceyhan. Thus they become the chief sources of the region's fertility and its great scourge—malaria.

"Formerly dozens of people dropped dead in the streets, whole villages were depopulated by malaria," Dr. Fehmi said, with an unfriendly glance at the river. "And now?" I asked settling down in the car beside him. "In the town itself we have almost no malaria at all."—"And in the country?"—"Wait and see," he shouted back, trying to overcome the rattling of the engine and hooting wildly to disperse the crowd around us.

The street was crammed with slowly moving people, carts and *arabas*, all coming from or going towards the ancient bridge which formed the only ordinary connection with the other bank. It was so old that its first reconstruction dated back more than a thousand years, and yet its many arches built of mighty stones looked as if they would still hold firmly together when the river underneath would long have ceased to flow.

The traffic was jammed by a broken-down tractor—Adana belongs to one of the few *vilayets* where modern machinery is being used. Two buffaloes, harnessed to a primitive wooden yoke, dragged it at a snail's pace over the smoothly ground stones. The tractor looked battered and rusty, but seemed haughtily indifferent to its degradation and merely determined to be at least as great a nuisance as possible. But the crowd paid little attention and pushed patiently on. As our car stood waiting, I was suddenly struck again by the extreme shabbiness of all these men and women which, through a certain apathy of mind, I was now often in danger of considering normal. Their incongruous garments were torn and patched and torn again. The women, thanks to the intervention of the *vali*, had discarded veil and *charshaf* and wore faded cotton frocks and kerchiefs; many of them, unlike the men, went bare-footed;

and all and everything was greyed by dust which subdued the little colour left by the burning sun ; their poverty could not even pride itself upon the gaiety of its rags.

The town overlapped a little on to the other bank. We soon came to a sandy, unpaved square, depressingly flanked by a large hospital and a neglected Moslem cemetery. " The labour market," Dr. Fehmi said, pointing his thumb at a few dozen men and women who lingered in the shade of some mulberry trees. " Cotton labourers—they come from as far away as Erzurum. Not much chance now—July is the dullest month of the year. They'll probably have to tramp on to Tarsus—that's another twenty-five miles—and try their luck there."

We passed little groups of them on the road, most of them trudging on foot, a few riding on stumbling donkeys, and only two or three half asleep on horse-back. From the distance we could perceive them by their trails of dust, and we soon lost sight of them again in the large whirling cloud which we ourselves left behind.

The landscape was rather monotonous. The Taurus mountains were at our back, far away in the haze ; around us were mainly fields, most of them planted with cotton, their edges brightened a little by the yellow blossoms of high wild growing mustard-plants. Near brooks and narrow canals willows mixed with oleander bushes, and agaves kept queer neighbourhood with oaks and tamarisks. Occasionally we rolled past a rustling patch of sugar-cane. There were other plants, too, less known to me, but I could not give them a closer look. Like everything else, they were dancing in violent jerks around us whenever we drove through one of the many holes in the road or skipped over one of the many stones.

" What's that ? " I asked the doctor as we approached a large modern building with a high wall, surrounded by neatly arranged shrubs and flowers and flanked by power pylons, " a railway station, or a concert hall ? "

" *Kanara*—the new municipal abattoir. All the meat for

Adana has to be slaughtered here. They can kill a hundred and fifty animals in a morning's work. Cut their throats with long knives. The Moslem law forbids that they should be stunned beforehand, but they don't suffer. It's all done very quickly and efficiently. And the place is very clean and modern. German ice-machines and all the latest devices. Would you like to go in?"

"Heaven forbid! I don't want to be reminded that I am a cannibal."

Five minutes later, however, I asked Dr. Fehmi to stop the car. Half hidden behind lean trees I had discovered a village which seemed the most dilapidated I had so far come across—twenty hovels made of rushes and brushwood, held in position by a few roughly cut poles. Innumerable children were squatting underneath the overhanging roof, pressed as far back into the shade as possible. They were dressed in long-sleeved cotton shirts which covered their whole bodies, and looked at me with dark furtive eyes like animals which found it too late to escape.

"Who are they?" I asked as indignantly as if he were responsible.

"*Fellahlar*," the doctor said, completely unmoved, lighting himself a cigarette. He had learnt to see things from a different angle.

"How did they get here?"

"Ibrahim Pasha brought them over from Egypt about a hundred years ago when they began to grow cotton here. They've always kept to themselves. They are a lethargic, careless lot."

I wandered around among the huts. No grown-up people were to be seen, but I could feel their eyes watching me through the clefts in the walls. Some hens scratched hopefully the barren sand, a saddled donkey stood in the blazing sun, looking with resignation at the pole to which he had been tied. An earthen baking stove, a corn-riddle, some clay jugs

and brooms lying about—they all were not a hundred but three thousand years old. The contrast of this village to the abattoir and even to the oldest houses at Adana was too great for me to have passed it without that feeling which always seizes us whenever we find human beings living under worse conditions than those under which animals die.

It was a great relief to reach Gökçeli, a rich village south of Adana, imbedded in so dense a mass of trees that they almost formed a little wood. There were planes and oaks, and some decorative date-palms and agaves, but also the overwhelming variety of Mediterranean fruit-trees, bearing olives, mulberries, oranges and lemons, medlars, almonds, and many others which I did not know.

The houses, two stories high, looked smooth and prosperous though they were made of the same material which elsewhere had given huts the appearance of dire poverty—a mixture of mud and straw. Here it had a colour warm and rich like fertile earth and breathed an air of rural dignity. Mud was also used to make the high walls built as a protection against the sun around the little gardens, and through the open gates, in passing, I could see bushes crowded with red and white and yellow and pink roses, creeping up the walls, hanging down from pergolas, cramming the flower-beds and leaving only little room for jasmine bushes, pomegranate and acacia-trees. In some way, I felt, this was the setting for one of those Persian songs in which nightingales and roses are the incarnations of love and tenderness.

It was just in front of a garden like this that Dr. Fehmi stopped the car. "There we are—that's where the examination is taking place." From behind the wall the murmur of many voices and the whining of a child could be heard. An elderly man came rushing out to greet the doctor who introduced him to me as the *muhtar*. Reverently he complimented us towards the house. About thirty to forty children were waiting for their turn and that of their friends, some leaning

against the wall, some sitting on the wooden staircase leading to the verandah around the second floor, others squatting in a corner of the verandah itself, and a few—the smallest—clinging to the back of their mothers and elder sisters who supported them on their crossed arms.

Stepping over a heap of sandals and down-trodden shoes which the children had taken off and left in a wild jumble at the bottom of the stairs—it is impolite to enter a house in dusty footgear—we pushed up the steps to the verandah where the " consulting-room " had been set up.

" Dr. Hamit, chief of our sector three, Faruk Bey, his assistant—and Muharrem Bey, the teacher of Gökçeli," said the doctor, pointing to one after the other of the three men who bowed politely, once towards me and once towards the doctor himself. He was obviously a most venerated person because the mothers and elder children moved timidly towards him and tried to kiss his hand.

" They think me now a demi-god," laughed the doctor, " and ten years ago, when we started the campaign, they wanted to stone me."

" Stone you ? "

He smiled a little contemptuously : " Well, up to then only the recruiting-officer and the tax-collector had been sent to them by the Government, and they wondered what I wanted to get out of them. When they found out, they were annoyed just the same. Was I not interfering with Almighty Allah who can strike a man with any disease he chooses ? "

" And how did you persuade them ? "

" Oh, I talked with them in their own language. I asked them what they did when a dog attacked them, and when they answered : ' We throw stones at it and run for a stick,' I said : ' Well, and what is malaria but a million mad dogs raging in your blood, and what is quinine but a stick to beat them ? '— And when they hesitated, I said : ' Can't Allah make animals of any size he pleases ? Or are you so blasphemous as to doubt

because your stupid eyes can't see them?' And that was the argument that finally convinced them."

In the beginning they had to be fetched by the gendarmes to attend the mass examinations. Many of them had even to be fined or put into prison to make them submit to the rules. Now they came voluntarily and were most indignant if the doctor did not think it necessary to give them a free supply of quinine.

The quinine was administered in three different kinds of tablets, distinguished by different colours, for persons over ten, younger children, and babies, and all the tablets were made in special laboratories of the Ministry of Hygiene.

It was the *muhtar's* duty to hand out the fortnightly rations and to keep account of them in a special register, corresponding to the one of the health agent or doctor's assistant. I could see how seriously the *muhtar* took his obligation. No sooner had he ceased bowing, than he slipped back on his chair and bent over the table covered with card-indexes, documents, large bottles full of tablets, glass-slides for the blood-tests, and medical instruments. He picked up the pen with such eager expectation as if he were waiting for the signal to start a race.

Most of the children were well-trained through previous experiences. Twice a year, in April and November, every living soul in the malaria-area had to turn up at the mass examinations. The more important one was in spring when most of the blood-tests were taken. But since this was one of the worst regions where about a fifth of the population was actually affected by the disease, the doctor used the height of the slack time, the month of July, for another general look-round.

I had thought it quite easy to recognize a malaria patient by sight, but I found it now impossible to distinguish clearly between the healthy and the sick. Even Dr. Hamit needed more than a mere look for his diagnosis. In most of the cases it was sufficient to press the belly of the child in order to detect

any enlargements of the spleen, and he could quickly dismiss the child with a slight slap on its bottom. But a few of the children, to the extreme envy of their friends, had to give a drop of their blood. It was then put on a glass slide to be sent away to the Adana laboratory. These children who had thus suffered were clearly the heroes of the day.

When Fatma, a slender girl of about nine, lay down on the bench, she had apparently made up her mind to be one of them. After the doctor's slap she refused to move.

"*Tamam*, Fatma, *tamam*—finished," said Dr. Hamit a little impatiently, already waiting for the next child. Fatma began to sob :

"Doctor bey, efendim, please—why don't you prick my finger ? "

"There's nothing wrong with you ! "

"Oh, yes—I am very ill ! "

The teacher came forward to drag her away, but she screamed so loud that Dr. Fehmi intervened : "I think Fatma should have her blood tested."

She looked at him as grateful and delighted as if he had given her happiness for the rest of her life. When Faruk Bey took a drop of her blood, she kept so quiet and the children watched her in such admiring silence that in that moment of tension nothing but the loud baa of a sheep from the stable downstairs could be heard. After she had made sure that she got a glass-slide all to herself, she shot off to inform her mother of the honour she had received, not bothering about the further formalities and quite oblivious of the desperate crying of her younger sister whom she had left behind.

This two-year old plump baby possessed nothing of Fatma's Spartan spirit and changed her protest to an infuriated yelling as Dr. Hamit lifted her up to examine her. Unperturbed he went on with his work, and then began to whisper to Dr. Fehmi who had watched the scene with growing interest. The child was very ill and had a high temperature. Her wild cries

almost burst her head. Dr. Fehmi himself gave her an injection whilst Dr. Hamit held the kicking body down, and then Muharrem Bey, the teacher, took her up in his young arms, full of motherly tenderness—he was not married himself—and promised to take her home until the doctor himself would take her in the evening to the nearest dispensary.

" Are these women capable of nursing even the less severe cases ? " I asked Dr. Fehmi doubtfully, looking at the mothers on the verandah. Some of them had sharp Mongolian features, others the dark brown skin and fat nose of the Arabs, and one the flat round face with the large eyes of the Near Eastern women—this corner of Turkey has had from old a racially extremely mixed population. Some of the women and many I saw later in the village were wearing men's clothes—a cotton shirt tucked into the waist-band of baggy black trousers. None of them had ever moved far from Gökçeli.

But it seemed that I had underrated them. The doctor, in his moderate way of speaking, explained that he was quite satisfied. Many of them were able to read and write and to follow the instructions which in simple language were printed on special cards handed to each person under treatment. The health-agents visited each village about once a week, going round from house to house, the doctor came frequently, the *muhtar* and the teacher were both very capable men and doing their level best to supervise and educate the village.

On the teacher, Muharrem Bey, fell a good deal of the burden because he was chiefly responsible for the preventive treatment of the children to whom he had regularly to distribute the quinine tablets.

" We started off by giving those between three and ten years of age quinine tannate made up in chocolate tablets, but we had to abandon the system because they didn't keep in the hot climate, and also because the little rascals grew too fond of them. Now they are getting their quinine in sugar-plums."

The examination went on without further incident. When

the last of the children had slunk down the stairs, Dr. Hamit sighed with relief and turned to us with a tired smile.

"Through for the day?"

"Dear me, no. Just turn round and look into the garden!"

Unnoticed by me at least three dozen men and women had assembled there. They had entered silently, and silently they had waited, half out of respect, half out of age-old habit. Now they turned their eyes up to the two doctors, anxious, or questioning, or with a confident grin.

"But didn't you examine the grown-ups in the morning?"

"Of course, I did. But they've come for my general consulting hour. Now you can watch Dr. Fehmi and me turn into maids-of-all-work. There is nothing which in their opinion we can't do." He rubbed his beaky nose which gave him the appearance of a large, good-natured bird. "However, they've to wait a bit longer. First we'll have a glass of tea. Or would you rather have *ayran* (a mixture of yoghurt and water)? Or coffee? Or milk? You must have something, the *muhtar's* wife would never forgive you."

She did not appear herself. It was not the doctors whom she minded—they were not male beings in the ordinary sense—but the men in the garden. In this rich village a part of the large houses was still screened off for the women, though on the whole they moved now about with much greater freedom.

No sooner had the *muhtar* removed the empty glasses, than the procession of men and women before the two doctors began.

"*Merhaba!*" (Hello!) said Dr. Hamit to a lean old man who had so many wrinkles in his face that it looked as if a whole flock of crows had left their footprints on it, "haven't you been here this morning, father?"

"Well, I came again to be on the safe side," mumbled the old man slyly, chewing the words with his toothless gums. "You can't blame Fate before you have taken all possible precautions."

Among the women was one with a child in her arms whom

no one had ever seen. The *muhtar* searched the register up and down but her name was not in it. At last she confessed that she had come over on foot from a place some ten miles away. "You see, the child's eyes are bad."

"But why didn't you wait until Wednesday when the doctor will be at your village?"

"I could not. I saw a large picture at our *muhtar's* house, and the picture says that flies come and make children blind, and then they will have to be beggars. Please, efendim—do something to help my little Akif." Pressing the child against her breast she murmured through her tears: "Akifciğim—my sugar—my light—my soul!"

"Trachome!" said Dr. Hamit after a short look at the child. And explaining in an embittered voice: "Quite common round here. As if we weren't suffering enough from malaria!"

Dr. Fehmi laid his hand on his colleague's shoulder: "Never mind—we can congratulate ourselves. This woman gives us another proof that we have won the first round of the battle."

One after another the villagers climbed up the stairs, respectfully holding their shoes in their hands. At first I was unable to see why some turned to Dr. Hamit and others passed on to the chair in which Dr. Fehmi had settled down. But soon I found out that these peasants had quite definite ideas about the two men's competence. Dr. Hamit was the country-doctor, a respected person sent by the Government to attend to the ailments of their bodies. Dr. Fehmi was much more. He was the medicine-man whose influence extended far beyond easily definable limits into the mystic spheres of the soul and governmental power itself.

It was to him that in sparse words they explained their domestic troubles, hoping for an oracle. But his advice and intervention was also sought in matters of communal importance. There were still certain stagnant ponds left from the

great flood of 1932, dangerous breeding-places of mosquitoes. Could the doctor send them the benzine motor-pump from Adana so that they could discharge the water on to the dusty road? And they needed some more implements, too, for the digging of the canals. Did he think the Government would let them have those free of charge?

And what about the bridge which was planned over the Seyhan? And the construction of the dykes by the Ministry of Public Works? Were there any signs of the work being started soon? And could the doctor get them one of those films which the Government had bought about malaria and trachome and some such things? The *muhtar* and the teacher had both seen entertaining films at Adana, but the rest of the people at Gökçeli also wanted to marvel at modern progress and would rather watch mosquitoes on the screen than remain forever behind the times.

One of the women, belonging to the motherly type who overworries about everything, was anxious to know what Dr. Fehmi thought of the cotton factories at Adana because her daughter kept pestering her with entreaties to let her work there. Was the one owned by the state all right? Of course, it would be a terrible disgrace for the family, but what could you do with your children nowadays—they all disobeyed their parents. Yet she was sure if her daughter would have to earn her own living, she would come running home after a mere fortnight.

The *muhtar*, too, had a question to ask. Might it not be a good idea to take a group of men from Gökçeli to the Government's Cotton Institute near Adana to show them the experiments carried out there for the improvement of seeds? Perhaps they could hire a *kamion* for the purpose. Did the doctor know of one which they could get cheaply?

A good deal of these and similar requests came under discussion whilst we were paying calls at various houses. Wherever we went, some women rushed off to bring out a few chairs

to the verandah—the people themselves as a rule still squatted on rugs or low benches. Women were plentiful in every house, watching us shyly from behind doors and windows or offering us in quiet kindness various things to eat and drink. Most of them were dressed in the old-fashioned way, wearing trousers covered for the greater part by wide skirts. Underneath the loosely folded kerchief, two plaits hung down one over each shoulder, and to reveal their wealth, they wore chains of gold coins around the neck. One, an elderly fat person, had her whole mouth filled with golden teeth, the greatest luxury money could buy.

There were other signs of modernism in the village. One house had a whole wall papered with illustrated pages from American magazines which by some mystery had found their way to Gökçeli, and in a room upstairs stood a new sideboard with a large mirror attached to it. The Panflavine girl brightened at least half a dozen homes, perched on top of the calendar which everywhere showed the exact date.

Whilst Dr. Fehmi was talking business with some members of the family, others kept me company. Wordless they sat by my side, only occasionally smiling and nodding their heads. With peaceful hearts we watched the shadows grow longer. The pigeons cooed on the roof, three little cats frolicked at our feet, in a cradle nearby a child was fast asleep. From the women came a not unpleasant smell of warm bodies and cheap perfume which with the late afternoon heat made me so drowsy that I nearly fell asleep, too.

Fortunately a young man suggested that I might like to see the coffee-tree in the garden, and from there he led me to admire the farm's agricultural machinery of which he was extremely proud—a steel plough, a thrashing machine, and a rather worn-looking Fordson tractor. He patted the tractor as his father used to pat his horse and laughed at me with shining teeth. He had just passed the entrance examination to the Agricultural School at Adana and would start his first

term in October. In three years he would be through and then he would show his father and the other farmers at Gökçeli how agriculture should be run!

He laughed again and then spat full of contempt into the funnel-shaped hole which was dug into the ground to hold the threshed-out wheat. He would build proper barns, to be sure!

A large crowd of men and children accompanied Dr. Fehmi and me to the car—Dr. Hamit and Faruk Bey had rattled off long ago in an old *araba*. When Dr. Fehmi opened the door of his car he found two live hens with their feet tied lying inside. "Who has put those hens in here? You know well enough that I am not allowed to take presents." And when no one answered: "All right—I'll take them in to the hospital."

"But there won't be any harm in our giving the *bayan* some flowers?" asked the men slyly, winking at me with one eye and heaping on my lap half a dozen gaily coloured bunches which I later distributed among my various German hostesses. But I had to rearrange them first to make them all look alike.

NOTE TO CHAPTER IX

The *Cilician Plain* (Turkish: *Çukur Ova*, lowlands) is sheltered on three sides by the Taurus mountains and only open to the south. It owes its fertility to the rivers Ceyhan and Seyhan which have carried the loamy earth from the Taurus, forming shifts from 15 to 30 feet in depth. Once, in Græco-Roman and Byzantine times, the Plain was well irrigated and under intensive cultivation, famous as one of the granaries of the earth. Towns prospered in the intervals between devastating wars. Under the Ottomans the region decayed into a fever-ridden, marshy steppe where nomads grazed their sheep and cattle, and it is less than eighty years since, with the introduction of cotton after the American Civil War, a new era of progressive development began.

Malaria (Turkish: sitma) was one of the worst scourges of Turkey. The decline of civilization in Asia Minor is frequently contributed to this devastating fever. Innumerable millions of mosquitoes found their breeding-ground in the stagnant waters or swamps caused by extensive rains and the formation of the soil—plateaux with inland lakes of all sizes, plains in which

the rivers soon lose their speed and idle about in countless shallow branches and pools.

The Republican Government was well aware of the danger and by a special law adopted in 1926 placed the fight against malaria at the head of its sanitary programme. There are eleven large areas, comprising a fifth of the Turkish population, in which the Government carries out an organized campaign. Each has a specialist as president who is directly responsible to the ministry. The area is divided into 4 to 11 sectors and an appropriate number of sub-sectors with doctors and health-agents. Each area has a special laboratory and several dispensaries. The Malaria Institute at Adana founded in 1928 serves as training centre for all Turkish doctors who are obliged by law to attend a three months' course for malaria. The disease is attacked from three sides:

(1) By mass-examinations in spring and autumn and treatment of all afflicted persons, in most cases free of charge, further free preventive treatment of persons who can be kept under close supervision—schoolchildren, soldiers, policemen, workmen, etc.

(2) By draining swamps and stagnant waters either by private, communal or Government means according to the size of the area in question. In this work thousands of peasants have collaborated.

(3) By destroying the mosquitoes and their larvæ through spraying the surface of the water or dark corners and stables in which the mosquitoes hibernate, with various kinds of larvicide.

People who disobey the regulations or refuse to carry out instructions are liable to punishment.

The province of Adana and the coastal parts of three adjoining *vilayets* form together one of the largest and oldest of the eleven areas. The first mass-examination there took place in the spring of 1926, involving 300 villages. Gradually their number increased to 700. By the end of 1934 more than two million examinations had been carried out, more than half a million blood-tests made, about the same number of people cured. Nine thousand kilograms of quinine were distributed, the greater part free of charge, nearly 2,000 ha. of swamps and marshes drained (not counting the one near Tarsus where at a cost of half a million Turkish pounds, 5,000 ha. of arable land were regained), and 28 miles of canals dug for the purpose.

The corresponding figures for the whole of the eleven areas from 1925 to 1934 are: eleven and a half million examinations, two and a half million blood-tests (until 1932), two and a half million malaria patients treated, 40,000 kilograms of quinine distributed, 21,300 ha. drained, 380 miles of canals dug.

The result of these enormous efforts can hardly be exaggerated and will

naturally be relatively greater the longer the campaign is carried on. Whole regions have already been freed of the plague. Thus, Ankara, once one of the worst affected places, is now completely safe. The effect is also shown in the diminished severity and extension of the epidemics. Optimists predict already the day when malaria will have been completely driven out of Turkey.

Similar campaigns are carried out against trachome (the Egyptian eye disease), venereal diseases, tuberculosis, and other contagious diseases, though, of course, on a less extensive scale.

CHAPTER X

Cotton

ONE day a chance led me back to the labour-market. Again some fifty men and women were squatting underneath the trees at the edge of the cemetery or standing around in loose groups, relating their biographies and discussing the prospects for work. When they saw me focussing my camera, the women withdrew shyly to hide behind their men who, after some coaxing, arranged themselves in front of me.

Most of them were young and by their tanned skin and ragged attire resembling a lot of gypsies. Only a few belied this impression with their shining new sports caps which some wore cheekily tilted sideways. They grinned or eyed me suspiciously according to their temperaments, and I was just about to snap them when a hand was laid on my shoulder.

A young man—or rather a boy—was standing behind me, frowning at me and talking in rapid Turkish.

"You must not photograph these men."

"Who says so?"

"I."

"And who are you?"

"A Turk."

"Anything else?"

"A student at the Agricultural College."

"I see. And why do you forbid me to photograph these men?"

"They are dirty. You will show this photograph to your

people and say all Turks are beggars. Why don't you photograph something nice?"

I began to understand.

"Are you a member of the People's Party?"

The answer was as I expected: "Yes."

I had met with similar objections on previous occasions, each time coming from someone who proved his serious interest in the affairs of his country by membership in the party. As a rule these people were better educated and better dressed than those who good-naturedly and naïvely posed for me. I respected their motives, though I resented their attempts at making me only notice the pleasant side of things. I remember, for instance, the woman at Samsun who quite seriously said: "I hope you will only tell your friends of the nice experiences you had in Turkey." Which reminded me of the notice pinned up over a Berlin cobbler's desk: "If you are dissatisfied, tell me—if you are satisfied, tell others."

The labourers must have felt that something was wrong and began to wonder if it would not be wiser to disperse in order to avoid any unpleasant consequences. They never knew these days when they were giving cause for offence.

"*Bana bak*," I pleaded with the boy, "you need not be afraid—I am a friend of Turkey. But I don't want to disappoint these men. Let me quickly take just one photograph, and I promise not to use it against you."

He scrutinized me sharply before at last he reluctantly consented. Only the bravest of the young men had kept their smile. When I walked off, the student followed me. Soon we were having a lively conversation. Hüsrev was really quite an amiable fellow. He belonged to one of the leading families in Adana. His father was director of the *Mensucat Fabrikasi* (cotton factory), a kind of civil servant since the factory was owned by the state-controlled *Ziraat Bankasi* (Agricultural Bank).

I was invited to their house, one of those modern little villas on the road to the station, with a small garden around it, so new that every plant still had that look of having been stuck in from above. I often got the impression that the Turks have little understanding for the fact that a flower is a living thing and needs time for its growth. They seemed to prefer to buy it ready-made, spending money on it more because it was expected of them to possess a front garden than because they really cared about this kind of decoration.

The house itself was simply furnished in European manner with sideboard, piano, and family photographs—any better-off English clerk in suburbia might live like this. There was nowhere any sign of luxury. Even rich people live simply compared to our standards, and Hüsrev's father, Bay Ceylan —until recently he had simply been Vasif Bey—had certainly no money to waste. The country is poor and pays its officials accordingly.

But this did not daunt his good humour. He was a jovial man in spite of the two deep folds over his nose, and I could well understand the mixture of amusement and admiration with which his wife, a well-preserved woman of forty, occasionally looked at him. She spoke a little school French, by far not sufficient to follow her husband's eloquent conversation, and occupied herself therefore with her needlework, moving her plump little fingers untiringly up and down.

Hüsrev, the patriot, refused to use any language but Turkish, and since he could not oppose his father, he directed his disapproving glances at his sister Bedriye who had been educated at the American College at Istanbul and did not feel the slightest inhibition to addressing me in fluent English or French.

After the first half-hour had passed with polite chit-chat, the emptying of coffee-cups and the nibbling of pistachio nuts and Turkish sweetmeats, I advanced boldly towards

more important problems which are usually taboo among new acquaintances.

"I was told," I said, testing Bay Ceylan's good-natured phlegm, "that working conditions down here are still pretty bad."

Hüsrev was about to say something, but his father forestalled any outbreak by quickly replying himself:

"You can see for yourself. I should be only too glad to show you round at our factory, and I'll also give you introductions to any other factories you might care to see."

That was said very amiably, but in a manner which indicated clearly that the subject was closed for the present. Since I had gained more than I had hoped for, I did not mind the conversation drifting back to the differences between the English and the Turkish climate. At a later stage, however, it was Bay Ceylan himself who began to speak of the affairs of the town.

"It will be difficult for you to judge," he said. "But I assure you we've made a big jump forward in the *vilayet* since the new *vali* arrived. He's a man of boundless energy and brings it home to the people that we are living under a progressive government. I suppose you've already met him?"

I nodded without telling him that I had also experienced an example of his energetic temperament. Bay Ceylan was full of his praise. The *vali* was not merely content with changing the surface of things, as for instance by his prohibition of the veil—an administrative measure left by the Government to the discretion of the *vilayet* authorities—but he had also used his authority in dealing with more powerful people than poor ignorant women. Soon after his arrival he had made a tour of inspection through factories and workshops and had called the owners or directors to a conference.

Gentlemen, he had said, let us be frank. There are many things which aren't as they ought to be. What is the use of the best laws if they aren't strictly obeyed? In future

you will be kind enough to pay closer attention to all government instructions. There is an anti-malaria law which I recommend you to read again. The distribution of quinine, the screening of windows, the general medical care of the workers will have to be carried out with the utmost scrupulousness. There are also certain hygienic regulations. Each factory must have proper lavatories with running water and clean, well-aired dining-rooms. And most important of all, the employment of children under twelve will be immediately terminated. I shall make sure myself that I have not been misunderstood.

Bay Ceylan chuckled. That was the way to talk to them. To prove that he meant what he said, the *vali* brought everyone into court who went on disrespecting the law. Some of the employers had to pay fines up to fifteen hundred liras, others were even sentenced to imprisonment.

"There is one of them in jail now," said Hüsrev in a voice brimful of satisfaction. "They all should be there, nobody should be allowed to buy himself free with fines."

Partly as a result of these measures I found things not half as bad as they had been described to me. The *Mensucat Fabrikasi* employed five hundred workers of whom hardly a third were women. Bay Ceylan explained that the women were left to work in the fields. None of the workers were younger than fifteen so that the factory went even further than the present law. A while ago an accident had occurred to a little boy playing around among the machinery. The enquiry had shown that he had stayed after bringing his father's midday meal from home. From that day on no child was allowed on the premises, the food had to be delivered at the gate.

The prices at the canteen seemed a little too high since they were the same as at a cheap restaurant. A proper meal of soup and meat and vegetables or *pilav* (rice) would come up to twenty-five piastres, about a third of the lower

daily wages. But Bay Ceylan pointed out that most of the workers brought their own food and that the profits from the canteen went into the accident funds.

"Are there many accidents?"

"No. The workers are on the whole quite cautious. But if anything happens, all expenses for treatment and so on are paid out of the accident funds, and the wages run on as if the man were working. And by the way—we have one up on you. Our men and women get equal pay for equal work!"

In the end I had only two grave objections to make. The buildings were too dark and the factory altogether rather obsolete since part of the English machinery dated back to 1895. The working conditions were on the whole quite all right apart from the fact that only two shifts were employed to keep the factory running uninterruptedly, each working twelve hours with only one hour's break for a meal half-way through.

Again Bay Ceylan had his explanations ready and gave me to understand that those in charge were well aware of the facts. Plans for a new factory four times the size of the present were already worked out down to the smallest details and would be executed as part of the industrial Five-Year-Plan. The machinery could not be replaced by a more modern English type, but would have to be ordered from Germany with whom a clearing agreement had been concluded.

As to my second objection, Bay Ceylan continued with a somewhat ironical smile, he could inform me that a special committee had been set up at Ankara to work out the draft of the new Labour Code, and since a German expert had been called upon to assist, it might well be expected that it would turn out one of the most modern in the world.

I knew the expert and could not contradict Bay Ceylan. It seemed altogether futile to argue since everything was so much in motion and—of that I was convinced—in motion

towards improved conditions. I asked Bay Ceylan none the less for the promised letters of introduction and went first over a private factory which produced oil and soap out of cotton and sesame seeds.

The owner himself, a naturalized Greek or Russian, was away, but his nephew showed me round. He was a smart young man in sun-helmet and yellow riding breeches with the looks and smile and swinging gait of a Hollywood beau. His office was set up in a low hut with wired doors and windows and furnished in a style matching the young man's appearance. I was quite surprised when his English was free of any American accent.

The factory was only ten years old and equipped with very modern machinery. A hundred and fifty workers were employed, divided into three shifts of eight hours. The wages rose from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five piastres a day. But the work was much harder and more unhealthy than at the *Mensucat Fabrikasi*, especially at the oil-press where the heat and the intensity with which the work had to be carried out were so terrific that the men had continually to change between eight minutes work and eight minutes rest.

When Hollywood and I entered this workroom, a skeleton of a man was just pushing a large yellow oil-cake under the press. His face was nothing but skin and bones, long and incredibly lean limbs were sticking out of a ragged pair of shorts and a sleeveless shirt, all soaked in yellow oil. His movements were completely automatic, and one was led to believe that his soul had long left his body and fled in despair. Three other men were turning round a huge grindstone standing up on edge, and the whole scene in its brown and yellow colours resembled one of those mediæval pictures of hell in which tortured bodies cringe in eternal agony.

But I could hardly blame the young man and his uncle for the unavoidable consequences of certain types of work.

At a third factory which I visited I found more or less the same conditions. I was beginning to believe that my informants had been mistaken about the distressing conditions down here when someone suggested that I might have a look at a few factories in Tarsus, a town belonging to the adjoining *vilayet* of Mersine. It could be easily reached by an hour's train journey towards the west and the sea.

That I was out of reach of Adana's *vali* was clear enough when I climbed out of the old-fashioned railway-carriage. In spite of the blazing heat the women on the platform were all closely wrapped in large checked cotton *charshafs* which they held across their faces so that only one eye could peep out. Apparently Tarsus had not made its " big jump forward " yet.

But neither had it remained the town whose name is three times recorded in history. No ruins were left where a mournful wind could whisper of St. Paul, no wave of the well-irrigated river murmured of Alexander the Great nor of the purple sails and silver oars of Cleopatra's pompous barge. The sad truth was that Tarsus has decayed into one of the most uninspiring places imaginable, a plain little market town, an agglomeration of white-washed houses and ramshackle bazaars, interspersed by a few low minarets.

If it prided itself on a new road to the station, so could a hundred similar towns. The only justified claims to distinction were the dust-covered palm-trees and cacti framing it; the unusually large size of the public park, and the existence of an extremely modern municipal cinema, reminiscent of a dozen " Regals " and " Empires," for which the town had spent the neat amount of eighteen thousand pounds.

All these features were in due course pointed out to me by a pride-swollen *arabaci* who was driving me to the factory at the other end of the town. It would never have done to arrive there modestly on foot. A letter gained me admission, and an elderly man who knew some French, was detailed to take me round.

The owner of the factory was one of the richest men in the country and very likely a multi-millionaire. He had just spent half a million liras on rebuilding the greater part of the factory and equipping it with very modern machinery. But I was also led, though rather in haste, through the old part which had been in constant use for nearly fifty years, gloomy, depressing workrooms, stuffy and trembling with noise, and it was here that I found the children working, little creatures whom no one could believe to be twelve years or even older.

Some were crouching on top of old-fashioned machines, throwing raw cotton between the large teeth of iron combs, others were moving restlessly about among the spinning machines. One woman, examining the finished cloth, was holding a living bundle on her lap though she herself was hardly eighteen yet. My guide was trying to hurry me on, but I stopped to talk to the foreman.

"I am sure these children give you a good deal of trouble," I said, assuming the air of a disapproving schoolmistress.

He looked at me, a rather sly old fellow with a coarse, ill-humoured face. "Well, madame," he said at last reluctantly, "it requires some slapping every now and then to keep them in order."

"I suppose you have to keep running after them to make them earn their wages."

"Eh—I run after them all right!" he said with a grin. Later I asked my guide how much these children earned for their twelve hours work a day.

"Something like forty piastres," he said. But a woman outside gave me a much more likely figure—twenty-five.

The guide complained of the workers' instability. Nothing could make them understand that it is a man's duty to work at least six days a week. The moment they had saved a few pounds—and because of their incredibly low standard of life that was easily achievable—they stayed at home in

YOUNG FACTORY WORKERS AT TARSUS.

TWO MORE YOUNG WORKERS.

idleness. Of course, after a while they always had to come back if they did not want to starve. With tears in their eyes they were begging to be allowed back into their old places. So what was the good of giving them better wages? It would only increase their laziness and spoil them altogether.

And that there could be such a thing as loyalty to one's employer had never even dawned on them. If there was a rumour that somewhere else they could earn five piastres more, off went the whole lot of them, as for instance now to those American women who were digging up a whole hill to find some old stones.

The buzzer interrupted our conversation. As if released from school the children rushed out, followed by the men and women, most of them carrying their scanty meal tied into a kerchief. In the shade of an old fig-tree, at the side of the mill-brook, or behind a shed they settled down to eat, the children together in little groups, the girls, the men. But there was none of the noise and gaiety which elsewhere are associated with this hour off from work, and the silence which usually reigns above a Turkish crowd, was deepened here to that of mere shadows.

I took out my camera, regardless of the uneasy way in which my guide cleared his throat. Since he did not know who I was and in what relation I stood to the owner, he did not dare to stop me. The boys were quite willing to have their photograph taken, but the little girls rushed off, shyer even than their mothers, and it needed the reluctantly exerted intervention of my guide to fetch them back. It was not the natural shyness of young children, it was a timidity born of fear and of an early acquired wisdom that rarely something good can be expected.

Aimlessly I wandered through the hot streets, feeling depressed and infuriated. It was clear that the *vali* had not done his duty and not too difficult to guess the reason why. Not everyone is made of the stuff to attack the rich

and powerful. But something ought to be done. I must tell them at Ankara. Impossible to imagine that they knew and condoned.

I reached the shady market-place where men and women were crouching on the steps of an old mosque or sitting around rickety tables outside the coffee-house. I sat down with a group of elderly men who at once rose to go.

"Don't run away—I just want a coffee myself."

Hesitatingly they dropped back on their chairs, gazing at the cracks in the wooden table and feeling as uncomfortable as children who have been told to behave well in the presence of a rich maiden aunt.

"Looking for work?" I asked.

"*Evet*—yes."

"Come from far away?"

"*Evet*."

"Erzurum?"

"*Hayir*—Konyadan."

From Konya—that was about two hundred and twenty miles away.

"Come on foot?"

"Some of us. Some have donkeys. Some pay *kamion*."

The man who answered my questions was the oldest of the lot. In spite of the heat he was wearing a long black winter coat on top of his collarless shirt and patched trousers, but his wrinkled forehead looked as cool as clay. It was no easy job to make him speak, but little by little he began to thaw, especially when I ordered coffee for the six of them.

By some further patient questioning I learnt that Osman had been chosen by those of the men who came from Konya, to act as their agent and leader. Any farmer or estate manager would have to deal with him. In good years the men had earned on the cotton fields up to two liras a day, but this year they would hardly get more than seventy piastres and, of course, free food and housing in the huts

on the estate. But the work was hard and often carried on all through the night in the light of glaring lamps since the soft white puffs of the American cotton had to be picked before they dropped to the ground.

Osman and the other men were slowly beginning to feel more at ease and even laughing at an old imbecile woman whom I had invited to sit down with us when they suddenly fell back into their former stiff reserve and stared anxiously over my shoulder. A policeman was standing behind me, a young fellow with a pompous expression.

"What do you want?" I said, rather annoyed because his appearance was sufficient to make the men slink away. Only the imbecile remained behind, babbling incoherently.

"You are wanted at the police station."

"I have no time. I want to call on the mayor at half-past two."

"It's the same house. I have been asked to fetch you."

It was no good quarrelling here in the open market. I threw twenty piastres on the table and followed him, trembling with fury. Was it forbidden in this country to speak to honest citizens? If only someone at the police station could speak a foreign language so that I could give him a piece of my mind. I would tell him to see to it that the factories obeyed the laws of the Government instead of sending the police hunting after innocent travellers. I would tell him——

I was received by some minor official who spoke only Turkish. At first he did not even offer me a chair and kept me leaning against the counter which separated us.

"Your passport, please, and the Aliens' Registration Book."

He examined them carefully and then began to question me. "But won't you sit down? Ali, give this lady a chair. You come from——?"

"Adana. And I'll go back there this afternoon. I am only waiting to see the mayor."

It did not impress him in the least. Instead he continued the unpleasant interview with a dozen more questions which were all plainly answered in the registration book. I quoted them with cold dignity, boiling inwardly with suppressed rage. It was quite obvious that the only cause I had given for suspicion was my conversation with the cotton-workers. Did he think me an agitator or a spy? What an insult to imagine I would proceed so stupidly in such a case!

After a quarter of an hour he handed me back my papers.

"And now?"

"One of the men will lead you to the mayor. Good afternoon."

He was certainly taking no chances. And I had to leave him without being able to drown him in a flood of protests. The mayor was more amiable and deplored that special measures had to be taken in the interests of the country.

"You see, we are quite close to the Syrian frontier!"

I mumbled a few words which he took for a sympathetic consent but which meant something quite different. However, what did it matter now? I would have to tell my story at Ankara. He offered to take me to the station and to show me on the way the municipal park, twenty acres large, with possibilities for a later increase, hundreds of rose bushes, and a pond with constantly changing water and swimming ducks.

I am afraid the roses and the ducks were wasted on me. My mood did not allow me to appreciate them. I did not even feel grateful for the mayor's kindness in seeing me safely off. Not until I reached Adana did I breathe more freely. I should have liked to embrace the policeman there who, protected by a striped sunshade, regulated the traffic of five *arabas* and nine carts outside the *Palas Oteli*. Bay Ceylan was wrong. It was not in the least difficult for me to judge.

NOTES TO CHAPTER X

Farmworkers : The great majority of Turkish peasants cultivate from two and a half to twelve and a half acres which they either own or rent. There are a few *vilayets*, however, where large estates are predominant, e.g., in the *vilayet* of Diyarbekir, Turkey's eastern granary, around Aydin in the west where extensive fig plantations prevail, and in the Cilician Plain.

Properly irrigated, the soil of the Cilician Plain is so fertile and the climate so favourable that two crops are harvested each year, the first of cereals—wheat, sesame, barley, millet—and green fodder in May and June, the second of cotton, planted in rotation on the same fields, in September and October. It is in these harvest months above all that outside labour has to be engaged. Thousands of men, women and children come from all over the country, each group headed by an elected chief who acts as agent. As a rule the workers are only engaged for five and a half days at a time. At the end of the harvest season they return to their native towns and villages.

Not so the *factory-workers* who are either drafted from the immediate neighbourhood or come from Izmir (Smyrna), the other important cotton region, to settle down in the south. In 1927, a tenth of all Turkish textile-workers was still under 14 years of age.

More than half of the arable land of the *vilayet* of Adana could be used for the *cultivation* of *cotton*. With proper irrigation and more up-to-date fertilizing and working-methods the land could yield 1·5 million bales of cotton per year, each weighing two hundred kilograms—that is, ten times the amount of to-day's crop. Of the three other cotton regions only the one bordering the Ægean Sea with Izmir as its centre is worth mentioning, producing less cotton than Adana, but of superior quality. The capacity of the whole country developed to its full has been estimated at 3 million bales per year. If that is correct, Turkey may one day rival Egypt.

Until five years ago nearly the whole of the cotton was grown for export and frequently found no market. In future the new state-owned factories erected under the two five-year plans will absorb one-third of the annual crop, leaving two-thirds for export, chiefly to Germany. But further factories are planned to make the country self-sufficient in cotton goods (in 1929 a quarter of all Turkish imports consisted of cotton goods, one-thirteenth of all exports of cotton), and the Government had to take steps to ensure a sufficient supply of better quality cotton.

With the help of American experts a survey of the country was made to discover new districts suitable for cultivation. But the chief effort is directed towards the replacement of the old degenerated open ball cotton imported many decades ago from Egypt, by the long-fibred and finer

American Cleveland cotton. To further this end a Cotton-Institute was founded at Adana in 1931 where an American expert is working chiefly for the improvement and purification of the seeds. The farmers can exchange here their inferior seeds for the same amount of guaranteed first-class ones which are grown on the fields of the institute, or the farmers can buy them at a very low price. In 1936, 1·3 million kilograms of pure seeds were distributed in Turkey.

A new law forbids the planting of any open ball cotton other than the Cleveland in the Cilician Plain between the rivers Seyhan and Ceyhan. This will gradually be extended to the whole region.

The institute serves also as a model farm and gives free advice on all questions relating to cotton and general modern methods of cultivation. The fields are closely supervised by Government officials who at the same time act as instructors. Further help comes from the Agricultural College. The Grand National Assembly has passed a special law for the improvement of cotton. To protect the farmers and the industry, a system of tariffs has been set up.

Similar efforts of the Government to assist the peasants, improve crops and live stock, encourage modern and more scientific methods and raise the standard of living are made all over the country. Four agricultural colleges, an agricultural faculty of university grade at Ankara, various model farms, breeding stations, laboratories, research institutes, silos, agricultural credit co-operatives, etc., are working for that end in the different parts of Turkey.

Tarsus, a town of 27,000 inhabitants, lies about twenty-five miles west of Adana, on the forty-mile railway line which was built in 1886 to connect Adana with the seaport Mersin. At one time Tarsus itself was a port, only separated from the sea by a narrow lagoon. But the various rivers carried so much sand that they pushed the sea farther and farther back.

Alexander the Great seized the town and after bathing in the River Cydnus (now Tarsus Cay) fell ill here during his triumphant campaign against the Persians. In Græco-Roman times the town was one of the world's foremost places of science and civilization. Shortly before the beginning of the Christian era Mark Antony celebrated here in the most magnificent and romantic way the beauty of Cleopatra. The memory of these festivities was still alive when St. Paul was born.

At present a group of American women excavators is trying to discover traces of these and earlier times. The town has also one of the few American colleges which are left in the country.

Mersin (the " myrtle-town "), seaport of 27,000 inhabitants, was founded in 1832 in a wilderness of myrtle and wild pomegranate-trees. It grew

quickly in spite of devastating fevers and the fact that the ships had to anchor far out to sea because of the shallow water. There are no quays nor modern piers, but the Government is now planning to build a proper port.

Before the Great War the town was inhabited by many foreigners, among them Greeks and French, and other Europeans who have now nearly all left. Only a number of Arabs remained behind as hairdressers, artisans, etc. Nearly all the longshoremen are Syrians and will probably have to leave, too, before long.

Chief export articles are cotton, all kinds of cereals, sheep and goats. The port has greatly benefited by the clearing agreement with Germany, the most important buyer for Adana's cotton. The import consists of a great variety of goods. In the summer of 1935 large quantities of rails for the new lines under construction arrived from Germany.

Foreign Trade : Already a protectionist country, Turkey has made it a rule since the beginning of the economic crisis to buy from those countries which buy from her. In practice, this often leads to higher prices and inferior quality of imports. Foreign trade is reduced to bargaining between governments and the outcome depends on which country is the more powerful and can impose its will on the other when the terms of exchange are worked out. It would be unjust to blame Turkey alone for this development. Partly she follows in the footsteps of bigger nations, partly she is forced to adapt herself to their wishes.

On the whole, the Adana region has every reason to be content with the Turkish-German clearing. Until 1934, the cotton export via Mersin had been very badly hit by the world crisis. In 1934, Germany—making use of the agreement—bought a good deal of the cotton crop at prices well above those of the world market since she lacked the foreign exchange to buy from Egypt and U.S.A.

The adverse side of the bargain was shown only later and affected other parts of the country and different industries. Germany could not in some and would not in many instances offer suitable goods at reasonable terms in exchange. Having sold to Germany at what she considered good prices, Turkey like so many other nations—found herself in possession of marks with which she could buy nothing but what the German government offered her. Hence the German machinery, hence the German armaments there and in the Balkan countries.

CHAPTER XI

Izmir, Eye of Asia Minor

I HAD reached that stage of weariness which periodically befalls all lonely travellers. Suddenly—these outbreaks always occurred unannounced—something in me protested with utmost vehemence against packing my suitcase for the fiftieth time, indeed the very sight of it was sufficient to fill me with revolt.

Hallucinations appeared in front of my marvelling eyes, a home, my books around me, my dresses all tidily hung up in a wardrobe, a loving family, a husband who kisses me affectionately on the forehead before he leaves for his day's work—my low vitality did not allow a more passionate approach to the subject. Yes, I was at last prepared to marry that gentle and a little boring man who lurks in the background of every woman's mind. But alas, such men rarely turn up at the right moment. Willy-nilly I had to gather my belongings and leave my haven near dynamos and *Königsberger Klops*.

Reluctantly, but with stubborn perseverance I moved on from place to place. The towns, seen through a veil of misery, seemed all alike. I had lost all interest in Turkey, I wanted to go home, but it was little consolation to remember that I had no home and that for an emigrée one country is as good as another.

This unpleasant mood lasted for nearly a week. The things and places I saw during that time have faded in my memory, only odd bits stand out in comparative clarity. The little boys on the railway stations, for instance, who tried to sell fruit and

hazel-nuts "for amusement," and little grey squirrels "as lively as fleas," and clay jugs modelled after ancient forms, containing spring water "as cold as ice." I still can hear them shouting "*buz gibi, buz gibi* . . ." and "*Havadís, havadís*" when later the train passed slowly through the villages. They wanted old newspapers to read at school.

And I remember the strange sight of nomads around the open camp-fires at night, and their black tents roosting on the mountain-slopes. But the Taurus reminded me of Switzerland, and I dreamt of the Lake of Luzern.

I came to Ulukişla from where a railway-line branches off to the north. The train—a single car driven by a benzine-motor —was ready for departure. I just jumped in at the last moment. Towards evening we stopped for a few minutes at Niğde. The town lay on a little hill which rose from the flat surroundings like a mound. Behind it the sun was setting, and its rays formed an aureole pierced by minarets, the dark spikes of a heavy crown. I decided to stay and left the train. But when I reached the crest of the hill, the sun had disappeared and the rose-coloured beauty turned into the grey dismay of dusk and a little while later into the blankness of night.

The next day I returned to Ulukişla, afraid to move farther north lest I might get too close to Ankara, the first stage of my return. From Ulukişla I went westward and stopped at Konya, once the seat of the Dancing Dervishes. I saw their mosque and the *tekké* (monastery) which the Republic had turned into a museum, and I sensed behind the words and gestures of my guide and the director's cool correctness the resentment of those who have to see strangers nose about in a former sanctuary. Walking through the streets, I felt the waves of superstition and reaction close in on me. Each bearded man seemed a religious conspirator in disguise, each trousered woman watched me inimically with but one eye peeping through the folds of her white woollen shawl. My departure resembled a flight.

I spent a day at Eskeşehir where I was led around to admire an enormous sugar-factory partly owned by the state, a giant silo belonging to the Ministry of Agriculture, a beautiful modern lycée, a grain improvement institute, a model farm, a private *raki* factory, and the Halk Evi. But best of all I remember the little workshop in the creaking wooden house where six men were sorting and polishing lumps of meerschaum. It is found at only a few places in the world, but nowhere whiter or more beautiful than at Eskeşehir.

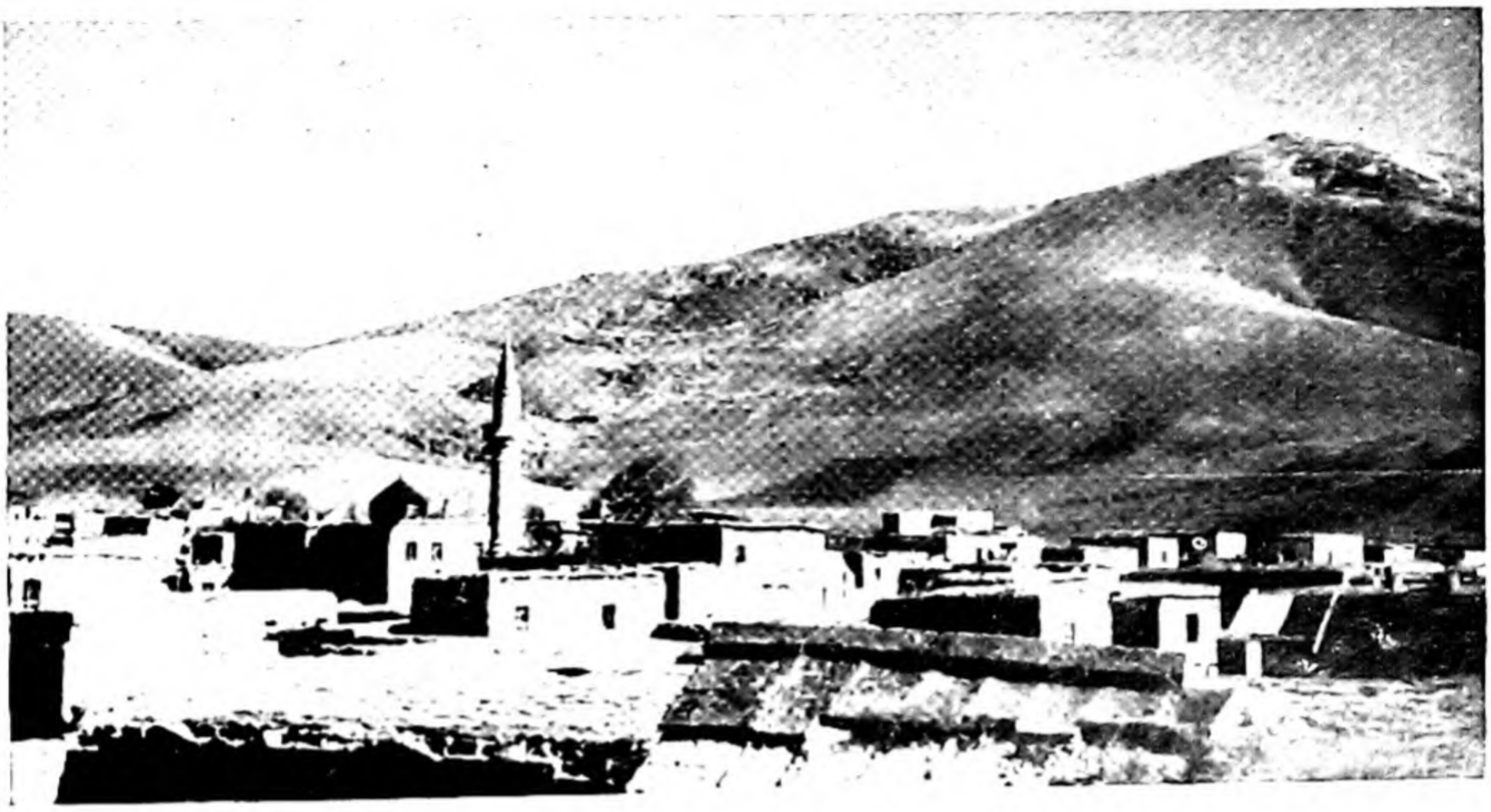
An old man who had worked at the trade for fifty years laid one of the largest lumps lovingly in my hands. It felt cool and smooth like velvet, and it was softly curved and shone with the lustre of a beautiful woman's cheek. Smiling gently the old man took it away again and with a reverent movement placed it on a piece of cloth as if it were alive.

And again I retraced my steps to go to the west. I boarded the train with the intention of leaving it at some place that would attract my attention. But the country looked bare, clouds of dust stirred up by the hot wind often obscured the view, beggars and hungry dogs came flocking to the train whenever it stopped and gazed at me, bleary eyed and hollow-cheeked.

The train crept through long and short tunnels, there were rocks, rocks, rocks and ruined villages deserted since the War of Independence, and a desolate landscape with single growing valonia trees. Gradually, however, I detected signs of greater fertility, increasing to intense abundance the closer we came to the coast. But I was tired now and fell asleep, stretched out in a darkened second-class compartment. Suddenly someone shook me out of my dreams: "*Bana bak, hanim*—you have to get out—we are stopping here."

"Where are we?"

"At Izmir," he replied curtly, full of contempt for my ignorance. Only a fool could oversleep the arrival at such an important place and not even know its name.



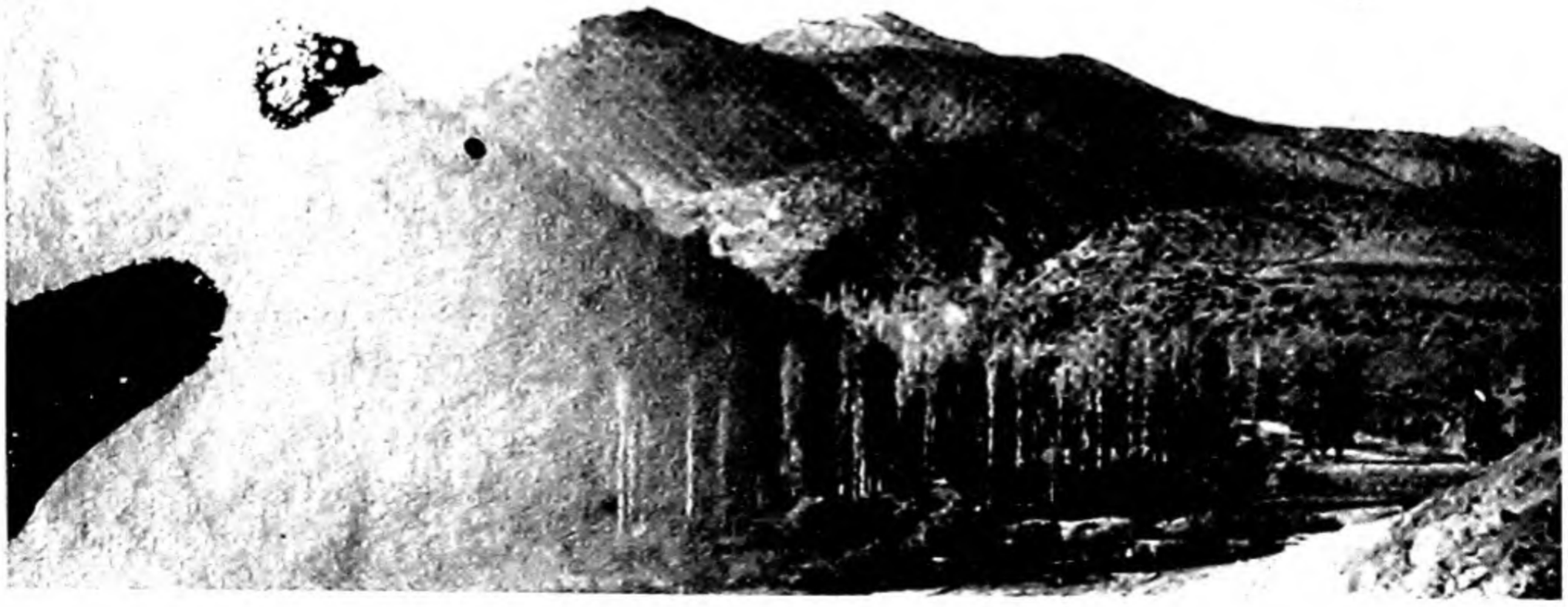
ULUKISLA.

NIGDE.

PLATE XXXIII.

THE TAURUS MOUNTAINS.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE TAURUS.



—AND ANOTHER.

Bedriye had given me the address of some relatives who might put me up for a few days. But it was six o'clock and I decided to leave my suitcase at the station and have a look at the town.

The fresh morning wind brushed the sleep from my face and cleared my head of the stuffiness which the night and the past week had stored up there. My heart beat with a new ease, my eyes looked with pleasure at the broad, modern boulevard and the rustling rows of saplings, and my feet, without waiting for orders, stirred and walked off, treading eagerly the gravel of the centre pavement and carrying me as if by instinct straight to the glittering edge of the gulf. And there, with a groan, my discontent jumped into the blue water and disappeared, never to be heard of again.

Speaking of Izmir, I have to confess love at first sight, a happy love because it was returned. The town smiled at me with the blue water and sky and a shining row of white houses all around the bay, and it held me embraced in the curve of its purple green mountains, shutting off the world beyond. Wooden barges were moored alongside the quay, small white passenger boats drew their plumy tails in irregular patterns from pier to pier, farther down black steamers were taking their freight on board or puffing off towards the narrow exit into the open sea.

Behind me buses the size of lorries rattled over the uneven pavement, *arabas* tinkled, horse-shoes clip-clopped, and the stamping of many feet could be clearly distinguished in the comparative quietude of the morning. Only in the port of Marseilles had I experienced a similar elevation at the mere sight and noisy bustle of a town. I was glad to be alive, glad to be young and independent, and the fact that I had reached Izmir filled me with as deep a satisfaction as if thereby I had carried out the realization of a life-long dream.

You have to see and hear in order to understand. It is not only form and colour, but sound and movement which contribute to our delight. That special kind of blue which the gulf

receives from the sky and reflects to the mountains—or does the broad stream of colour flow in the opposite direction?—that haze of everchanging clouds in shades of white and gold and grey, that perpetual motion of the water and the intercourse between land and sea, that feeling of sheltered width and the knowledge that three thousand years of history stand here gazing beside you are as much part of the town as the outspread wings of a sailing-boat in front and the distant minarets or the ruined walls of the castle on top of Mount Pagus.

I stood there for a long time, and though no sound left my mouth, I was shouting with joy. When I turned at last to look behind me, I found myself facing a hyper-modern cinema. A boy was just pushing through the swing-door, laden with enormous posters carefully mounted on canvas. He placed them to the left and right of the entrance to advertise the evening performance, and to my horrified amusement I saw three gruesome pictures in the exaggerated style of the cinema and read in large letters: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum. *Film Parlant. Sous-titres français.*" That was enough to bring me back to earth with a bump.

The architect who had built the cinema, had taken care to match it in height and general outline with the row of houses on its left. They were rich residences of pre-War times, each sharing a wall with the next and adorned with the square boxes of bay windows on the second floor. It was not difficult to imagine carpeted halls, luxurious furniture, and precious silver inside, jealously guarded by liveried servants and used by richly scented women in nearly-Parisian dresses.

But not always had they breathed this air of quiet comfort and well-being. About thirteen years ago they had witnessed thousands and thousands of people being tortured and killed on this very quay on which they now looked down with such haughty aloofness. First the Greeks, a third of Smyrna (Izmir)'s inhabitants, had slaughtered the Turks, and later, when the Gazi's victorious soldiers had driven the Greek army on to

their fleeing ships or into the sea, the Turks took their revenge on the Christian population.

Yet it was not until three days after the Gazi's entry into the town that the great fire started in the Armenian quarter and from there spread to the Quartier Franc where the Europeans lived, and the Quartier Grec behind. For a week the sky and the gulf shone red with the flames, the gulf in a deeper tone since it was still coloured by the streams of blood, and a third of Smyrna was destroyed. The row of white houses in front of me was nearly all that could be saved in this part of the town.

An English merchant sailor once told me of the five days he spent at Smyrna immediately before its reoccupation by the Turks. He had seen more than his father's back garden and encountered the most amazing experiences, but he confessed that he could imagine nothing more fantastic and exciting than that first week in September 1922. Whatever your heart desired, it was given to you, nay, thrown at you for the mere request. You walked into the shops, you ate and drank and nobody asked you to pay. Money had no value, goods would be useless soon, life itself was not worth the tenth of a piastre. The whole town was mad and rolling towards the abyss of death and destruction. When his boat left, everyone on board was suffering from delirium tremens and incapable of noticing such trifling things as the distant shooting of rifles and guns. It was a marvel that the vessel did not run aground.

Slowly life at Izmir changed back to normal, just as returning soldiers settle down to their peace time occupations, more fortunate in so far as often they show no visible traces of the hell they experienced, whilst at Izmir the blackened ruins remained as horrible wounds on the body of the town. Little by little, however, the ruins were cleared away, leaving a vast area of dust-covered land which only in the course of many years assumed a friendlier appearance.

I passed some modern bank and office-buildings which by semi-Moorish arches around doors and windows had added an

Eastern tinge to their European façades. Apartment-houses had sprung up between and behind them, well placed near the broad boulevards which at right angles led away from the quay. There was room enough for hundreds of other houses, wide spaces gaped between them which here and there were planted with a few trees to hide their nakedness and by their rustling gaiety tried to lay a hundred years between today and 1922.

A children's playground just off the quay looked all ready for the day's invasion. At present it was only occupied by a cheerful little fellow in a green blazer. Very likely he had got up long before his accustomed time in order to enjoy himself before the older boys would arrive and push him aside. Up and down he went on the swing and whenever he was in the air, he could see the blue gulf below him. After a while he climbed up to the top of the ladder and gazed proudly at the mountains and then, shouting aloud, he slid down the chute.

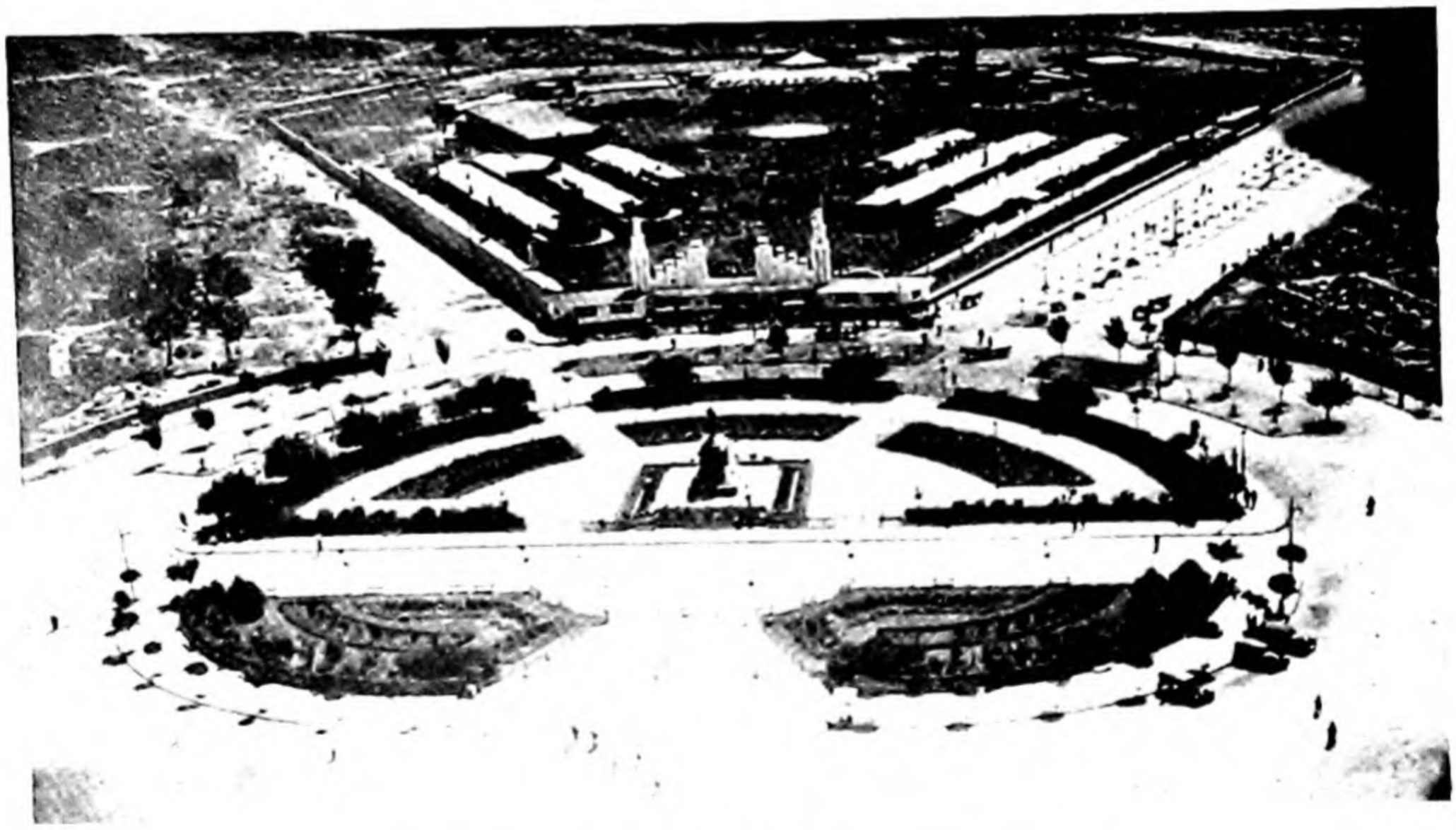
Further on I came to a large circular square, with ornamental flower beds and benches to sit on and watch the sun reflected in the water, the favourite occupation of so many Turks. In the centre stood a high monument of the Gazi on horseback, his right arm raised and his finger pointing towards the sea. The inscription repeated the famous order of August 1922, given before the decisive battles near Afyon Karahisar : " Soldiers ! Your first goal is the Mediterranean ! Forward ! "

The base of the monument showed the marching army, led by a woman in Turkish national dress—pantaloons, and a shawl round her head swept back by the wind like the flag which she carried high in her right hand. Another woman at the side was bent low by the weight of shells on her back.

So at last I saw this legendary being who stands at the threshold of new Turkey. The history of the modern Turkish woman begins with her, and her example is quoted daily as a justification for granting women equal rights. " They fought with us in times of war, and they shall work with us now that

WOMAN FROM BERGAMA.

THE QUAY AT IZMIR.



THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR AT IZMIR.

we are living in peace. Together we shall plant the seeds of civilization and harvest the fruits of our liberty."

At the end of the square and straight behind the monument was the entrance to the now empty grounds of the International Fair. Square white columns rose as an attractive decoration, flanking the closed gates. Not before September would the fair be reopened. I strolled along the high wooden fence and the deserted boulevard with a feeling of being on the outskirts of a large town and on the edge of that no-man's land which stretches to the first villages. But soon I found myself in a completely different world, as unexpected after this walk through the modern European district as an hour previously the cinema. I had reached the old Turkish quarter and the bazaars.

Narrow streets in the shadow of overhanging bay-windows and dense wisteria-leaves, rattling carts on the cobble-stones, hardly able to pass each other without upsetting the laden stands in front of the bazaars, copper pots, enamel ware, drapery goods, carpets, fruit and bags of nuts, hanging, standing, piled up everywhere. Wooden tables and rickety chairs outside the wide-open coffee-houses, fried sheep's heads and neatly arranged sweet and vegetable dishes in the windows of small restaurants. Quiet little squares with playing fountains, centuries old and beautifully carved and screened, cooing pigeons on the branches of gentle aged trees, bearded old men hobbling towards little white mosques, and the braying of a donkey, strange outcry of distress in a peaceful, happily occupied world—I had seen and heard it all before, but rarely so welded into a whole, so contented and sure of itself, acknowledging the existence of Europe and yet still holding out against its influence wherever it tried to overstep its boundaries.

It was now after eight o'clock, and I drifted slowly back towards the quay. The large, impressive-looking building of the Government *konak* was separated from the landing place of the local steamers by a noisy square with screeching tram-cars and hooting buses, but in its centre rose unperturbed a clock-

tower and fountain in the form of a minaret, smiling loftily at a real minaret a little further away.

Bedriye's relatives lived at Karşiyaka, a fashionable suburb just across the bay. A small steamer from there had just arrived at the pier, men and women and girls came rushing down, pushing me aside and scuttling away to offices, banks, shops and government buildings just as millions of clerks and typists are wont to do all over the world.

The steamer on its way back to Karşiyaka was almost empty. I sat down at the stern, gazing at the town from a growing distance, the white houses among the cypresses dotting the mountains, the fortress resting low and plump on the top, and the whole curve of the bay. There cannot be many views on earth like it.

At Karşiyaka a horse-drawn tram trotted leisurely along the quay, passing on its short journey summer-sleepy villas and richly laid-out gardens. The house I was looking for was right at the end, surrounded by palms and larch and pine-trees. A little bell rattled above my head as I pushed the gate open. I walked up a few steps, but nobody came. I knocked, but in spite of the hysterical yelping of a dog the house remained asleep. Should I knock again? I was just raising my hand when slowly, slowly, as if moved by a ghost the door swung back and a *dachshund* jumped up at my knees, frantically wagging his tail and beyond himself with delight. I bent down to pat him, but when I straightened my back again, I hardly suppressed a cry—grinning broadly, a young negress was looking at me.

I stammered a few silly sounds, neither Turkish nor French, and when she kept on grinning without a sign of understanding in her large brown eyes, I asked at last: "*Bay Salih Şükrü burada?*"

She nodded, and I sighed with relief. After that everything was quite simple. I was led into the parlour, Turkish only in so far as a dozen richly embroidered cushions were lying around

on the floor. On the mantelpiece, serious-faced, stood a black Mickey Mouse. The rest of the room was completely European.

In rushed the *dachshund*, followed by a little boy, a plump young woman and a tall handsome man with a mass of brown hair. They spoke English, but it was not only due to that language that I felt at once at ease with them. With some people you are friends right away. Of course, I could stay with them—not only for a few days, but a week or two or for as long as I liked. And they would do all they could to help me.

Bay Şükrü was working for the American Tobacco Co. but unfortunately there was not much to do at present. For three years the firm had bought little over here, reducing its import owing to the crisis and using up its large stores. So he could easily spare the afternoon and show me round. I would meet him after lunch at the clock-tower in front of the *konak*.

The negress prepared a delicious meal—yoghurt soup with rice and green herbs, stuffed vine-leaves, cocks' combs in madeira sauce, a green vegetable surprisingly called ladies' fingers, and tartlets filled with rose-petal jam. I crossed the gulf feeling all Turkish inside.

Bay Şükrü was a quiet sober-headed man with a deep interest in European politics, thereby differing from most of the men I had met during the past weeks who were chiefly concerned with Turkish affairs. Not without reason had the Ottomans spoken of Izmir as the " eye of Asia Minor ". It was a mercantile town looking out towards the west to which it sent its ships laden with tobacco, figs, carpets, valonia, liquorice and other goods of the east. Bay Şükrü led me from shops to magazines and factories. At one place they explained to me the differences between the various Smyrna rugs and showed me some of the most expensive carpets in store, at another I watched the sorting of figs, at a third I tasted the first grapes of the season and received a large box of the choicest raisins as a present.

In the evening Bay Şükrü and his wife took me to a performance of Soviet Russian artists, singers, a pianist, a ballet-dancer, who were just touring the country under the auspices of the People's Party. It was a semi-official event, and the hall was decorated with Turkish and Russian flags hanging amiably side by side, both shining in revolutionary red, the one adorned with hammer and sickle, the other with star and crescent. To the left of the stage was a giant silhouette of Lenin's head, facing it on the other side hung the equally large shadow of Atatürk.

" I didn't know you were on such intimate terms," I said to Bay Şükrü.

" Oh, the Russians are our best friends—so long as they keep their hands off our internal politics. We are learning a lot from them, but we don't want to follow in their footsteps."

The performance was not on a very high level, the programme an odd collection of antiquated pieces, some worn-out operatic airs, the Immortal Swan, the Volga-Boatmen. Yet the enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. Even the old woman in front of me with a shawl around her head clapped her hands vigorously and nodded at the bearded man beside her to do the same. But he was too overawed to move.

Bay Şükrü nudged me : " You see the elderly gentleman up there in the box ? That's the *vali*, Kâzim Paşa. You ought to meet him ! He is a most energetic and active man, and very affable."

We went home, humming the Volga-Boatmen. That is the worst of such tunes. But before we went to bed, we stood long on the terrace and looked across the bay at the glittering lights of Izmir and the black mountains underneath the thin crescent of the moon.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XI

Izmir (Smyrna) is situated in the innermost corner of a sheltered gulf on the Ægean coast. With 170,000 inhabitants second in size only to Istanbul

(Constantinople), it is the most important mercantile town in Asia Minor. Before the Great War it was dominated by the Greeks who constituted more than 100,000 of its 250,000 inhabitants. Turks numbered 60,000, Jews, chiefly Spaniols 20,000, Armenians 12,000. Since the War of Independence Greeks and Armenians have completely disappeared.

The town suffered badly by the departure of these commercially most experienced and active inhabitants and the ruinous fire of 1922. Fortunately the *vilayet*, forming part of the extremely fertile Ægean region, is rich and helped the town to regain a good deal of its former importance. A severe set-back was brought about by the world crisis. From 1931 until 1934 the prices of the chief articles noted at the *Bourse* fell by more than 50 per cent, but from 1935 onward they have slowly begun to rise again.

The export articles, in order of their importance, are tobacco, raisins and figs famous all over the world, valonia (acorn-cups of the valonia oak used for tanning, dyeing, ink-making), opium, and carpets which formerly held a much better place on this list. In 1931, Izmir's export was valued at 40·6 million ltq., that was about a third of Turkey's total export. In 1935, the value of a vastly increased export was merely 35·14 million ltq., owing to the fall in prices (whole Turkish export 95·86 million ltq.).

In September 1927, the Izmir International Fair was held for the first time, since 1933 taking place annually in September with growing success. The products of the region are exhibited, and foreign companies show machinery, musical instruments, motor-cars, etc.

The town possesses a great number of excellent schools, some of them very modern and only built in recent years, e.g., the Gazi Ilk Mektebi and the Vali Kâzim Paşa Ilk Meketbi, lycées for boys and girls, the Republican Institute for Girls (a professional school), etc., which can easily hold their own beside European schools of the same type. Further there are an Institute for the Blind and Deaf and small orphan-homes, great rarities in Turkey, a children's crèche, and six public play-grounds for children, some of them laid out on old disused cemeteries among cypresses and olive-trees. Pleasure grounds and a large public park are always crowded with people. A little away from the centre of the town are a wooden sports stadium and a race-course.

A large building in new Turkish style, until recently very popular, holds a public library of 10,000 volumes and a cinema. Another library is owned by the Halk Evi, but only half of it is accessible to the public; the other half, written in Persian and Arabic, has been banished to the basement. The Halk Evi sends five travelling libraries round to the villages.

In a former church a collection of antiquities is exhibited. The more interesting pieces, however, have remained at the places of excavation—

Pergamon (Bergama), Ephesos, Sardes, and many other famous places recalling the times when this region was the centre of ancient civilization. All these places can be reached from Izmir either by train or car. Izmir itself has kept few ruins of historic interest. Earthquakes, wars, floods, and fires have reduced most of the ancient buildings to dust and ashes. Only the ruins of Kadifekale, the three thousand year old fortress on Mount Pagus, are comparatively well preserved. Part of the fortifications were reconstructed by order of Alexander the Great.

From the top of the mountain unfolds a magnificent view. To the south lie the greater part of the town and the gulf, to the east the valley of the River Meles, immortalized by Homer, Roman aqueducts and the ancient "bridge of the caravans," and all around fertile plains and mountains.

CHAPTER XII

The Cock of the *Vilayet*

WHEN Kâzim Paşa, the *vali* of Izmir, like all his countrymen had to adopt a Turkish family name, he announced that in future he wanted to be known as Kazim Dirik—Kazim the Energetic. He also gave orders that people should no longer use the foreign word paşa in addressing him, but call him generál instead—a term which those in charge of the language-reform had apparently declared to be of Turkish origin.

He had fought in many Turkish wars, for the last time in the War of Independence when for a while he had been the Gazi's Chief of Staff. Now, as *vali* of Izmir, the richest province of Asia Minor with the closest contact to Europe, he held one of the most influential positions in the country. I had seen photographs of him—a tall, heavy man of about sixty with a small moustache and hair brushed back in military fashion—and from these photographs and his biography it was not difficult to guess what type of man he was.

Bay Şükrü had procured me an interview, mentioning the *Berkminster News*. The *vali* was a busy man, but always pleased to receive a journalist. Yet I was nervous as I stood in front of the Government *konak*, an impressive building enlivened by a waving red flag. I lingered for a long time near the entrance where three public scribes had put up their " offices "—a table, an old-fashioned typewriter, a chair for themselves, and two for their clients. For a few piastres they wrote love-letters, or a soldier's greetings to his family, providing for each member of

the household and neighbourhood a special sentence, or petitions and documents in an endless variety which I found later fluttering and still warm from the typewriter in the hands of many who were waiting with me in the *vali's* ante-room.

When I was called in by His Excellency, I wished for a moment that I, too, had possessed a document behind which to hide myself. But the *vali* soon put me at my ease. His genial flow of language, his temperament and demeanour were more those of a Southern Frenchman than of a Turkish general, and he seemed almost anxious to make me forget his military past. He was pleased to hear that I had seen the town, made sure that I had not missed any of the important buildings, promised me a box of fresh figs, and offered to show me a few of his villages, and so the next morning we set out in his large car, both as happy as children on a Sunday outing. The sun was shining, the sky and the gulf were blue, it was a day of almost antique perfection.

The *vali's* eyes shone with pride as he pointed at one of the playgrounds laid out in the shade of cypresses and mulberry trees. " A former graveyard," he said in his soft French. " We transformed it. The living triumph over the dead." He looked at me, and a smile deepened the wrinkles around his eyes. When we passed through the new quarters where the great fire had left many empty places, I asked him if the town still bore any hatred against the Greeks.

" My dear daughter," he said, leaning his heavy body back in the seat, " we are good Turks, and it's alien to the Turkish nature to harbour a grudge for a long time. Life goes on. It is stronger than death." This seemed to be his favourite slogan because he used it again and again.

When we reached the first village, he ordered the driver to slow down. Dozens of children came running breathlessly from all sides, shouting at the top of their voices with obvious delight : " *Vali bey, vali bey !* " and stretching out their hands. The car pulled up and the *vali* fished a large bag from his right-

hand pocket. With an air as if he were handing decorations to distinguished soldiers, he distributed a handful of sweets among the excited gang. And then he proffered the bag to me, trusting that I would take nothing but my due share, and gave a sweet each to the policeman who accompanied us, and the driver. After that, justice being established, he nodded benevolently, and the car moved on.

Most of the peasants were working in the fields and orchards. The harvest of figs and grapes had begun, peaches, pears, quinces, pomegranates, and olives were ripe for gathering. There was a gay bustle all over the countryside, baskets of fruit were carried past us, donkeys stumbled under their abundant loads, small carts with tubs full of grapes rolled towards the villages.

The men greeting us looked handsome and self-assured, the women in their wide trousers, embroidered jackets, and turban-like headgear were pretty and full of gentle fire which shone out of their dark eyes and glowed on their round cheeks. The landscape in its fertility reminded me a little of Malatya, but everything was so much gayer here, the laughter and shouting accompanied us like a purling brook, and not for a moment could one forget that this country had once been alive with Grecian gods and heroes. And, of course, there was always the feeling that the Ægean Sea was near with its surf-edged water and cool winds.

Once a group of men rushed down from a sloping vineyard as they recognized the *vali's* car and began a slow and ceremonious dance by the side of the road, clapping their hands and lifting their legs with the awkward movements of marionettes. We stopped and watched them for a while, and the *vali* shouted a few merry words. But the men showed no sign that they had heard him, and went on dancing until we had disappeared out of sight.

"They are Turks," said the *vali* as we were driving on, "who until recently have been living in Greece. There is a

terrible mix-up of populations in all the Balkan states. We are slowly trying to clear it up now by a specially organized exchange of minorities. Our people coming back to their motherland from Greece, Roumania, and Bulgaria are settled down with the aid of the Government in Thrace or the fertile parts of Asia Minor. They are good, hardworking peasants, but rather quiet on the whole. However, since we attach them to already existing villages, they'll soon mix with the native population and feel at home with us."

He pointed out the neat white stone houses which had been built for them, and the white school-buildings and village halls. " There wasn't much left around here but ruins and ashes when the soldiers had passed some ten years ago. But perhaps it's just as well that we had to start from nothing and could build and plan after modern principles. And what do you think of our roads? Most of them are newly constructed, too."

I complimented him on their smooth surface : " It's almost possible to write in the car ! "

He beamed with pleasure. " You will hardly believe it, but it's the peasants themselves who made them. We have a special road tax in Turkey varying in the different *vilayets*. If you are poor, you can offer your labour instead—one day's work equals one lira. Well, I made most of my men work, and as a result we have nearly 2,000 miles of roads in the *vilayet* which are in good repair all the year round, and 500 miles which are continuously under observation."

He glanced at me from the side to make sure that I was impressed, and he went on mentioning figures. To please him I took notes, half thinking that he was exaggerating in order to show off. But when later, in a conversation with the *muhtar* of Pinarbaşi, I checked some of the data, I found every single one correct. To my embarrassment His Excellency had overheard me, and for a moment his face grew clouded and angry and the general became visible.

"You might trust me not to tell you lies," he grumbled resentfully. "I know this *vilayet* as I know my own house. I know every tree, every hut, every single peasant. I know when a child is born and when a donkey dies. Here—come along with me!"

He walked briskly towards a group of peasants who had meanwhile been called by the *muhtar* to greet him. If so far I had felt inclined to smile a little at His Excellency's childlike eagerness and pride, I now became quickly aware of the more serious, though not less amiable side of his character. Ten years ago he had given up soldiering to become the teacher of this *vilayet*, and he had apparently set out on his task as a cordial tyrant who enforced progress by persuasion backed by administrative power.

He really saw and knew everything and everyone. "How is your wife getting on, Çelal?" he asked a thick-set peasant whose bald head was covered with beads of sweat.

"Oh, thank you kindly, *vali paşa*—er—generál!" The *vali's* smile returned after the correction and he went on: "And how is the child—a boy, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it's a boy. He's as strong as a bull."

"Well, my greetings to the *bayan*. I hope she'll bring the boy along to see me."

He turned to a tousled looking man in shirt-sleeves next to him. "Is your father any better today?" The man's eyes saddened. "There's little hope, generál. He's ninety-one—too old to recover."

"*Vah, vah,*" said the *vali*, wagging his head. "But don't lose hope—there are many around here who are carrying a hundred years or more on their backs." He turned to me to forestall any doubts. "We have dozens of centenarians in the *vilayet*, men and women. A doctor once told me it's because they eat so many figs. It's the healthiest food on earth. I almost live on them."

This seemed to remind him of the time. "What about a

little meal? We might have it over there at the waterfall and make the round of the village afterwards."

The *muhtar* and the teacher ran to fetch some chairs and a table, and soon the *vali*, the notables of Pinarbaşi, and I settled down in the shade of some old fig-trees, a small waterfall and a rushing brook to our right, and a group of whispering peasants at a respectful distance to our left. It was pleasant to sit there well protected against the brooding mid-day heat and to watch the food being heaped on the table—fruit and green salad, eggs, yoghurt, a plateful of salt, white bread and cheese. The *vali* dug his slightly gaping teeth into the crisp salad leaves, and with a sigh of satisfaction he said: "That's a meal as I like it! Nothing elaborate, just the simple things which nature gives us.—But I do hope we'll have some Turkish coffee afterwards. And mind you, Çelal—I want my cup—the one without the handle!"

I grew sleepy but the *vali* was indefatigable. He ate and drank, his eyes rested delightedly on the cool clear water, and all the time he kept on talking and discussing business. Had the saplings behind the school been watered regularly? Had the wooden bridge been repaired to which he had objected the last time? Yes? Ah, *pek eyi*—very well.

The teacher, a neat looking young man, had a little surprise—a photograph of the three forms in front of the school-building. But the *vali* was not as pleased as he had expected. His large forefinger pointed disdainfully at the group: "They look so stiff and starched, you might think they were a lot of soldiers. Can't you make them appear gayer and more natural?"

The teacher's expectant smile collapsed in disappointment, but he promised to do better next time. No sooner had we emptied the coffee cups, than the *vali* rose with youthful energy to walk around the village. The men in their hastily tidied working-day clothes and two dozen school children in grey white-collared aprons marched or ran in front or behind

us, the sunlight fell in patches through the dense tree-tops of a small wood which we had to traverse, the brook gurgled in happy excitement, and the air smelled of summer and fruit and sweat. There was a holiday atmosphere about the half-deserted village with its clean and well-kept houses and the waving trees, but the *vali* was not inclined to succumb to it. " Whose is that dirty wall over there ? " he asked indignantly, and his short white moustache quivered with annoyance.

The *muhtar* hastened to his side : " Naci Ağa's, generál ! "

" Tell him to whitewash it at once ! Shame on all of you, to suffer such a stain on a village like Pinarbaşi ! "

Suddenly he halted in front of an old tumble-down hut. " You know," he said, completely forgetting his anger, " I tried to think what we could do with this hut. It isn't worth repairing. But we might turn it into a museum—a museum of Pinarbaşi ! "

He thrust his shoulders back and gazed at the men around him, feasting his eyes on their surprised expression. But his mind ran too smoothly to pause for long. " *Bana bak, oğlum*—listen, my son ! " He seized the fat Çelal by his coat-button : " You could give your grandmother's wedding-dress which you showed me last time. It could be number one in the collection. And haven't any of you some old daggers and swords ? "

" *Evet, evet,*" the men began to mutter, slowly grasping the idea.

" My wife could give some embroidery ! " boasted the most intelligent of them.

" And I could carve some wooden spoons ! " burst out the tousled man.

" And the children could all find something ! " exclaimed the teacher eagerly.

The *vali* smiled and laid his heavy hand on my shoulder. " There you see again that most people never grow up. They always long for something to play with, and if you want to educate them, all you need to do is to choose their toy."

Now it was my turn to be surprised. Was His Excellency's single-heartedness and simplicity only a clever disguise, assumed to assert his influence with all the more persistency? Or did he merely know his men by sheer ingenuity? He was soon to answer the question himself. Out of the shade we stepped into the blazing heat of a wide square, blocked at the far end by the school and the playground. In its centre a simple monument rose such as one might find in any village square—a column on a white stone pedestal, framed by some as yet scrubby-looking bushes and a rough, low stone wall surmounted by shining wire-netting. It looked harsh in its outline, and white, and glaringly new.

"We'll inaugurate fifty-five such monuments on the ninth of September, the day of Izmir's deliverance from the Greeks."

"Fifty-five?" Surely this time the old man was not adhering to the truth. What could any *vilayet* do with fifty-five of these bare-legged memorials? In whose honour were they put up, anyhow?

The *vali* explained: "Some for the Gazi, some for the *Cümhuriyet* (Republic), and some for *Mehmetçik* (little Mehmet), the Turkish Tommy Atkins. It doesn't make much difference."

He smiled indulgently when he saw me start. "My dear daughter, what all of these columns preach is that Pinarbaşi is only part of something which reaches beyond these fifty houses and orchards. That's what we have to remind them of again and again. Until the Great War it was the Sultan and Khalif who united them. The State—pah, they thought of it only as an institution set up to rob them. We have to teach them now that the State is their friend, in fact that they are the State, and that the State, at the same time, is something more—a unity of millions, a power, a strength. That's the reason why I encouraged the erection of those monuments. That's why I want that museum."

He waved his right arm with an imperious gesture in the

direction of the old hut. Before I had time to recover, he switched back to a simple, friendly Turkish and said to the *muhtar*: "I'll come myself on the ninth to inaugurate the monument. It will be difficult to get away from the opening of the Izmir Fair, but I'll manage. We ought to have a feast. You get the mutton and rice and fruit, and I'll see what I can do about the sweets and the coffee.—By the way, we might have the radio-set ready by then, too. The price has been reduced from 250 to 80 liras. That ought not to be too much for Pinarbaşi to pay considering that your last budget amounted to 8,000."

The *muhtar* nodded. "We'll put it up at the school. The teacher knows how to handle it. He can even do the repairs."

The teacher, too modest to praise himself, received an encouraging look. "That's right, my son. Remember that you are one of the officers of the Republic. It is you who have to lead the way."

We were slowly walking back to the car. "I hope the chauffeur and the policeman have had their meal." Çelal assured him that they had received their share. The crowd of men and children around us was now so dense that we could only push our way forward step by step. "I am sorry to see no women here today. I hope they'll all turn out on the ninth." Now it was the *muhtar* who gave assurances that the *vali's* wish would be fulfilled. "They are busy today in the orchards," he murmured apologetically.

The *vali* squeezed his large body into the car and, called by the teacher, the children rushed forward to kiss his hand. He waved them off goodnaturedly. But all of a sudden there was a hush, and a little girl with stiff, flaxen plaits stepped in front of the others, straightened her body, assumed a rigid expression, and began to recite in a regular, high-pitched voice what seemed to be an endless poem. The *vali's* features softened from verse to verse. The girl went on, raising her right, now her left hand in a studied rhetorical gesture. The crowd

behind her listened breathlessly. Again and again the words *vali* and *Kazim Paşa* cropped up, and for once His Excellency forgot to be annoyed at being addressed in the old way. Instead tears were slowly welling up in his eyes, and when at last the girl concluded: "He lives in the people, and the people live in him," remaining there with her right arm lifted high, he had to sniff two or three times before he was able to speak.

The poem had been written by the teacher in the *vali's* honour and was meant for the ninth of September, but it had proved impossible to restrain the girl until that day! For weeks and weeks past she had worked at learning it by heart. The teacher hoped that the *vali* would not mind hearing it a second time on the proper date.

"A second and a third time," the *vali* murmured, still fighting to master his emotion. "I shall ask for it whenever I visit Pinarbaşi."

The children clapped their hands as the car began to move. His eyes still shining, the old general turned to me. "I am the cock of the *vilayet*," he said wistfully, and then again, louder and with all his pride: "the cock of the *vilayet*."

I knew no answer, but I envied him his certainty of calling in a new day.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XII

The *Language Reform*, initiated by Atatürk, was one of the strange outcomes of Turkey's new nationalism. It aimed at supplanting all Persian and Arabic words which make up a good half of the everyday Turkish language, by proper Turkish words. These Turkish words had either been used alternatively or by different groups of the population and were now dug out in small towns, villages and libraries, or occasionally invented. An official dictionary was in preparation, and the newspapers were obliged from time to time to publish excerpts. But the reform did not prove popular and met with unforeseen scientific and practical difficulties in the course of its realization. In spring, 1936, it became known that the Government would not object to everybody speaking as best he could if he only succeeded in making

himself clearly understood, and until the autumn a theory had been developed perhaps with the intention of covering this retreat—the theory of the " Sun Language." According to it the first words ever spoken were exclamations of primitive men uttered at the sight of the sun. Slowly proper languages developed, one of the earliest being Turkish. Thus Persian, Arabic, etc., are merely derivations and need not be supplanted.—Another reform, that of the clumsy and very involved syntax, has hitherto been only suggested, though it is much more urgent since clear thoughts can only be expressed in clear phrases.

CHAPTER XIII

The Textile *Kombinat*

EASTWARD, eastward, eastward rolled the train, an endless journey back into the heart of Anatolia—Afyon-Karahisar, Eskeşehir, Ankara, and then, late on the second evening, Kayseri. I was more dead than alive when the train ran into the station. My limbs were stiff and aching, my eyes weary from the sight of infinite monotonous plains cracking in the heat and choking under clouds of dust. What a relief it was to feel the firm platform under my feet and to look at the snow-topped pyramids of the Erciyas Dağ, rising with brutal aloofness to an overpowering height.

I was met by a young engineer from the new cotton-*kombinat*. The factory-grounds lay to the left of the railway-line, and we drove straight there, leaving the town behind us. Bay Ziya took care to steer around the holes in the road, but he could not keep the car from jumping occasionally into the air. "I'm afraid the road isn't too smooth," he muttered, "but it's no good repairing it before the factory is ready. It will take us about another month. The opening ceremony has been fixed for the sixteenth of September.—We have to get out here. It's shorter to walk across to the canteen."

We stopped at the opening of a low fence, one of the provisional entrances to the grounds. I climbed out of the car. Suddenly two large men stepped towards us out of the darkness. Bay Ziya grinned when he saw me start: "The night-

porters—quite harmless creatures!" They saluted and let us pass.

I hesitated for a moment to make sure of my way. In the light of a few dim lamps, swaying on high poles or hanging on thin electric wires, the whole place seemed the creation of a modern nightmare. All around, black against the night-blue sky, stood the silhouettes of elongated sheds, high chimneys, isolated columns, apparently set up there by mistake. Bay Ziya pointed at the various buildings—the spinning department, the power-station, the future entrance-gate, the offices, the weaving-shed, the sports grounds. But, since he had begun to walk on, I had little chance of looking at them. A few days previously an army of sewage-workers had started to tear open the whole terrain and had hardly left a square yard of even ground. Over wires, cables, pipes, over heaps of stones, over narrow boards across the trenches, over dykes and mud-ponds I had to stumble forward to follow the engineer.

I was sticky with sweat though the air had cooled down after sunset to a mild winter temperature. No one but the two of us seemed to be about, the fantastic wilderness was empty of life, no sound was to be heard but the ferocious barking of a dog chained to its kennel. At last, after what seemed an eternity, Bay Ziya turned round.

"That's the canteen, over there."

The smell of hot food swept through the open door, and after a deep breath and a last look at the sky brimful with stars, we pushed bravely in. Only a corner of the large hall was lit where the one table stood which was still surrounded by a group of people eating.

"Our director, Bay Fazil!"

A tall, slender man in a white polo-shirt and khaki breeches rose to greet me. "*Guten Abend!*" he said, half ironical, half amused, smiling at me with a pair of amazingly blue eyes. He had the appearance and bearing of a Nordic aristo-

crat—a "*Herrenmensch*" the Germans would call him, the type of man which they always dream of as their master and which they rarely find.

From what I heard that night and later was told by some of the engineers, I soon gained the conviction that he was the right man in the right place. At the age of thirteen he had run away from school and fought as an irregular in the Balkan War. He had gone on fighting in the Great War until his young growing body collapsed under the strain. His father, a soldier by profession, insisted on his returning to the front as soon as he could stand on his feet again, but for once his mother rebelled and got things her own way: the boy was sent to Switzerland to study engineering.

After the war he belonged to the small group which advocated Turkey's rapid industrialization, to make her at last independent of the foreign capitalist powers. The group was laughed at and opposed by those who considered Turkey not yet ready and for more than one reason incapable of such a step and therefore wanted the governmental activities concentrated on the development of Turkey's agricultural resources. Yet Bay Fazil and his friends stuck to their ideas and with the Kemalists' rise to power saw them rapidly gaining ground.

To test his abilities, he had been given the directorship of an old, almost bankrupt factory at Istanbul which, in the course of a few years, he had modernized and made profitable again. And now he was the head of the Kayseri *kombinat*, an extremely distinguished position for a man of hardly thirty-five because the *Bez Fabrikasi* (cloth factory) was the most ambitious object of the industrial Five-Year-Plan and would play an important rôle in Turkey's economic life. Before the actual construction of the countless buildings was completed, he had taken over command and was at present busy with choosing and educating his future workers.

"Where will you find them?" I asked him, fishing a

piece of cucumber out of the ice-cooled yoghurt. He smiled again his superior and rather infuriating smile. " Among the Turkish youth ! " he said suddenly with surprising sincerity. " You'll see them tomorrow morning."

A room had been prepared for me in one of the houses which later was to serve as a first-aid station. It lay near the entrance-gate and the walk across there was no less complicated than the one to the canteen. Once I nearly fell over a dark bundle lying on the ground which suddenly moved when I stepped on it. But Bay Ziya reassured me—it was only a sleeping worker rolled in his ragged quilt. Here and there, in pools of light, machines were crouching under canvas sheets. Somewhere to the left the dog was tearing madly at its chain, barking itself hoarse and out of breath.

The next morning I was awakened by the noise of many voices passing the house. I jumped out of bed and peeped through a hole in the white paper which had been pasted across the window-pane. It was a quarter to six. Two thousand building workers were slowly streaming in to start work, peasants in the first stage of transformation. Bay Ziya had told me that there was no better chance for social studies than watching these men arriving for their working day. I dressed hastily and rushed out.

Endless queues had lined up outside the temporary gates where wooden railings had been put up to hem in the human flood. A number of overseers were walking up and down to control the men. Most of the workers looked wild and uncouth, with faces burnt by the sun and clothes torn by age and hard work, but at the same time they showed a strangely timid expression. Peasants and casual workers, hitherto living without any regular order, sleeping in hovels or, during the summer months, out in the open with nothing but their soiled quilts to cover them, half animals in their dumbness and ignorance—such were the men who were slowly

to be turned into a self-conscious working-class, forbidden at the same time to become class-conscious. Would the experiment succeed?

I stood there watching them and talking to an engineer who on Bay Fazil's orders was busy taking photographs. He was less than thirty years of age—everybody connected with the factory seemed to be young.

"You cannot imagine," he said, focussing his camera on a group of men pushing past, "what efforts it has cost to get them used to some discipline. In the beginning they were like a herd of stampeding animals."

He had been working with the *kombinat* for the last five months. When he arrived in March, the morning and evening control of the two thousand building workers had lasted each time two hours. Check-clocks had just been installed and each worker was given his number. But the men were helpless confronted with the clocks, chiefly because they could never remember their numbers and got all mixed up with the cards. Only a few of them knew how to read and write. At last the young engineer had the bright idea of sewing the numbers to the men's jackets, and the overseers themselves carried out the clocking-off.

But that was not the whole trouble. Every evening the men had to be searched for stolen goods. During the past months they carried away everything that could be moved—nails, and pieces of wire, and parts of machinery which were not of the slightest use to them, odd tools, and empty sacks. Apparently the men from Kayseri had given the lead. They were notorious all over the country for their cleverness and cunning in business, and it seemed to be one of their principles to help themselves to as much as they could. Even now, though they knew that the search was carried out with the utmost thoroughness, two or three of them were foolish enough to be caught every day.

In the spring there had not been a single day without a

THE OLD WALLS AT KAYSERI.

KAZIM DIRIK, *VALI* OF IZMIR.

THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER AT IZMIR.

LABOURERS BEING SEARCHED.

riot. The workers, infuriated by the endless and, to them, incomprehensible delay at the gates, attacked the overseers, strangely enough mainly those who had been kindest to them. Again the young engineer came to the rescue. Jumping into the scrimmage, he pulled off the numbers from the jackets of those whom he thought to be the instigators of the disorder, took out their wage-cards, and tore them to pieces in front of their eyes—which meant that they were dismissed and would not get a single piastre for their work. Since they were paid monthly, it meant a serious loss to them.

"I didn't like doing it," he said apologetically, "but that was the only way to teach them. They are so used to kicks and blows that any corporal punishment wouldn't make the least impression on them. My method was the only possible one. We've had no further trouble, and we are through now with the control in just a bit over three-quarters of an hour."

I looked at him. He had the dark, long eye-lashes and soft cheeks of a child. How early responsibility was thrust upon all these young men! But he seemed to bear it with courage and good humour.

The buzzer howled. It was now six o'clock, and still there was no end to the queue. From somewhere near the canteen came the sounds of a marching song. "What's that?" I asked the engineer who had just folded his camera.

He smiled in a twisted way which reminded me of Bay Fazil. Obviously he admired him very much. "The future cotton-workers. They are having their morning drill. Come along and watch them."

We crossed the grounds which in the clear morning sun had lost all their terror. The scaffoldings on the various buildings looked as orderly as huge skeletons in a museum. The trenches were much less deep than I had imagined the night before, and the cables no longer tried to catch hold of my feet. Standing on top of the last dyke, the young

man said in as casual a voice as if he were giving me the time of day: "The sports grounds will take up all that area from those fences to the hut over there on the right. They'll be ready soon after the factory is completed. Our workers will then be able to swim, and play football, and tennis, and we'll have horses and a proper riding-school, and also an up-to-date ground for light athletics. And the swimming-pool will be close to the exit-gates so that they may feel tempted to have a dip before they go home."

He had fixed me with his eyes the whole time. When I remained silent, he said with a slightly greater emphasis: "It's an exact replica of the stadium at Cologne."

At last I made a move. "Really?" I said, assuming the same matter-of-fact way of speaking. "I've just read an article in one of your papers where they admit that your swimming-pool isn't as large as that at Cologne."

He was not to be disconcerted. "Ah, but then we have shower-baths in the main building."

"Well, in that case——"

The song had long faded away. The young workers, about two hundred in all, had started their drill. They were lined up in eight columns, and at the head of each stood a girl, the youngest perhaps twelve, and the oldest fifteen. The boys were a little above that age, and at the rear, taller than the others, stood two dozen of the foremen who had just reached the first stage of manhood.

Facing them all, on a low dais, stood Bay Fazil, dressed like the rest in trousers and a shirt. He was demonstrating Swedish drill exercises and was just slowly bending his knees. His pleasure was so obvious that it leapt over to the young people before him and even took hold of the little girls who, in their short cotton frocks, awkwardly moved their arms and legs. When Bay Fazil discovered us, he signalled laughingly that we should join in. We shook our heads: "We are too old and stiff for that kind of thing." But

he insisted, and two minutes later we were running with the others as fast as we could along the cinder-path. My heart was beating in my throat when at last the command was given: "Break ranks!"

As soon as I had regained my breath, I joined the director who was talking to one of the older boys. "That's the captain of our football team. He was with me in Russia last year," he said in Turkish, and then he called out to another boy walking past: "Come here and shake hands with the lady!"

The boy grinned all over his broad face. "He's from Kayseri, the youngest member of our team—just seventeen." Bay Fazil dismissed the two with a friendly slap on their shoulders and went on in German: "Perhaps you think it foolish to play football in this hot town. You are right. But I don't want it really for the sake of the sport. They'll be forced to wear shorts and show their naked knees, and that's what matters to me. Once they dare to appear in public like that, they've broken away from tradition and are free. That boy came to me last week and said: 'My whole family makes fun of me and scolds me. But I won't give in.' That's a fellow to my liking. I'm sure he'll be good at his work as well."

Any other man I might have suspected of turning the factory into a barrack-yard. But there was nothing in Bay Fazil's way of speaking and general attitude which suggested any such intention. A good many of his theories came from Russia. He had spent several months there during the previous year in order to gain more experience for his new job. Seventy young mechanics had gone with him to be trained as foremen for the *kombinat*. The choice of Russia was not arbitrary. The Kayseri factory was the first important outcome of the Turkish-Russian industrial collaboration. Though the state-owned Sümer Bank was responsible for the erection of the *Bez Fabrikasi* by providing something like six million

ltq. (more than one million pounds), it was the Russians who had designed the plans for the factory, delivered the machinery on a twenty-year interest free credit, repayable in kind, and sent two hundred of their engineers to supervise the construction.

But there was a further reason for training the future Turkish foremen in Russia. These men needed more than industrial instruction. They had also to be taught to educate and lead their fellow-workers without thinking themselves their bosses.

" What I want more than anything else," said Bay Fazil whilst we were having a hasty breakfast in the canteen, " is a real comradeship, the feeling that we are all one family from the director down to the last apprentice. It ought to be possible since here in Turkey the State is the most important entrepreneur. The few existing capitalists don't really matter, and in any case, they, too, are controlled by the State. If we take care from the outset not to create an exploited proletariat, if we make our workers feel that this factory belongs to the state and, therefore, to themselves, and if we really keep all the doors open to them to advance —why shouldn't we succeed ? "

I was glad that I had not come to Kayseri at the beginning of my journey because in that case I would now have furiously argued with him. As it was, I knew better than to ask him why strikes and lock-outs were forbidden. It was a question to be discussed in ten or fifteen years' time. My eyes rested on the red streamers decorating the wall : " Long live the Turkish-Russian friendship ! " There were also large pictures of Lenin and Atatürk, and coloured Russian posters. Would Turkey herself ever turn Communist ?

Bay Fazil laughed. " We are prepared to learn from anyone, but we haven't the least intention of selling our souls either to Fascists or Communists. None of the seventy boys who went to Russia has become a Bolshie. We just brought

back a sackful of experience. And we are going to copy some of their educational experiments."

They planned, for instance, to have a special factory newspaper, edited by a group of the workers, open to free criticism of anything and anybody so long as the critics would stand up for their views. A drama, cinema, photography group would be formed. In the canteen an honours list would be hung up, naming those workers who had distinguished themselves in the factory or on the sports ground. And, most ambitious enterprise of all, the workers would be encouraged to run a co-operative society where they could get their food and clothing at cheap prices.

The director himself had already embarked on an experiment in democracy, but to his great disappointment it had failed. It was not until the end of my stay that he told me about it, and even then only in a way which forced me to guess half the story. He had instituted a weekly tea-party to which he had invited the foremen and engineers. Here, in a friendly talk, he had learnt as much about the happenings in the various departments of the *kombinat* which were slowly being built up as if he had had two hundred eyes and ears. But after a few such informal meetings the engineers had protested. It would undermine their authority over the foremen and workers if this kind of fraternizing went on.

Most of these young engineers had studied abroad. They knew that their knowledge and services were needed at home, and seeing comparatively young men in responsible positions, they were now impatient and could not climb quickly enough. In their haste many of them were in danger of stumbling over their own feet and, what was worse, they lost contact with the men whom they ought to lead. Of course, they were not all like this, but a few of that type could spoil the atmosphere of the whole factory.

"And why didn't you throw them out to simplify matters?"

Again that strange smile hovered around his lips. "I

can't afford to quarrel with them because I depend on their collaboration. Besides, I can't fight on too many fronts at once. But believe me, I'll tackle the problem when the whole show here is running more smoothly."

The morning after my arrival a group of young workers who were passing through a preparatory course were having their first examination. One of the store-rooms had been turned into a temporary class-room. On a table below the window the four examiners had taken their seats—two Russian engineers and two Turkish foremen. On their left, crammed together on a few benches, sat about thirty boys between fourteen and sixteen, and a little girl of fifteen. For three weeks they had been instructed in various subjects relating to their future work. The length of their apprenticeship varied according to the department which they wanted to enter. The shortest course lasted six months. If they passed to-day's examination, they would move up one form and get ten piastres a day as pocket-money. No wonder that their cheeks were red with excitement.

When Bay Fazil and I quietly slipped into the room, a boy of fifteen was standing at the black-board drawing some lines. He had been asked to work out a complicated weaving design, and he did it with an admirably firm hand, quite sure of his knowledge, and completely unperturbed by the presence of six grown-up and influential people. After that he answered a number of questions about looms and spinning-machines, obviously to the satisfaction of his examiners, as I gathered from their smiling faces. I looked into the folder which contained his personal data. His father was a peasant in the neighbourhood of Kayseri, and the boy had attended only a village school. During the three weeks' course at the factory he had not missed a single lesson, had always been punctual, and received excellent marks for knowledge, cleanliness and general behaviour.

"He'll be a future foreman!" whispered Bay Fazil, beam-

ing with paternal pride. The girl who was examined next, was even quicker. It was amazing what these children had learnt in so short a time. They understood a great many complicated technical processes, knew the meaning of every single screw, could tie knots and mend broken threads—they had learnt that in a single day—and were able to describe the *kombinat* down to the last corner and all it stood for. Their eagerness to learn seemed inexhaustible. They were willing to be led, friendly, and as far as possible, even clean. In this class-room I found the justification for the director's optimism.

Later we called the little girl into the corridor. She crossed her arms and looked up to me. If she thought me strange, she did not show it by her expression.

"What is your name?"

"Nimet."

"Where do you live?"

"In Kayseri, with my aunt. I am from Istanbul. My parents are dead."

"Have you been working before?"

"Yes, in a tobacco factory at Istanbul. But I didn't like it."

"And you think you'll like working here?"

Her eyes lit up, her face lost its expression of grown-up self-composure. "Oh, yes," she said with a little blush, "and the director told me I can live in one of the new boarding-houses."

That was another of Bay Fazil's revolutionary innovations. He was going to build two boarding-houses, one for the girl-workers and the other for the boys between fifteen and twenty years of age. He would have a few elderly experienced people as house-keepers, all the meals would be served in the canteen, and beyond that the young folk would be trusted to look after themselves. It sounded a little risky to me, but Bay Fazil explained that they could not afford

to waste time by trying to do things slowly. It was best to go the whole way in one stride and hope for the best.

A factory of this kind needed a great number of women workers. But the women in Kayseri and the villages nearby belonged to the most conservative in the whole country and were shocked at the very idea of working side by side with men though they were living in dire poverty and could well do with a few piastres. It was, therefore, best to get hold of the girls while they were too young to be spoilt by their mothers, and the director had already enlisted the first six or ten and was keeping them in a kind of kindergarten. I saw three of them playing around in one of the new sheds. They were a little older than twelve, but very small for their age, frail and pathetic, like half-starved mice.

"You should have seen their homes," the director said as we walked slowly around. "Dirty hovels where they had neither air nor light and worked from morning to night. Here they'll be properly looked after. I'll get two forewomen from Russia to train and mother them. They'll have decent meals, the sports grounds as a playing-field, clean dresses and a doctor to watch over their health. You won't be able to recognize them two years hence."

We were now walking through one of the vast halls. Its glass roof was arranged in so ingenious a way that it let in the maximum of light, but shut out the direct rays of the sun. So far only part of the machinery had been put up. The rest had just arrived a few days ago from Russia. The spinning machines and weaving looms possessed little elegance. They did not shine in black varnish and polished metalwork. Their colour was grey and dull, a modest attire for serious work. Silently they were waiting for the day when the whole lot of them would be assembled and could start with their tremendous task—to spin and weave thirty million yards of cotton cloth a year, a quarter of Turkey's entire consumption. 4,500 men, women and girls would be working in

KAYSERI.

MARKET AT KAYSERI.

LABOURERS AT KAYSERI.

MORE TYPES OF KAYSERI LABOURERS.

three shifts to produce the rough and hard-wearing material, mainly to be used by peasants and soldiers.

It took us about an hour to look over the various departments. When we were crossing the grounds again, a white cloud rose suddenly into the air, whirling upward from behind the stores. Bay Fazil's face grew as grey as ash and with a voice choked by fear he cried out: "For heaven's sake!"

I looked at him without understanding what had happened. After a while life returned into his cheeks, and he said with a sigh of relief: "Thank God!—it was only the eternal Asiatic dust. For a moment I thought it was a wave of smoke and the stores were on fire."

He tried to hide his embarrassment behind a cynical grin. But the little incident had revealed him in a new light. He was not, as I had thought in the beginning, a simple-hearted optimist, and he certainly knew more than he would ever admit the dangers which threatened his work from every side. But he was on guard, and whatever happened could not surprise him in his sleep.

He had completely regained control over himself when we reached the power station—the second largest in Turkey. "Can you climb?" he asked me in that mocking tone which he so often assumed when he was speaking to me.

"Of course."

"And you won't get dizzy?"

"Why should I?" I felt really annoyed now, but he smiled pleasantly and said:

"Well, then let's go up to the roof. You have a marvellous view from there."

He helped me up the stairs and along the scaffolding, and past some workers who climbed about with the agility of cats and laughed and waved when they saw us. Higher and higher we went, and at last we stepped out to the roof.

"Be careful! Stop where you are, or you might roll down and then you would have to make all that endless climb

again.—Now then : all you can see from here, eight square miles, belong to the *Kombinat*. On that large piece of land over there, we'll build houses for seven hundred families. To the right, look—the sports grounds. You can see now how vast they are. The men are just busy putting the turf on the riding-course. We fetch patches of grass from the pastures around here and lay them out, ready made. Saves us waiting. There, and there, and there, we'll have flower-beds. Soon we'll also have trees and a nice park in this barren desert. No longer clouds of dust blinding the eye, no longer superstition and outworn customs ruling the people."

He suddenly checked himself. "You must forgive me. I've become romantic. But perhaps you will understand it if I tell you that two years ago all these grounds here were still covered by a swamp. We are not ready yet. There is more to be done. But we see the outlines against the sky."

Again he changed his tone : "If you would stay here until next week, you could go with us and climb the Erciyas Dağ."

He pointed to the snow-clad mountain which, rising high from the surrounding plain, dominated the whole landscape and dwarfed the town at its feet. Once a volcano, it stood now proudly in the silence of the great. Bay Fazil laughed like a boy : "I wonder how many of us will reach its top !"

Neither of us doubted that he would be the first to get there. I could not help admiring him. His strength and self-confidence were irresistible. I should have liked to stay on, not merely for a week but for a month, or even a year or two. It would be fun to work with him and to help pushing things forward. I might look after the girls and so make use of my experience in the German Youth Movement. But I did not reveal these thoughts to Bay Fazil because I was afraid that he would laugh at me. And so I only said : "I think we had better go down now. I'm feeling a little dizzy, after all."

CHAPTER XIV

Ankara—half a Capital

At last I was ready for Ankara. Of course, there was a great deal more to be seen, but I knew now enough of the principles on which the country was run, and I thought it time after studying the various instruments to hear the whole tune played by the full orchestra. I could not even dream of seeing the great conductor himself. Atatürk no longer received journalists, or only in quite exceptional circumstances. Some time before my arrival two American women journalists had accompanied him to the annual manœuvres. One of them was very beautiful, and both were rich and fashionably dressed and had half the American press and a number of ambassadors and other notables behind them.

There was not the slightest chance for me to compete with them. I looked far from presentable, and no washing and pressing could conceal the fact that my two cotton frocks had suffered to the utmost limits of their endurance. Besides, even if Schiaparelli had dressed me, I knew no influential people whom I might have persuaded to intercede for me.

It did not really worry me. What could I have gained? Half an hour's audience in the presence of a secretary and an interpreter. And to converse with someone through an interpreter is as unsatisfactory as talking to one's lover five hundred miles away over a bad telephone-line. Besides, Atatürk was neither likely to reveal any political secrets to me nor to show himself suddenly in a new light.

Wherever I had gone in Turkey, I had found the traces of his influence, and I had also heard a great many stories about him. These two facts enabled me to form an opinion, and I was glad that I could not feel tempted to correct it under the influence of his gracious smile and handshake. It is always awkward to speak your mind about a high-placed person who has been kind enough to receive you; no one likes to criticize a courteous host.

About one point no doubt was possible: it was Atatürk who held the reins of government in his hands. The lack of any rivals might be explained in two ways: either they had been removed, or they had never existed. It would be useless to deny that Atatürk possessed enough strength of mind—for which his opponents used the less appreciative term brutality—to see to it that from year to year his own position was strengthened until at last he became the absolute master.

In the circumstances, it was the only thing to be done. Primitive people, like children, need one authority—and one alone—to guide them. Nothing is more harmful to a child than to hear his parents quarrel, even though both his father and mother are only anxious to serve him best.

Once the Turks had proudly called themselves "The Sons of Osman" (after the first great sultan). No sooner had the Ottoman Empire broken down, than they chose another "Father of the Turks" (Atatürk), thereby acknowledging again their filial dependence.

The new head of the family had more to recommend him than mere brilliance as an orator. He had organized Turkey's resistance and had led his men to victory. But as soon as possible he got rid of his uniform and changed from a general into the teacher of a nation. His interest embraced every activity of his people; relentlessly he was driving them forward on the road he had himself carved out.

Its end was not yet clearly visible; very likely even to

him it was still somewhat obscure. As a rule he moved ahead step after step, soberly waiting for his chances as they came along. His shrewdness allowed him to choose the right moment for the next move. Yet he was also apt to act on a sudden impulse, surprising even his closest friends. A wish expressed by him was as good as an order. Like all energetic men he hated delay.

He was guided by his nationalism and his love for power, two motives often inseparably joined. Yet he never yielded to the temptation to increase his popularity by playing down to the instincts of the people, and he had the courage, whenever he considered it necessary, to enforce reforms which he knew would meet with a great deal of resistance.

He wanted to be loved and respected as a firm but just leader, and not as a demagogue who carried the masses away by the reckless power of inflaming words. Like most of his countrymen, he possessed a dry sense of humour which made him find little pleasure in displays of emotion. His speeches were prosaic and confined to facts. If they convinced, it was because his audience disliked mere bunkum as much as he himself and because they had learned from experience that they could trust him and his vision.

The stories I had been told—and some of them only in whispers—illustrated the various sides of his character. About his private life a great many rumours were current for which no one could vouch. Nearly twenty years ago a Viennese doctor had predicted his imminent death unless he gave up drinking. He had disregarded the warnings—and remained alive. Shortly after the War of Independence he married, but a few years later divorced his wife. Apparently he had never really cared for women though he was by no means averse to them. But there was little tenderness in him, and not the slightest streak of sentimentality.

He was—in truly Turkish fashion—a real democrat and liked to mix with the people. He would suddenly appear

after midnight at a charity ball—he was said to be an excellent dancer—and chose any woman as partner regardless of her social position. An unpublished photograph shows him dancing at a garden-party with a simply dressed typist who had come to do some work for one of the ministers.

In other photographs he can be seen talking to villagers or walking hand-in-hand with a little toddling girl. On a tour of inspection or a drive through the country he would stop to talk to a workman or a peasant to ask him endless questions about his job and life. His manner was unaffected and gave the impression of a genuine interest. " And believe me, you can't shirk the answer. Under the gaze of his steel blue eyes your mind and soul become as transparent as glass," someone told me with a slight undertone of discomfort because he himself had once been subjected to such rigid questioning.

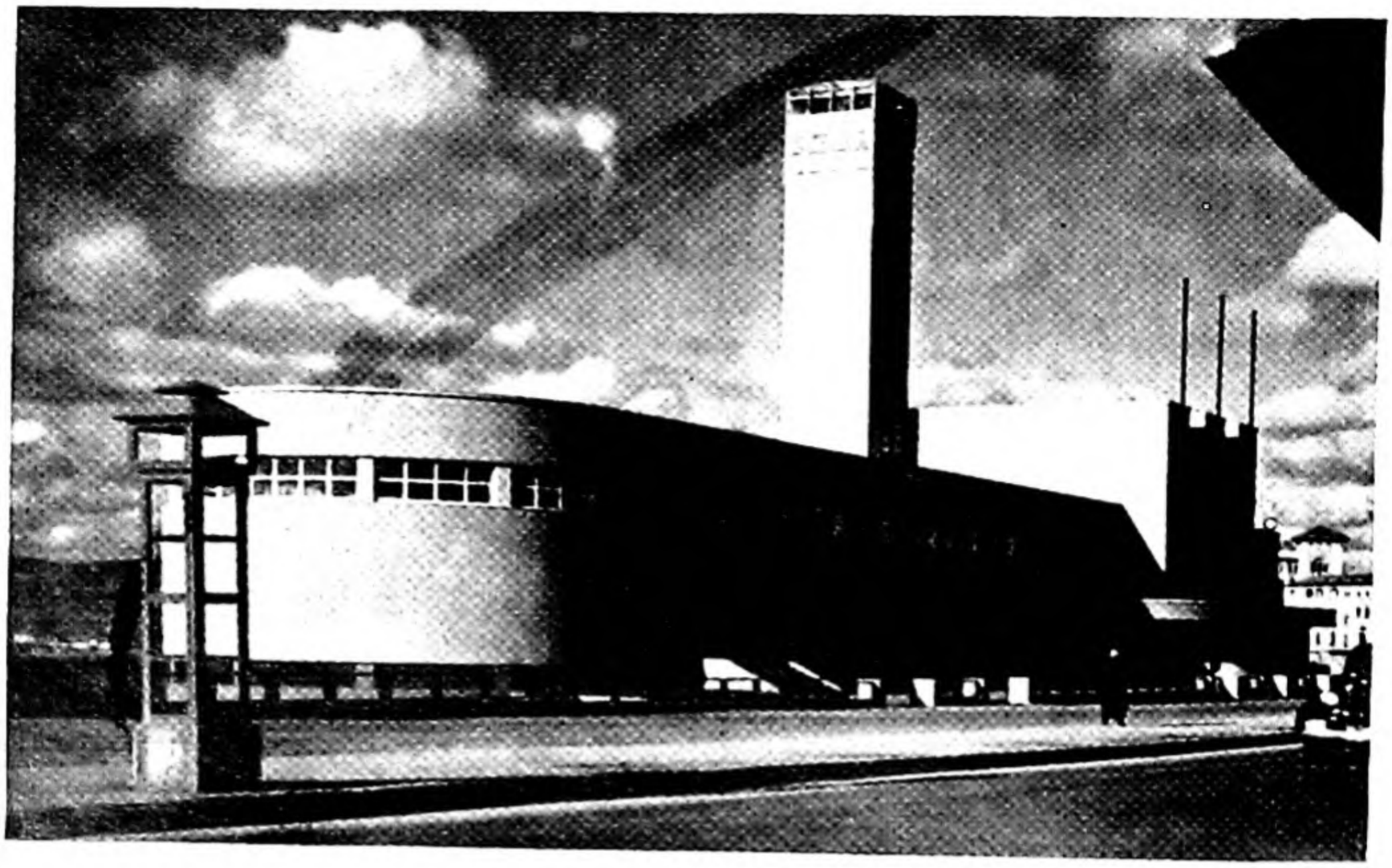
Like Harun-al-Rashid, Atatürk delighted in playing Providence. There were enough stories in circulation to fill five primers ; they seemed to follow a definite pattern, and it is sufficient to relate one of them. A little boy, called Mustafa like the President, was guarding his grandmother's sheep near a forlorn Anatolian village when one day Atatürk passed in his car and stopped to talk to him. Mustafa, not recognizing the stranger, answered his questions precisely and with great intelligence.

Soon Atatürk discovered that the boy's whole ambition was to visit a school. But there was none in the village, and how could he leave his sheep ? Smiling, Atatürk gave him some money and told him to go and see the President. In due course, little Mustafa arrived, well-scrubbed and self-possessed, and shook hands with the big Mustafa. Someone else was found to look after the sheep, and he was sent to a good school and ordered to report from time to time about his progress to the President himself.

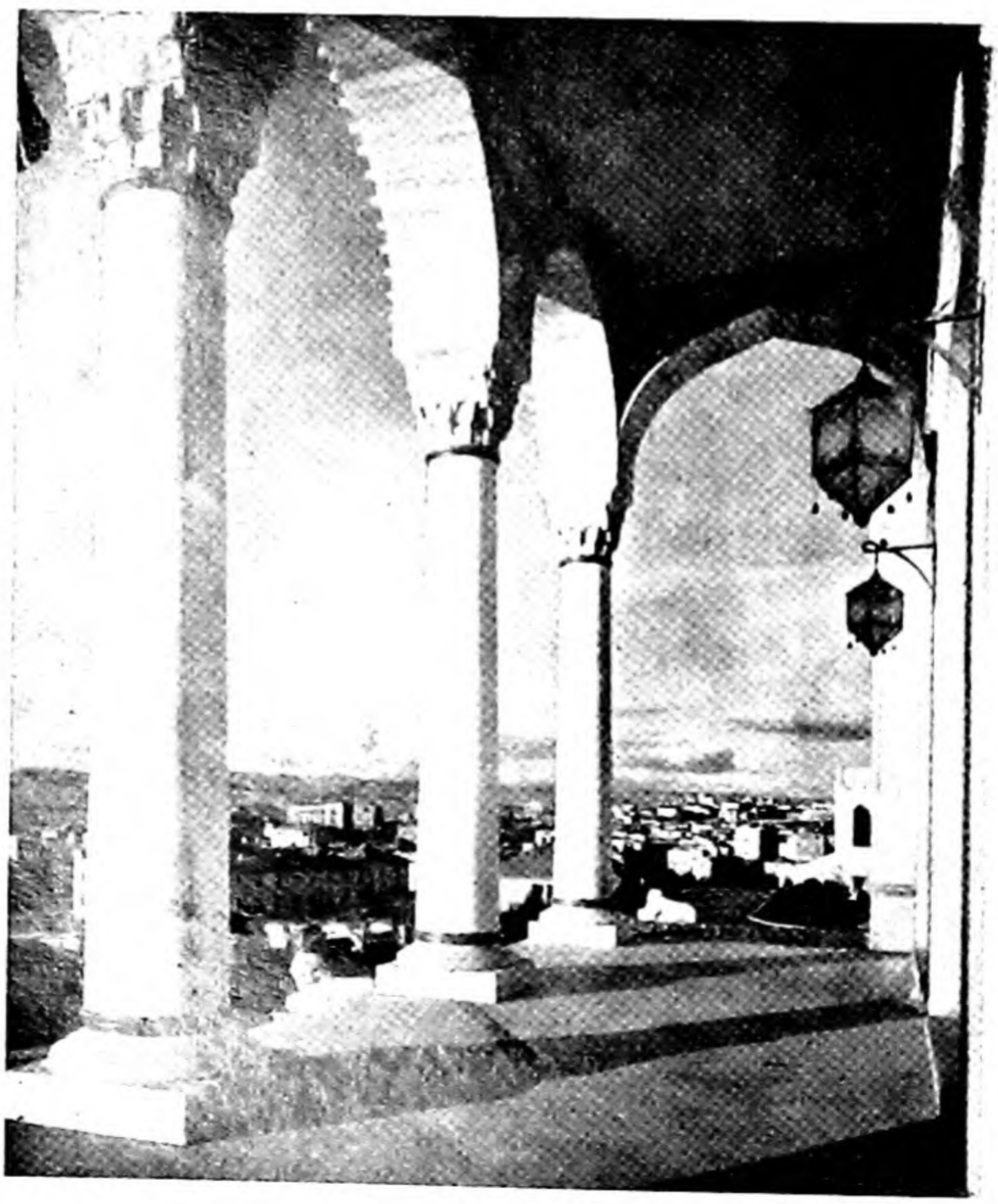
Such anecdotes are told about every popular king or states-

ATATÜRK AND THE SHAH OF PERSIA

NEW ANKARA



EXHIBITION HALL, ANKARA.



VIEW FROM THE ETHNOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM, ANKARA.

man, and it is always impossible to draw the line between truth and invention. In Atatürk's case these stories had a certain plausibility. They were in keeping with the general line of his character and the traditions of his country.

If there was a slight feeling of embarrassment in my admiration for him, it was through no direct fault of his own. But the increasing insistence of his followers to deify him made me uneasy. I understood the reason—they needed a symbol around which they could rally the nation in its struggle for modernization—but I knew too well the excesses to which such attempts might lead.

Somehow I could not believe that Atatürk wished to be continuously spoken of as " Our Great Leader "—you could detect the capital letters in the exaggerated emphasis—or to be compared to the Messiah. Yet, of course, there was no possibility of referring to him in that fashion unless he consented at least silently.

In any case, his approval had to be sought for the erection of all those countless monuments which showed him either on horseback or on foot, pointing ahead with some imperious gesture. Though they were laudable efforts to demonstrate the break with a past when the representation of human beings was considered a sin, they were unfortunately so stuffed with patriotism that as a rule little room was left for art.

Ankara alone possessed three statues of this kind. In honour of the capital it must be admitted that no money had been spared to ensure their artistic quality. But since so far the new town consisted only of a few main roads with plenty of empty spaces to the right and left, they were rather conspicuous, and I grew a little tired of having to pass them daily at least a dozen times.

As so often in Turkey, the old town formed a world apart. Decaying after a life of nearly two thousand years, it spread over some flat rocks which faced each other like heavy sphinxes at a pompous entrance gate. The ruined walls of a

Ankara was a place dedicated to nothing but work. If Istanbul was the ageing mistress hiding her withering skin beneath precious pieces of jewellery, Ankara was the robust housewife who wore her well-cut apron with pride and dignity and worked in a kitchen equipped with every modern gadget that money can buy.

The buildings at Ankara were set up as models for the rest of the country. Occasionally I wondered if they were marked by numbers and could be looked up in a catalogue—7 B, outsize, 30,000 liras. In various colours and materials. All inquiries will be speedily attended to.

Officials and friends showed me round with the awkward pride of young men who were anxious to justify themselves and prove by useful work that they had outgrown their childhood. Often they asked me if I still considered the Turks a backward nation. But before I had time to utter anything but a few reassuring words, I was whisked off to another showpiece in the exhibition.

If I kept in mind the rest of the country, I had to admit that certain criticisms which I had heard, seemed justified. No doubt, the Government in its zeal went sometimes a little too far and was apt to forget for a moment that on the whole the Turks were still a rather primitive people. It made me smile to see those young students at the Ismet Inönü Institute, a professional school for girls who came here from all over the country. A group of ten was surrounding the teacher who initiated them into the art of making Parisian millinery. Another group was busy with sewing flimsy silken tea-gowns. A third was designing fashionable dresses. It was absurd to imagine these girls some years hence with a shop of their own in a place like Konya or Malatya. They would never fit in again or even refuse to go back there and instead compete wildly against each other at Ankara or Istanbul. Was it worth while to spend the tax payer's money for that end?

A similar argument could be raised against the very modern Agricultural Faculty. Would any of the students ever be able to do without all the expensive machinery? Would any of them be really interested to work in backward regions as a pioneer? And who but a handful of people would ever use those marvellous therapeutical instruments in Ankara's model hospital which had cost thousands and thousands of liras and could not easily be found in any European hospital?

But in the end I thought that I was wrong to criticise those things which were as yet a little out of proportion. Did they not express Turkey's belief in her own steady progress? Were they not merely a pardonable anticipation of the future, a sample set up as encouragement?

Somehow everyone at Ankara was working and planning for this future, envisaging the time when Turkey would be completely modernized and proudly add her share to European civilization. What irony to think that whilst Turkey was striving for this end, Europe was to an ever increasing extent abandoning the great ideals of humanity.

The evening before my departure I visited the wife of a German expert who was working for the Turkish Government at Ankara. In two months' time they would return to the Rhineland. The thought gave her no joy. "The glory of the Fatherland," she said slowly without looking at me, "demands so many sacrifices. One of them might be another war. And in that case——"

Her blue eyes were suddenly dark with apprehension. But she was a tall, healthy woman with all the energy and good spirits of her kind, and after a while she smiled again and said: "I have only one small daughter. But believe me, if I were married to a Turk, I would gladly give birth to a dozen children, certain that each of them would get a good education and find a good job waiting, and that I would be spared the agony of seeing my sons perish in the carnage of the battlefield."

I went on looking through the window across the plain. My mind was crowded with memories of the past months. Could I imagine my future linked to that of Turkey? Would I like to settle down here and work hand-in-hand with Nejat, Hüsrev, Lutfiye? For one year, two years, even three —yes. But for longer? For ever? No. It was too early yet to leave the battered vessel Europe. There was still some hope that she would win through to peaceful waters, and as long as this hope existed, I could not desert the ship.

But I would come back to Turkey, year after year, to measure her progress and envy the happy pride of my Turkish friends. They would take me to admire new schools, and hospitals, and factories, new roads and railway-lines. Maybe, in 1939 or 1940, I would be there to celebrate the inauguration of the Sivas–Erzurum line. And perhaps, sentimental and ungrateful like all who return, I would smile a little melancholy and say:

"Congratulations, my friends! But forgive me if for a moment I remind you of the good old times when you had to embark on a *kamion* if you wanted to travel through the east. The journey took ages, and occasionally it was not without danger. But somehow the mountains seemed much higher then, and wilder, and more beautiful. And once in a while we would leave a camel caravan behind us. Yes, there were still some camels left in Turkey at that time, moth-eaten, but majestic."

But my friends, making themselves comfortable in the second-class compartment, will look at me with little understanding. In the space of four years, Turkey will have moved another century ahead, and my friends will have forgotten what she was like in 1935.

APPENDICES

PART II

5. The Republican People's Party is: *Republican, Nationalist, Populist, Etatist, Secular, Revolutionary.*

(*a*) The Party is convinced that the Republic is the form of government which represents and realizes most safely the ideal of national sovereignty.

(*b*) The Party considers it essential to preserve the special character and the entirely independent identity of the Turkish social community. The Party follows, in the meantime, a way parallel to and in harmony with all the modern nations in the way of progress and development, and in international contacts and relations.

(*c*) The source of Will and Sovereignty is the Nation. The Party considers it an important principle that this Will and Sovereignty be used to regulate the proper fulfilment of the mutual duties of the citizen to the State and of the State to the citizen.

We consider the individuals who accept an absolute equality before the Law, and who recognize no privileges for any individual, family, class, or community, to be of the people and for the people.

It is one of our main principles to consider the people of the Turkish Republic not as composed of different classes, but as a community divided into various professions according to the requirements of the division of labour for the individual and social life of the Turkish people.

The aims of our Party are to secure social order and solidarity instead of class conflict, and to establish harmony of interests. The benefits are to be proportionate to the aptitude and to the amount of work.

(*d*) Although considering private work and activity a basic idea, it is one of our main principles to interest the State actively in matters where the general and vital interests of the nation are in question, especially in the economic field, in order to lead the nation and the country to prosperity in as short a time as possible.

The interest of the State in economic matters is to be an actual builder as well as to encourage private enterprises, and also to regulate and control the work that is being done.

The determination of the economic matters to be undertaken by the State depends upon the requirements of the greatest public interest. If the enterprise which the State itself decides to undertake, is in the hands of private entrepreneurs, its appropriation shall depend upon the enactment of a law which will indicate the way in which the State shall indemnify the loss. In the estimate of the loss the possibility of future earnings shall not be taken into consideration.

(*e*) As the conception of religion is a matter of conscience, the Party con-

POSTER OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

ORDU
BİR HALK MEKTEBİDİR.

ASKERE GİDERKEN

ESKİDEN

BÖYLE GİDİLİR BÖYLE DÖNÜLÜRdü

ŞİMDİ

GENÇ GİDİLİR DİNÇ DÖNÜLÜR

21 C. H. F.

POSTER: "THE ARMY AS A TRAINING-CENTRE FOR THE NATION."

siders it to be one of the chief factors of the success of our nation in contemporary progress, to separate ideas of religion from politics, and from the affairs of the world and of the State.

(*f*) The Party does not consider itself bound by progressive and evolutionary principles in finding measures in the State administration. The Party holds it essential to remain faithful to the principles born of revolutions which our Nation has made with great sacrifices, and to defend these principles which have since been elaborated.

PART III

6. The only source of normal capital is national work and saving. Therefore the essential principle of our Party is to increase *work* and to further the idea of *saving*.

7. The Party attaches great importance to the security of *credit* in the country. We are convinced that this can only be achieved by giving preference to real and strong guarantees.

It is right to provide for the seasonal credit needs of small farmers by means of agricultural credit co-operatives, and the yearly credit needs of farm owners by means of mortgage credit.

It shall be provided that the day of payment of farm credits be postponed until after such time when the crop can be sold to the best advantage, without pressure on the part of the buyers.

Our Party considers it an important principle to enable citizens to become home owners. It attaches great importance to widening the basis of real estate credit.

8. It is one of the principles of our Party to fight *usury*.

9. The problems of *insurance* shall receive our attention proportionate to their importance.

10. Our Party considers the encouragement of *co-operative undertakings* as one of its main principles. We think it important to establish and increase the number of credit and sales co-operatives which will benefit the agricultural producers with the real value of their products. The Agricultural Bank of Turkey is the Mother Bank of agricultural co-operatives.

12. It is our obligation to regulate our *balance of payments* and to keep our *foreign trade* in balance. Our principle in foreign trade and commercial agreements is to buy the products of those who buy our products.

14. With the *Labour Law* the mutual relations of workers and employers shall be regulated. Labour conflicts shall be dealt with by means of conciliation, and where this is impossible, through the arbitration of Reconciliation Agencies to be set up by the State. Strikes and lock-outs shall be prohibited. We are interested in the life and rights of the nationalist

Turkish workers within the framework of these principles. The Labour Laws to be promulgated shall conform to these principles.

15. The industries which the State or individuals shall establish for the *industrialization* of the country shall conform to a general programme. The items of the State programme shall follow one another in such a way as to render the country an industrial unit.

In order to prevent conflicts of interest between producers and consumers of industrial products, the State shall organize *price control*. Apart from this, financial and technical control shall be established for the State factories. Trusts or cartels which establish unity of price against the consumers shall not be allowed. Those undertaken for the purpose of rationalization are excepted.

17. We consider *exportation* one of the important national activities and the regulation of foreign trade one of our main economic duties. We shall be closely interested in facilitating the sale of our national products and manufactured articles, in safeguarding their reputation, in insuring their export, and in measures to be taken for their standardization. We also want to strengthen our foreign trade with State aid.

22. We consider the *tourist trade* a means of making Turkey known and liked abroad, and a means of benefiting Turkish economy.

24. We shall endeavour to develop and regulate *transportation* on land, sea, and air.

25. Extensive *water schemes* which will serve our economic purpose are our ideal. To complete our small water schemes is one of our first aims.

26. We shall continue the *railway construction* which is a means of bringing prosperity and strength to the country. In building *roads*, economic considerations shall be given importance, and they shall be constructed perpendicular to the railway-lines in order to feed them with traffic. Considerations of national defence and security shall be taken into account.

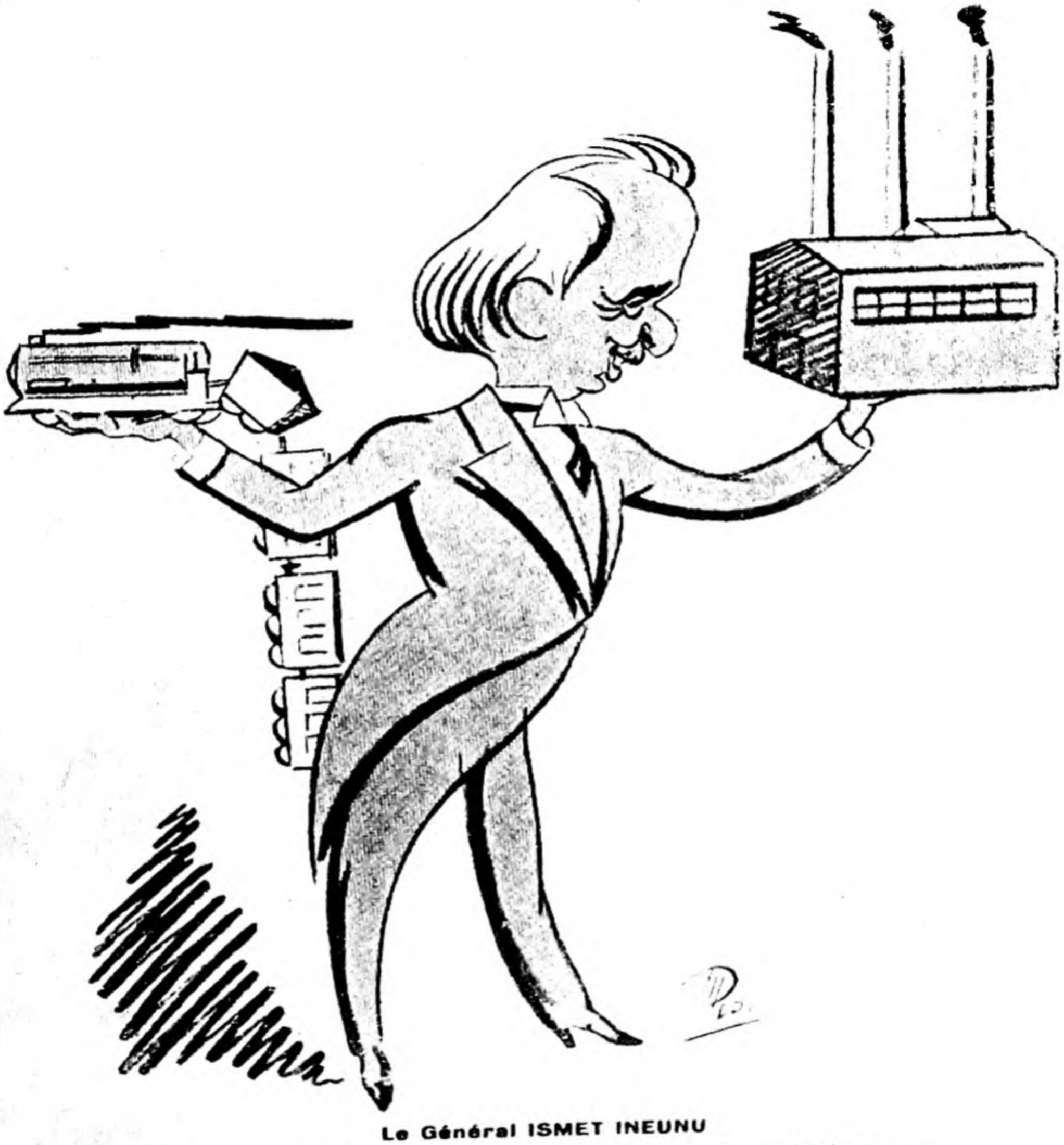
27. We shall organize matters relating to *post, telegraph, telephone, and wireless* in such a way as to render them technically perfect. We shall constantly increase the telephone connections between the cities.

28. We shall consider measures to prevent the price of *wheat*, which is first in quantity and value among our agricultural products, from falling below its worth. To this end we shall continue the work of constructing grain elevators and warehouses. It is necessary to keep sufficient grain stocks in case of national defence or unexpected drought.

30. The advancement of the *agricultural industry* is one of our main tasks.

31. We shall fight the *diseases* and enemies of *plants* and animals.

32. It shall be a special part of our work to exploit and render valuable our *underground wealth*, our water power, and our forests. We consider the



Le Général ISMET INEUNU

Le Président du Conseil des Ministres est un fervent partisan de l'industrialisation [illegible]

GENERAL ISMET INEUNDU.

electrification of the country one of the main items in the progress of the Turkish Fatherland. It is our aim to found a financial establishment to take care of these enterprises.

34. It is one of the principal aims of our Party to make each Turkish *farmer* the *owner* of sufficient *land*. It is necessary to enact special laws of appropriation in order to distribute land to farmers without land.

PART IV

36. The principal idea of *finance* in our Party is a budget based on continued and real balance.

37. It is our aim to place the imposition of *taxes* on an indirect and net revenue basis.

39. We consider *suppression* of *smuggling* a means of protecting the rights and authority of the Turkish Treasury.

40. The *State monopolies* constitute a source of revenue to the State Treasury and serve the national economy by protecting the value of the products which enter their field of activity.

PART V

41. Our main principles for national *education and instruction* are as follows :

(*a*) In the field of public instruction a policy of teaching and training proportionately more children and citizens every day shall be followed.

(*b*) The training of strongly republican, nationalist, populist, etatist, and secular citizens must be fostered in every degree of education. To respect, and make others respect, the Turkish nation, the Grand National Assembly of Turkey, and the Turkish State must be taught as a foremost duty.

(*d*) The method followed in education and instruction is to render learning an instrument in the hands of citizens for guaranteeing success in material life.

(*e*) Education must be high, national, patriotic, and far from all sorts of superstitions and foreign ideas.

(*g*) Our Party lays an extraordinary importance upon the citizens knowing our great history. This learning is the sacred essence that nourishes the indestructible resistance of the Turk against all currents that may prejudice the national existence, his capacity and power, and his sentiments of self-confidence.

(*h*) We shall continue our serious work in rendering the Turkish language a perfect and ordered national language.

42 (*a*). The normal *primary education* consists of five years. The number of primary schools shall be increased. In the village schools ideas on hygiene,

better living, and agriculture and industry that have a bearing upon the region in question shall be taught.

(*b*) Village schools of three or four terms shall be opened to give the village children, in a short time, the essential learning required in practical life.

(*d*) We are convinced of the necessity of having *secondary schools* in the capitals of *vilayets* and in the regions of *kazas*. We shall endeavour to create organizations to provide boarding facilities which shall enable the children of the country to benefit from these schools in peace and security.

(*f*) The *University* and our schools for *higher education* shall be brought to a state of perfection. We are thinking of increasing the number of universities.

43. *Boarding facilities* of a practical nature for the ordinary *primary schools* for the children of several thinly populated villages, as well as for the special village schools, shall be established and protected.

46. We want to establish and increase the number of *libraries* in cities and villages.

48. We consider it important to give the masses a continuous *adult education* in harmony with the advancement of new Turkey. The State shall protect with all possible means the People's Houses (Halk Evi) which are working to this end.

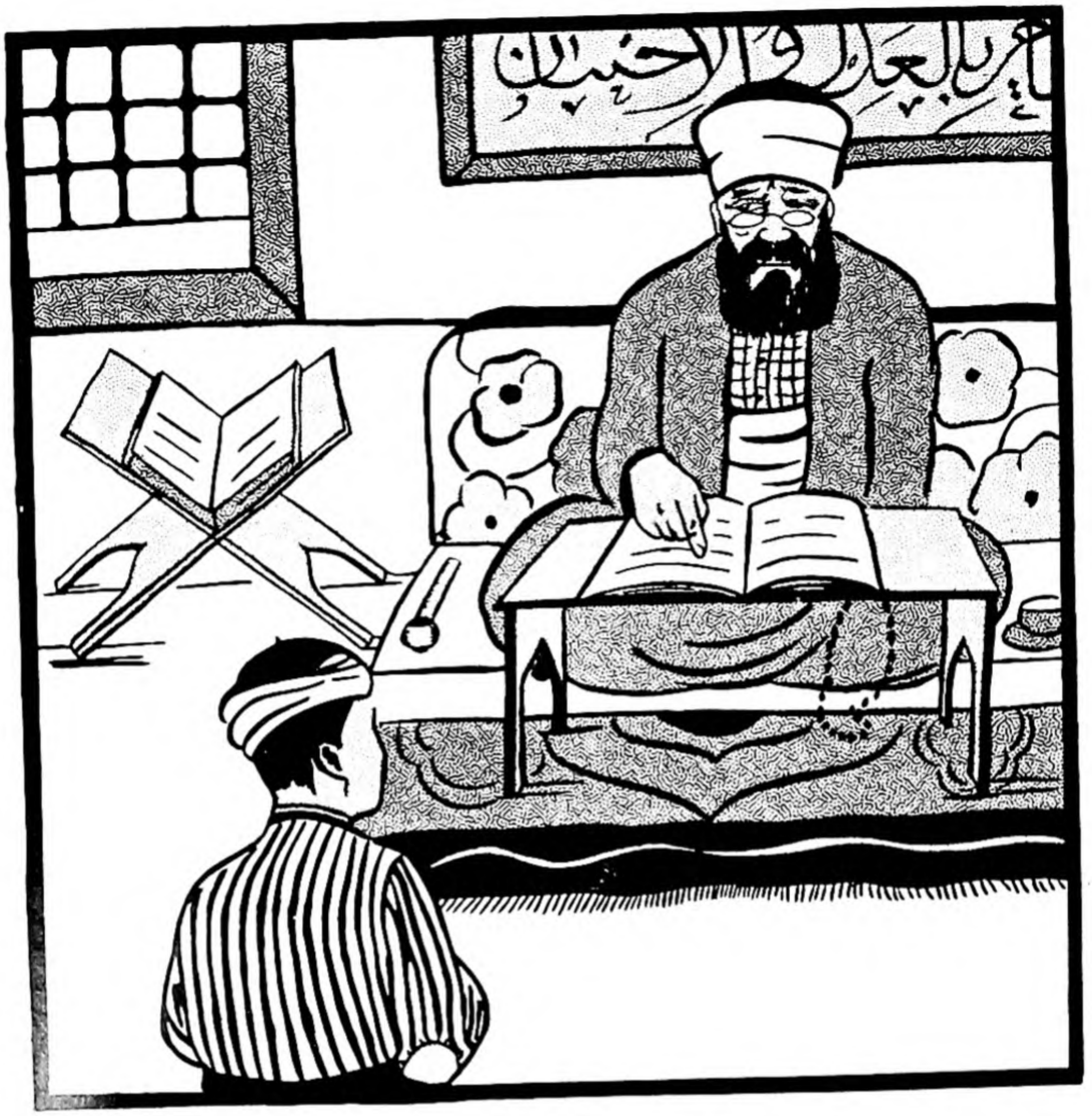
49. The Party shall found a *Museum of the Revolution*. We consider this an effective means of instilling the revolutionary culture in the people.

50. The Turkish youth shall be brought up with the conviction that the *defence* of the *Revolution* and the Fatherland is its highest duty. They shall be taught to be ready to sacrifice everything in order to fulfil this duty. The sports organizations in Turkey shall be established and furthered in accordance with these principles. Uniformity in physical and revolutionary education, as well as in matters relating to sports, in the whole country shall be considered.

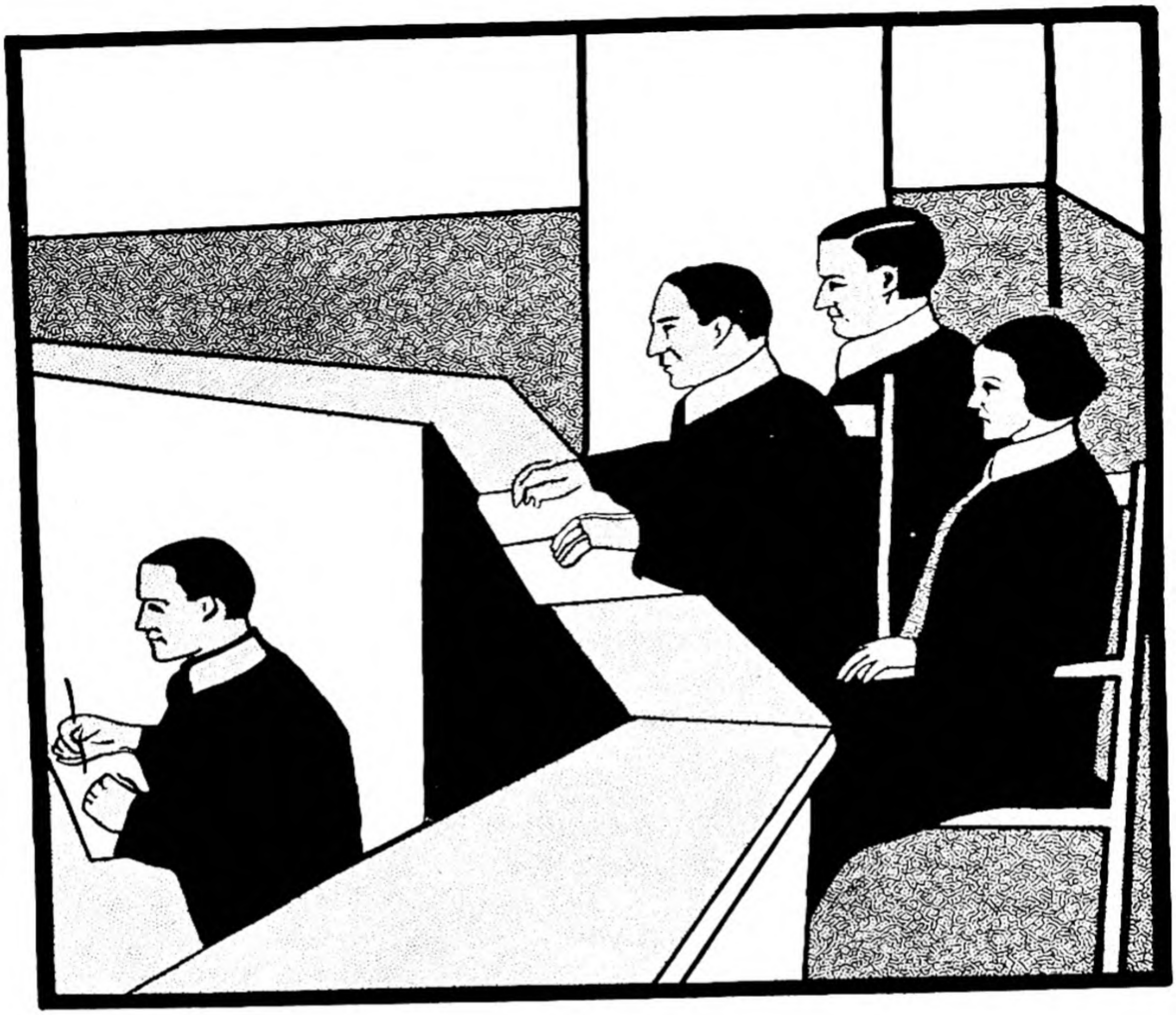
It shall be made obligatory for everybody in schools, government institutions, private establishments, and factories, to take part in physical education according to their age.

51. The Party considers the *radio* to be one of the most valuable instruments for the political and cultural education of the nation. We shall erect powerful broadcasting stations, and shall provide for the easy purchase of cheap receiving sets. We shall consider it our task to render the *moving pictures* in the country useful to the nation.

52. The national *opera* and the national *theatre* are among our important tasks.



EDUCATION: OLD STYLE



VE YENİ

HKEME

—AND NEW

C. H. F. 16

PART VI

53. The conservation of the institution of the *family* is essential in Turkish social life.

54. The *increase* of our *population* and the bringing up of a strong and healthy youth will find our closest attention.

55. We shall improve the *hygienic conditions* and drinking water supplies of our cities, towns, and villages, and the *housing conditions* in our villages.

56. We shall increase the number of *maternity homes*, open maternity wards in the State hospitals, provide gratuitous maternity help, and use every means of persuasion for imparting advice in child care. We shall also increase the number of scientifically trained midwives and visiting nurses. We shall protect the working mothers and their children in the workmen's districts.

57. The *orphans*, needy old people, and invalids are under the protection and tutelage of the nation.

58. We shall endeavour to provide the *social* and *hygienic needs* of *workers* and their families. We shall especially continue to open day nurseries in workmen's districts for women who have to earn their living.

60. We shall continue to fight against *contagious diseases* such as malaria, syphilis, and trachome.

PART VII

62. To increase our population, we shall provide all help and facility to *Turks* who will return from *abroad*.

63. We shall widen the scope of the simple, rapid, and practical *judicial procedure* which offers security. We shall endeavour to separate the prisoners from the people under arrest and to turn the prisons into reformatories.

66. No *association* shall be founded in Turkey with the purpose of propagating ideas of *class distinction*, or of class conflict.

67. *Students associations* can in no way engage in politics, nor can they, in any way, engage in activity against the administration of the school, faculty, or institute to which they belong.

68. We shall *organize* the Turkish *workers* and *members of* different *trades* in accordance with the attitude outlined in the Party programme.

69. *Associations* with *internationalist* intentions shall not be founded, and it shall be forbidden to found associations with their centre outside the country. The decision of the Council of Ministers is necessary to found associations to create unity among the nations.

71. The health and happiness of the *peasants*, their understanding of the revolution and of culture, and their force in the economic field, are to be considered important from the point of view of our available working forces.

APPENDIX III

Bibliography

Some books on modern Turkey :

Allen, H. E., *The Turkish Transformation*. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1935.

Banse, Ewald, *Die Türkei*. Eine moderne Geographie. Georg Westermann, Braunschweig, 1919.

Evrenol, H. Malik, *Revolutionary Turkey*. Librairie Hachette, Ankara, 1936.

Halidé Edib, *The Turkish Ordeal*, John Murray, London, 1928.

do., *Turkey Faces West*. Oxford University Press, 1930.

Jarman, T. L., *Turkey*. (Modern States Series.) J. W. Arrowsmith, London, 1935.

Kemal, Ghazi Mustapha, A Speech delivered October 1927. K. F. Koehler, Leipzig, 1929.

Kral, August von, *Das Land Kamâl Atatürks. Der Werdegang der modernen Türkei*. W. Braumüller, Wien, 1935.

Toynbee, A. J., and Kirkwood, K. P., *Turkey*. Ernest Benn Ltd., London, 1926

Baedeker's Konstantinopel, Balkanstaaten, Kleinasien. Leipzig, 1914.

Guides Bleus, Roumanie, Bulgarie, Turquie. Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1933.

Handbook of Central and East Europe. The Central European Times Publishing Co. Ltd., Zürich, 1935.

Statut Organique de la République de Turquie. Loi No. 91, du 20 Avril 1924. J. A. Rizzo, Constantinople, 1929.

Statuts, adoptés par le IV^e Grand Congrès du Parti Républicain du Peuple. Ankara, 1935.

Programme, accepted by the Fourth Grand Congress of the Republicain Party of the People, Istanbul, 1935.

Deux Discours de Recep Peker, Secrétaire Général du Parti Républicain du Peuple. Ankara, 1935

Annuaire Statistique (*Istatistik Yilliği*), Volume 6. 1932–3. 34^me Publication de l'Office Central de Statistique, Ankara.

La Turquie Contemporaine. Publié par la Direction Générale de la Presse au Ministère de l'Intérieur, Ankara, 1935.
L'Instruction Publique en Turquie Républicaine, Publié par la Direction Générale de la Presse au Ministère de l'Intérieur, Ankara, 1936.
Hussameddin, *La Lutte contre le Paludisme en Turquie.* 1930.
Règlement sur la Lutte contre le Trachome. Ministère de l'Hygiène et de l'Assistance Sociale. Istanbul, 1932.
Projet du Code de Travail. Dispositions Générales. Forme arrêtée par l'Assemblée Générale du Conseil d'Etat. 1935.

Some periodicals :

Ankara. Edition Française Hebdomidaire de l' *Ulus,* Ankara.
Les Annales de Turquie. Revue politique, littéraire, économique, et financière. Istanbul.
La Turquie Kemaliste. Publié par la Direction Générale de la Presse au Ministère de l'Intérieur, Ankara.

La Turquie devoilée. 23 articles par Marcel Sauvage. " L'Intransigeant," Paris, July 30th–August 21st, 1935.
La Turquie Nouvelle. Supplément de *Vu,* Paris, 1935.
" Die moderne Türkei," *Europäische Revue,* XII. Jahrgang, Heft 6 b. Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart, 1936.

INDEX

Abortion, 125
Adana, 234–41
Agricultural Credit Co-operatives, 155, 202, 205, 329
Agricultural Machinery, 245, 256
Agriculture, 60, 61, 155–7, 175, 201–5, 273, 274
Alcohol, 11, 55, 83, 144, 145, 151, 165
Ankara, 12, 315–24
Ardahan, 90–115
Armenians, 6, 12, 13, 57, 58, 74, 75, 84, 85
Army, 72, 92, 93, 123, 164, 165, 173, 211, 334
Atatürk, 12, 18, 19, 27, 28, 29, 53, 85, 147, 148, 176, 213, 214, 216, 281, 282, 315–19

Bazaars, 20–5
Borçka, 136, 137
Buildings, Modern, 14, 15, 68, 207, 225, 234, 246, 247, 280, 281, 282, 321, 322

Children's Playgrounds, 282, 287, 290
— Week, 217
— Welfare, 168, 170, 171 (see also Education)
Cilician Plain, 257, 273, 274
Cinemas, 38, 149, 208, 223, 255, 267, 280, 287, 332
Coffee-Houses, 54, 64, 111–13, 163–6
Communism (see Russia, Relations to)
Contagious Diseases, Fight against, 60, 110, 174, 220, 221, 223, 243–59, 264, 320, 333
Cotton and Cotton Factories, 61, 175, 204, 246, 255, 257, 260–75, 300–14
Crime, 52, 53, 56, 144, 151–4, 199

Democracy, 176, 213, 219, 296, 308, 317, 327, 328 (see also Republican People's Party)
Dress, Men, 4, 30, 70, 78, 82, 116, 117, 245, 246 (see also Hat Law)
—, Women, 5, 8, 18, 33, 36, 49, 50, 78, 124, 246, 252, 256, 263, 291

Education, 27, 35, 36, 37, 71, 123, 161, 162, 171, 208–23, 252, 287, 322, 331, 332
Electricity, 37, 39, 58, 146, 160, 202, 239, 313, 331
Empire, Collapse of, 12, 28, 84, 85
Erzinçan, 57–61
Erzurum, 65–73
Eskeşehir, 278
Euphrates, 56, 200

Family Names, Adoption of, 29, 74, 162, 174
Five-Year Plan, 81, 160, 265, 273, 302 (see also State Industry)
Food, 20, 31, 38, 46, 47, 63, 82, 91, 129, 203, 294
— Prices, 335
Foreign Trade, 157, 273, 275, 287, 330 (see also Tobacco)
Foreigners and Foreign Companies working in Turkey, 136, 137, 160, 161, 187, 192, 202, 226, 239–41, 273, 275, 285, 323

Gazi (see Atatürk)
Giresun, 150–7
Grand National Assembly, 209, 217, 274, 327
Greeks in Turkey, 9, 13, 38, 84, 155, 160, 275, 280, 281, 287

Hat Law, 22, 29–30, 179–80
Hopa, 143–4
Hospitals, 68, 323 (see also Contagious Diseases)
Houses, Modern, 262 (see also Buildings)
—, Old-fashioned, 15, 45, 46, 47, 66, 67, 107, 120, 124, 179, 248, 280

Ibrahim Akinçi, Vali of Malatya, 199–203
Inebolu, 9
Ismet Inönü (Ismet Paşa), Prime Minister, 80, 85, 203, 215
Istanbul (Konstantinople), 3, 4
Izmir (Smyrna), 278–88

Kabotaj-Bayrami, 150, 156, 157
Kamâl Atatürk (see Atatürk)
Kars, 75–86
Kayseri, 300–14
Kâzim Paşa, Vali of Izmir, 286, 289–98
Kemal Paşa (see Atatürk)
Kizilbaş, 189–91
Konya, 277
Kurds, 119, 120, 199, 206

Language Reform, 287, 289, 298, 299, 331
Latin Alphabet, Introduction of, 214, 215, 218
Lazes, 152

Malaria (see Contagious Diseases)
Malatya, 194–205
Mehmet Çoban, Wrestling Champion, 173, 228–30, 236–8
Mersin, 274–5
Military Control, 4, 62, 65, 75, 79, 87, 105, 107, 109, 199, 206, 207
Missionary Schools, 6, 57, 58
Moslem Art, 26, 30
Mosques and Medressehs, 26, 27, 66, 277
Music, 17, 37, 55, 111, 112, 162–7, 169–71
Mustafa Kemal (see Atatürk)

Nasreddin Hoca, 226–8
National Congress Erzurum, 28, 53
— — Sivas, 27, 28, 53
Nationalism, 6, 10, 29, 68, 70, 71, 72, 74, 86, 147, 148, 213, 216, 219–22, 235, 260, 261, 296, 317, 319, 320, 328, 331, 333

Peasants and Village Life, 17, 70, 71, 78, 80, 86, 122, 130, 137, 173–5, 179–81, 201–3, 218, 247–9, 254–7, 273, 290–8, 333
People's Houses (Halk Evi), 166, 169–76, 278, 287, 321, 332
Population, 13, 333
—, Exchange of, 292, 333

Radio, 17, 35, 148, 297, 330, 332
Railway-Construction, 16, 27, 41, 56, 58, 75, 114, 162, 167, 177, 178, 180, 186–93, 226, 277, 324, 330
Religion and the Secular State, 6, 21–3, 27, 30, 58, 74, 116, 117, 153, 213, 328, 329
Republic, Foundation of, 12
—, March of, 220
Republican People's Party, 29, 150, 169, 173, 175, 176, 261, 327–34
Rize, 146
Roads and Bridges, New, 14, 15, 69, 70, 73, 136, 137, 138, 200, 203, 292, 330
Russia, Relations to, 75, 85, 86, 286, 307–9

Samsun, 11, 12, 158–67
Sexual Life, 151, 154, 184–6
Sivas, 14–40
State Industry, 86, 161, 162, 167, 204, 261, 264, 265, 273, 300–14, 328, 330 (see also Five-Year Plan)
Sunday as weekly Holiday, 38, 235, 236
Superstition, 34, 190, 197–8, 249

Tarsus, 267–72, 274
Tobacco, 160–2, 167, 205, 285
Trabzon, 146–9
Turkish Character, 23, 24, 59, 137, 172, 240

Ulaş, 178–81

War of Independence, 12, 28, 29, 85, 93, 96, 280, 281, 282, 289, 292
Women in new Turkey, 31–40, 41, 106, 108, 187, 198, 209, 211–12, 222, 231, 232, 253, 254, 282, 283
Workers and Working Conditions, 35, 43, 86, 161, 167, 168, 188, 189, 204, 246, 255, 260–1, 263, 264, 265–9, 270–1, 273, 303–14, 329, 333

Zara, 46
Zonguldak, 11

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner Ltd., Frome and London

ZONGULDAK

SAKARYA·AGZI

SAMSUN

AMASYA

ANKARA

IRMAK

YI

ESKISEHIR

IYA

AFYON·KARAHISAR

KAYSERI

KONYA

NIGDE

ULUKISLA

ISPARTA

TARSUS

ADANAPARI

ANTALYA

MERSIN

AK - DENIZ

MEDITERRANEAN - SEA

THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR